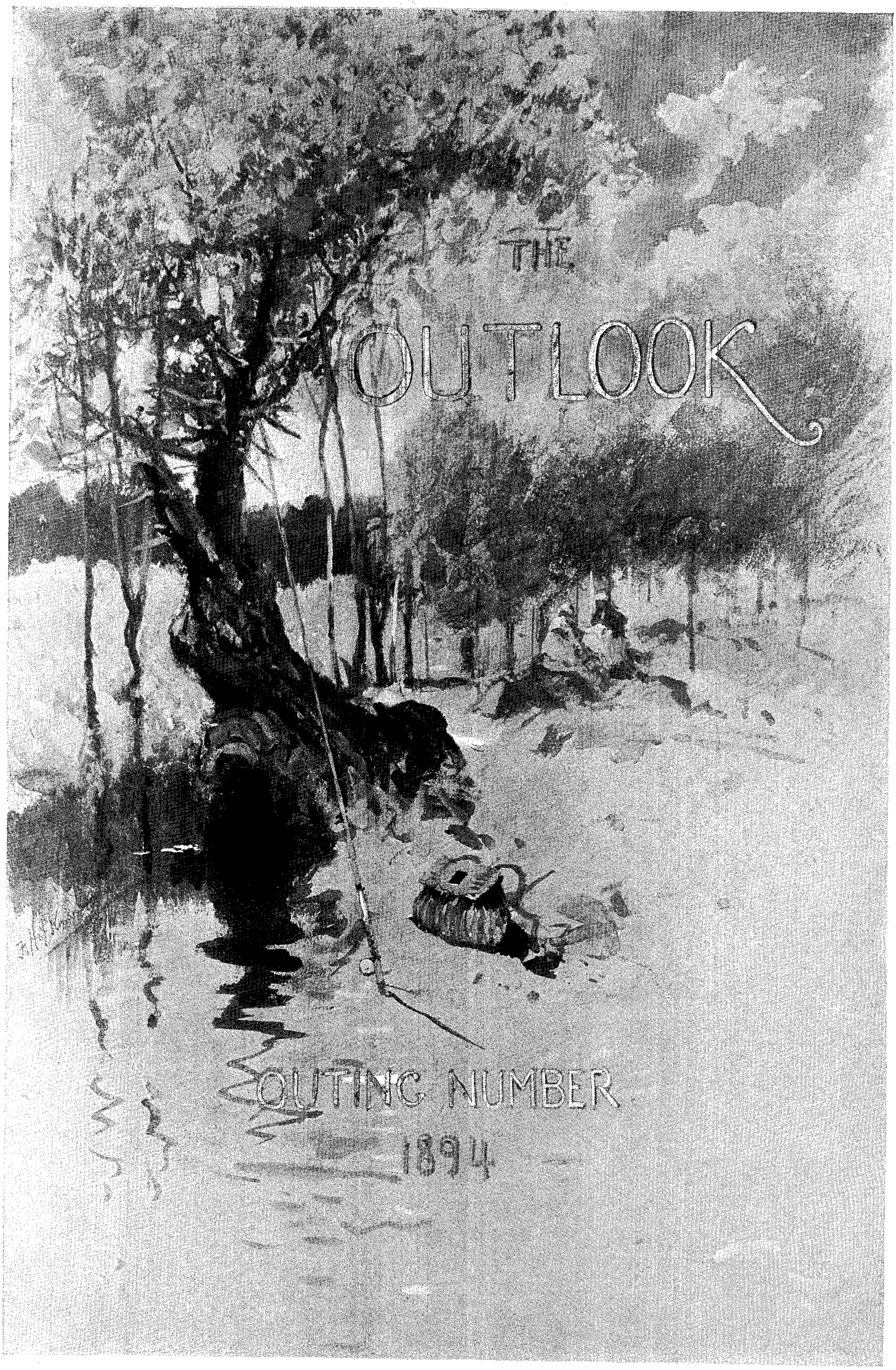
Paul Roulet


THE
OUTLOOK
OUTING NUMBER
1894

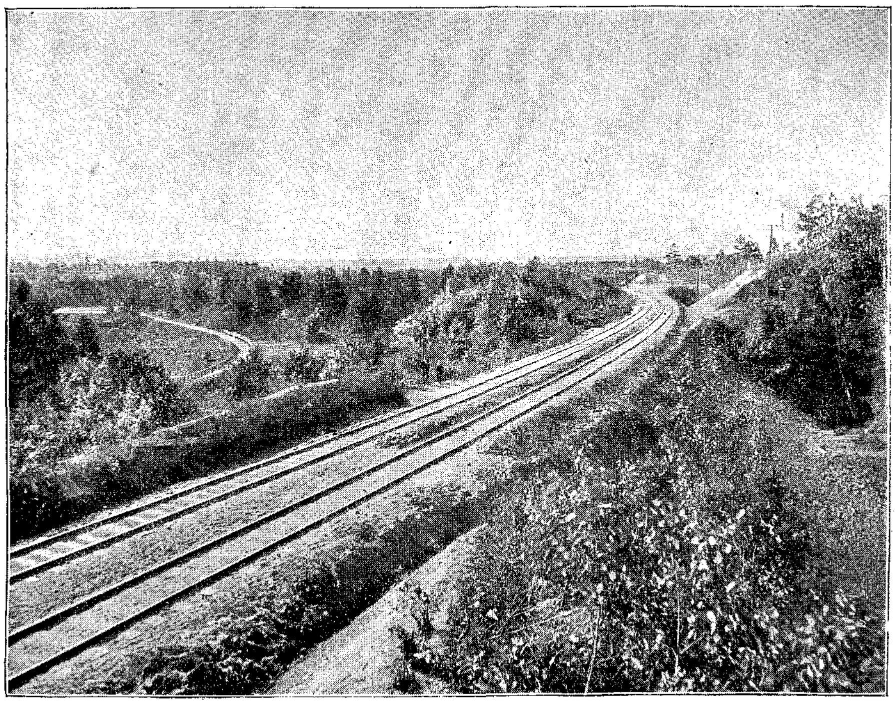
What's the best flour?

READ THE ANSWER ON THE BAR'L

Pillsbury's
BEST
XXXX
Minneapolis, Minn.

Two million families believe that Pillsbury's Best Flour is the best flour—you can't fool two million housekeepers.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is the most economical, because a barrel of it makes more loaves of bread, makes better bread, and makes more wholesome bread.



On the road Hamilton to Toronto, Grand Trunk Railway

Niagara Falls
Muskoka Lakes
Georgian Bay
Thousand Islands
Rapids of St. Lawrence
Montreal
Quebec
Saguenay River
White Mountains
Sea Coast of Maine

and other POPULAR RESORTS all reached directly by

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

"THE TOURIST ROUTE OF AMERICA"

IS THE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

For Illustrated Guides, Maps, Time-tables, Fares, etc., apply to any Agent of the Company, or to the following District and Principal Ticket Agencies:

BOSTON, Mass.: N. J. Grace, N.E.P.A., 260 Washington St.
BUFFALO, N. Y.: T. D. Sheridan, N.P.A., 177 Washington St.
CHICAGO, Ill.: E. H. Hughes, W.P.A., 103 South Clark St.
DETROIT, Mich.: D. S. Wagstaff, M. & S.W.P.A., Cor. Woodward Ave. and Larned St.
HALIFAX, N. S.: R. F. Armstrong, Gen'l Agent, 134 Hollis St.
HAMILTON, Ont.: Chas. E. Morgan, C.T.A., 11 James St., North.
KINGSTON, Ont.: T. Hanley, C.T.A.
LONDON, Ont.: E. De la Hooke, C.T A., 3 Masonic Temple.
MONTREAL, P. Q.: D. O. Pease, D.P.A., Bonaventure Station.
W. D. O'Brien, C.T.A., 143 St. James St.
NEW YORK, N. Y.: F. P. Dwyer, E.P.A., 273 Broadway.
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.: Mrs. L. Barber, T.A., 1 International Blk.
D. Isaacs, T.A., Prospect House.
" Ont.: G. M. Colburn, T.A., Clifton House.
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P. J. Slatter, C. & D.P.A., Cor. King and Yonge Sts. and 20 York St.

FAVORITE LINE

TO

Toronto

Remember this if you are going to the

Baptist Young People's Union of America

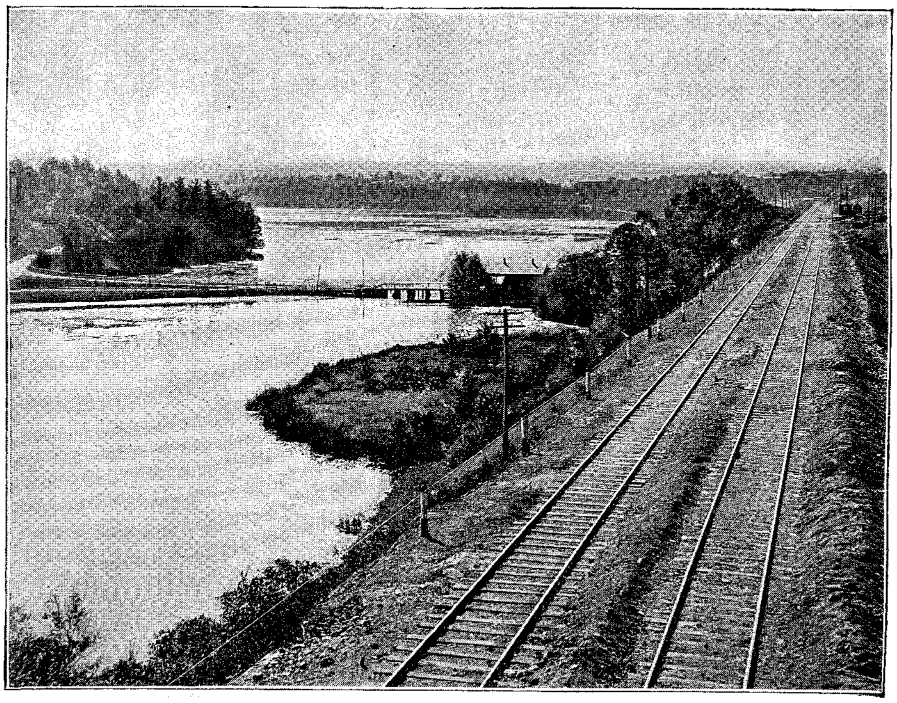
In July, 1894

G. T. BELL,
Asst. General Passenger Agent.

N. J. POWER,
General Passenger Agent.

L. J. SEARGEANT,
General Manager.

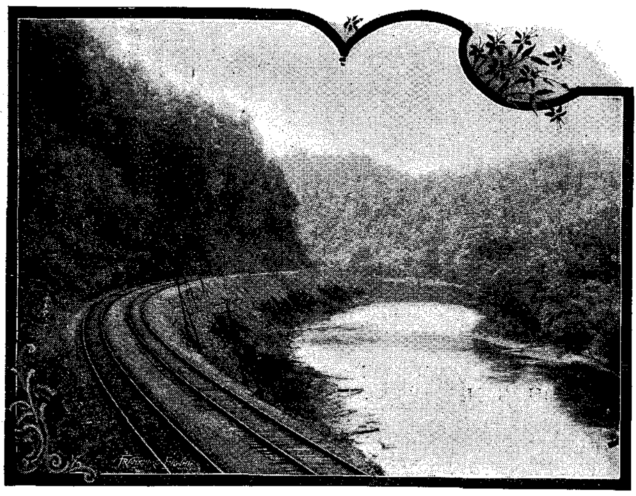
Head Offices, MONTREAL, P. Que.



Valley Inn, Burlington Bay, on Grand Trunk Railway, Line to Toronto

F.F.V.
LIMITED
Chesapeake & Ohio Ry.
Vestibule
Limited.

BETWEEN
CINCINNATI,
LOUISVILLE,
WASHINGTON,
BALTIMORE,
PHILADELPHIA,
NEW YORK.



How to Reach Them

The Chesapeake and Ohio vestibuled limited trains, which open the season of 1894 with new equipment and improved schedules, will land you at your destination without worry or delay. Elegant day coaches, luxurious Pullmans, combined parlor and observation car, and a famous C. & O. Diner, lighted with electricity and vestibuled throughout, afford every comfort, convenience, and luxury.

The most interesting historic associations and the most striking and beautiful scenery in the United States are linked together by the C. & O. system, which operates through trains from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Old Point Comfort, and Richmond in the East, to Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, and Chicago in the West, with connections for St. Louis, Kansas City, Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, and other great commercial centers. The line passes over many of the most noted battle-fields of the Civil War, crosses the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, lies through the celebrated Springs region of the Virginias and the wild and rugged cañons of New River, and unrolls before the tourist *400 miles of the grandest scenery east of the Rockies.*

For tickets, baggage-checks, sleeping-car reservations, etc., apply at Pennsylvania Railroad ticket-offices in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, the principal ticket-offices throughout the country, or any of the following C. & O. agencies:

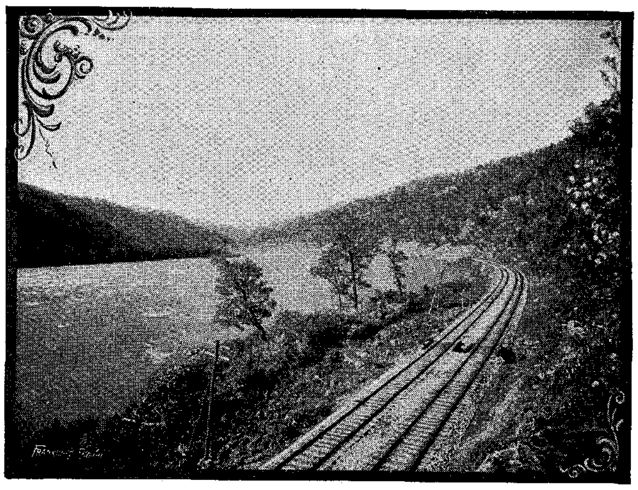
NEW YORK: 362 & 1323 Broadway.
WASHINGTON: 513 & 1421 Penn. Ave.
RICHMOND: 809 & 901 East Main St.
CINCINNATI: Cor. 5th & Walnut Sts.
LOUISVILLE: 253 Fourth Ave.
ST. LOUIS: Cor. B'way & Chestnut St.
CHICAGO; 234 Clark Street.

H. W. FULLER,
General Passenger Agent,
Washington, D. C.

C. B. RYAN,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.,
Cincinnati, O.

C&O ROUTE

SEASON OF 1894



Summer Resorts

Virginia Hot Springs

Nature's Sanitarium

2,500 feet elevation in the Great Warm Springs Valley. Magnificent mountain surroundings and superb climate. New hotel and cottages, and the most complete bathing establishment in America.

Warm Sulphur Springs

5 miles from the Hot Springs

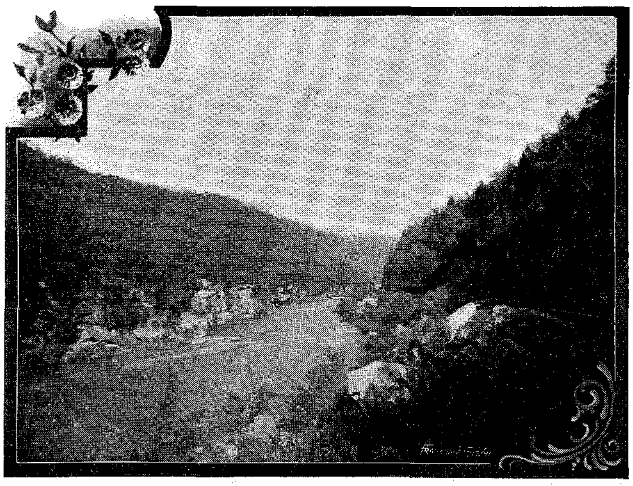
Healing Springs

2½ miles from the Hot Springs

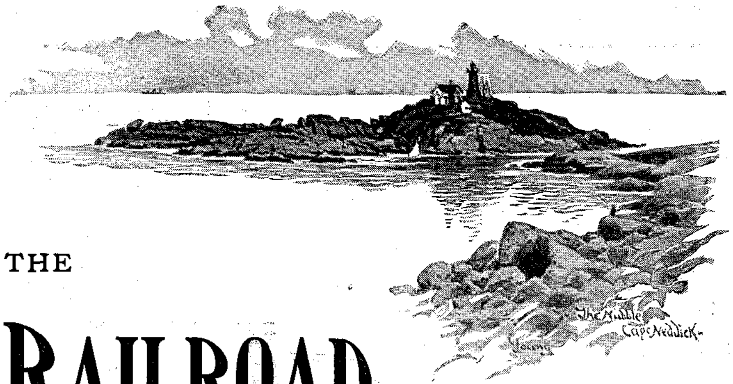
OTHER NOTED RESORTS IN THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS AND ON THE ATLANTIC COAST ARE:

Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs
Rockbridge Alum Springs
Red Sulphur Springs
Salt Sulphur Springs
Old Sweet Springs
Sweet Chalybeate Springs
The Natural Bridge
"The Alleghany," Goshen, Va.
Old Point Comfort
Virginia Beach

REACHED DIRECT FROM
NEW YORK OR CINCINNATI
THROUGH THE GRANDEST SCENERY IN AMERICA



All the Principal
Summer Resorts
of New England


The Nubble Cape Neddick York

ARE REACHED BY THE

BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD

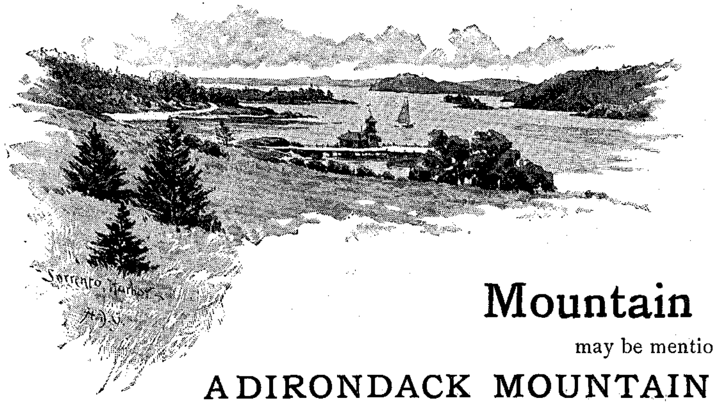
The Northern Seacoast is noted for its cool sea-breezes, and resorts without number can be reached, from Massachusetts Bay to St. Andrews, N. B., where mosquitoes are unknown and warm wraps and blankets are a comfort even in August. Among the principal

Seashore Resorts

may be named

The NORTH SHORE, YORK BEACH, ISLES of SHOALS, KENNEBUNKPORT, OLD ORCHARD, BAR HARBOR, and ST. ANDREWS

(which has been long and extensively known as an Elysium for hay-fever patients, the tourist, and the sportsman).



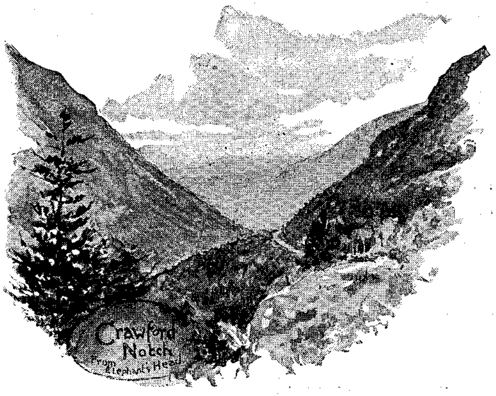
For two hundred and fifty years, ever since Darby Field went from Portsmouth to the top of Mt. Washington, the mountain regions of New England have been frequented annually by larger numbers of summer tourists—some for health, some for fashion, and some because they like it. There is good reason for this enthusiasm, for the highlands of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont are rich in dignified scenery. Among the principal

Mountain Resorts

may be mentioned the

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS, GREEN MOUNTAINS, WHITE MOUNTAINS, MT. KINEO, and all the Mountain Resorts of New England

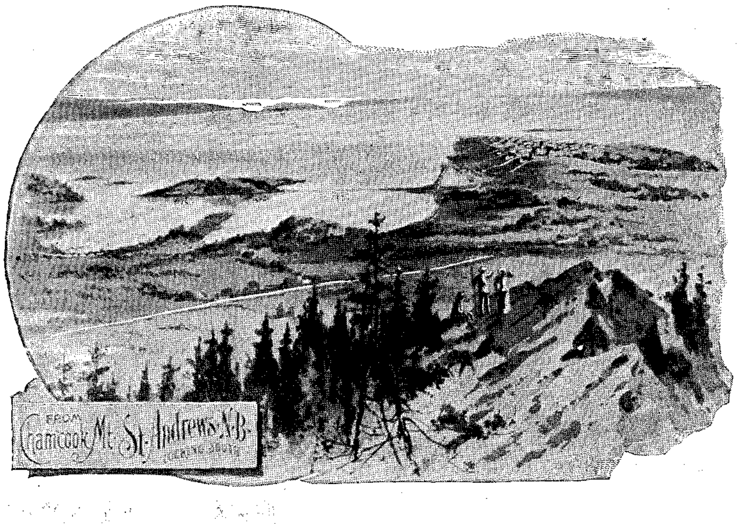
To those who are wearied of the sea and the mountains, the great lake country of northern New England offers new and unusual attractions. Among the many natural beauties, lakes and streams command a noble and conspicuous place. When the tired city man closes his ledger and desk and resorts to thoughts of joys of younger days, he cheerily says, "I go a-fishing," and starts for the grassy banks and rocky shores whence the trout, bass, and pickerel may be drawn, flashing in the summer sun. There are


Crawford Notch from Elephant's Head

Lakes

WINNIPESAUKEE, CHAMPLAIN,
MEGANTIC, RANGELEY, SUNAPEE,
MEMPHREMAGOG, MOOSEHEAD,
and the far-away ST. JOHN

Do not remain at home during the hot summer on account of the expense. As a rule, it is cheaper to board at many of the summer resorts than to live at home. Every grade of accommodation can be secured, the rates varying from the $4.00 per week farm boarding-house to the $6.00 per day hotel, where every luxury is present.


From Chamcook Mt. St. Andrews N.B.

Summer Publications

The Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad has issued three companion books under the general title of "Here and There in New England and Canada." The work is naturally divided into "All Along Shore," treating of the beaches and islands; "Among the Mountains," dealing with the highlands of New England; "Lakes and Streams," devoted to the beautiful inland waters of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont—all profusely illustrated; either of which will be sent, postpaid, upon receipt of 10 cts. in stamps. The Summer Excursion Book, just issued, is devoted solely to list of hotels and boarding-houses, rates of excursions, parlor and sleeping car service, and with this practical helper the cost of an eastern trip may be computed approximately. Mailed to any address free. Address PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, BOSTON & MAINE R.R., Boston.

D. J. FLANDERS, G.P.A.

FRANK SEAMAN, General Advertising

Good judgment in selecting publications to be used; the careful and effective preparation of copy; absolute trustworthiness—these are, I believe, the essentials to be required of an advertising agent; and trustworthiness is paramount.

A number of the largest corporations and firms in the country have trusted me to arrange and place all or part of their advertising appropriations. From time to time they have signified their approval of my methods. I reprint a few paragraphs:

"A friend of ours asked us the other day why we did so much business through Frank Seaman. We told him that it was because you never urged unsuitable mediums upon us and always kept your promises. We admire your success, and are sure that the course you are pursuing will insure its continuance."

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

By Geo Eastman

"The manner in which you have handled our advertising matter is very satisfactory, and I have thought several times of writing and telling you so. Your judgment as to mediums and suggestions as to display and arrangement of matter are always to the point. We hope to make further good use this year of your services."

F. I. Whitney G. P. & T. A., Great Northern R'y.

"It gives me much pleasure to state that I have handled a large portion of our high-class advertising through you for several years back, and I have had the utmost satisfaction therefrom. All arrangements have been strictly carried out, and the advertisements have always appeared as contracted for, in proper form. I have always found the Company has been in pocket by working through your agency."

D McNicoll General Passenger Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

"The services you have rendered us in the placing of a considerable portion of our advertising have been uniformly satisfactory."

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict.

Vice President

"I take a great deal of pleasure in stating that since our advertising in the East has been placed through you, the results have been eminently satisfactory to us; not only this, but we have found your advice as to the best mediums to be used for advertising purposes has always been reliable and of great value to us."

Jno J Byrne A. P. T. Manager, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R. R.

"It affords us great pleasure to express our appreciation of the value of your services and facilities in the placing of large lines of advertising. The work you have done for us has been entirely satisfactory. Wishing you the greatest success in your new undertakings,"

Chas A Pillsbury Managing Director, Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co.

"We have been placing considerable advertising through your agency during the last five years, and it affords me great pleasure to state not only that your work has been done to our entire satisfaction, but that good results have followed our use of the advertising mediums you represent."

Chas O Scull G. P. A., Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

"... We appreciate fully the business-like way in which you have handled our magazine advertising and the prominent positions you have obtained for us."

Washburn Crosby Co.

"Doctors are proverbially loath to take their own medicine. but you have certainly shown the fullest confidence in your medicine, as the advertisements you have inserted in the magazine for some time past prove. Although a master of the art needs no commendation, permit me at least to congratulate you on the artistic character, the taste, and, above all, the effectiveness of your advertising, which applies in a marked degree to the advertising that you have inserted for this Company, the results of which, so far as they can be traced, have been thoroughly satisfactory."

O W Ruggles G. P. & T. A., Michigan Central R. R.

"... Our advertising which has been placed in Eastern publications through your agency was handled in a satisfactory manner, and that the results obtained more than reached our expectations."

E L Lomax G. P. & T. A., Union Pacific System.

My services are at the disposal of high class advertisers.

Main Office, 874 Broadway, New York City
1227 Broadway (Allen Adv. Agency); 33 Wall St., N. Y. City
79 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

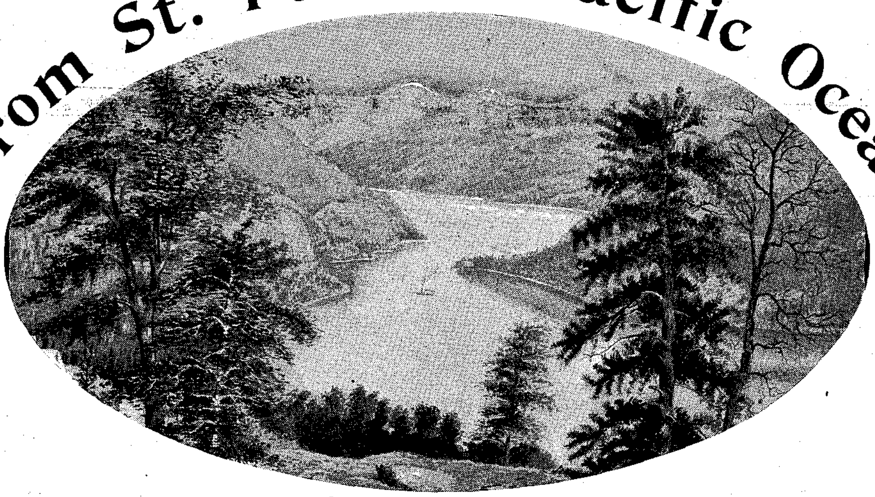
FRANK SEAMAN

THE NEW
TRANS-CONTINENTAL
LINE

GREAT
NORTHERN
RAILWAY

Stretches in unbroken length

From St. Paul to Pacific Ocean



Lake Chelan, Washington

Presenting the most sublime and majestic panorama of natural scenery in the world. It offers round-trip tickets to Montana, Washington, California, and Pacific Coast points, with choice of return by a different route. Round-trip tickets to China, Japan, Australia, and Hawaii.

Every Comfort and Luxury of Modern Travel
characterizes the equipment of the
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
Send for Detailed Information.

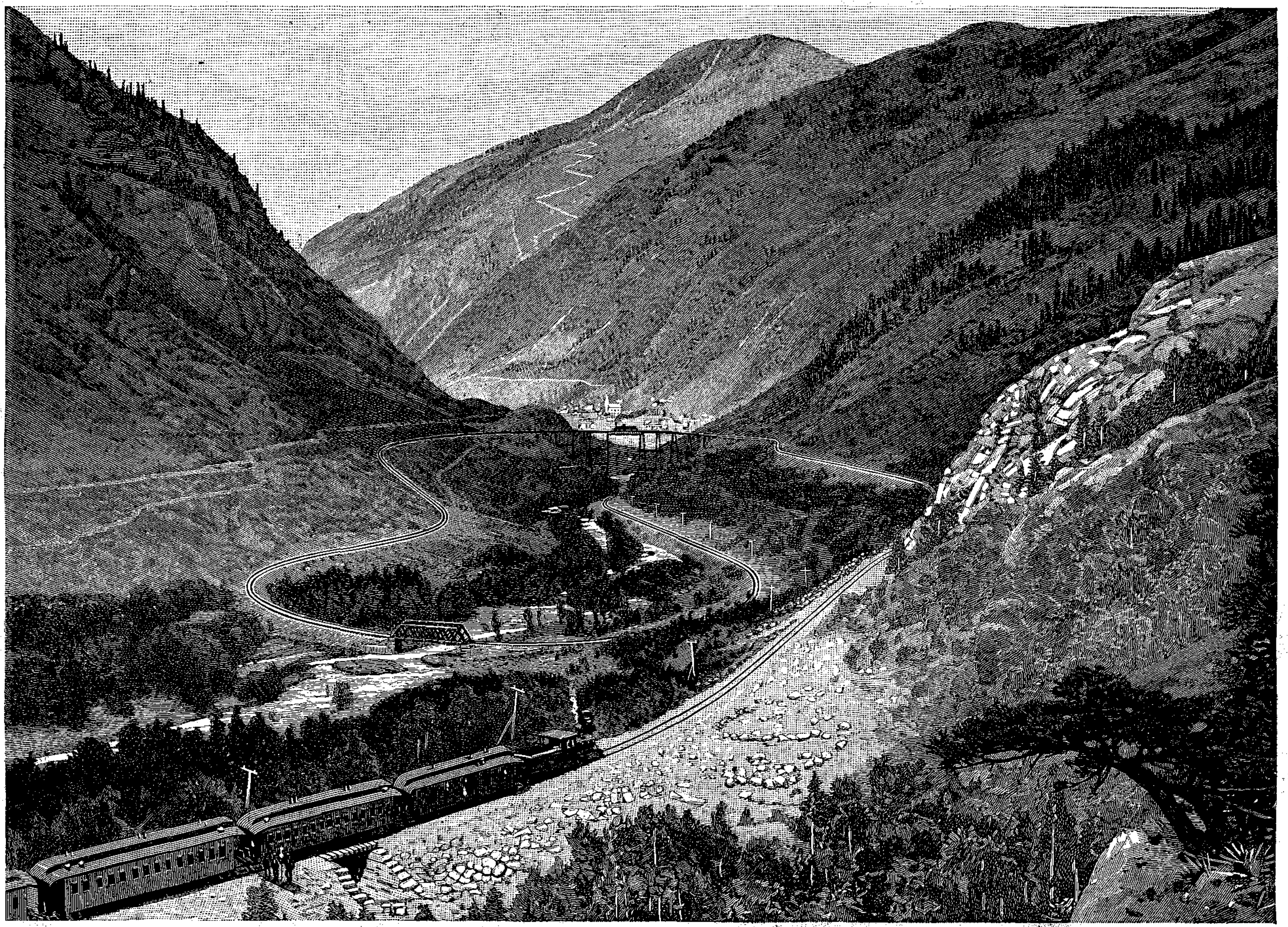
F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A.,
W. W. FINLEY,
Gen. Traffic Mgr.,
St. Paul, Minn.

The Scenic Wonders of the World

ARE FOUND ON THE LINE OF

The Union Pacific Railroad

Americans should see the wonders of their own country first



Big Loop, Georgetown Branch Union Pacific R.R.

On the **Union Pacific System** the tourist finds:

The Greatest Feats of Engineering
The Grandest Cañons of Colorado
The Devil's Slide, Weber Cañon, Utah
Garfield Beach, Salt Lake (Superb Bathing)

Giant's Cave, Garfield Beach
The Wonderful Columbia River
Witches' Rock, Weber Cañon, Utah
Mount of the Holy Cross
(seen from car window)

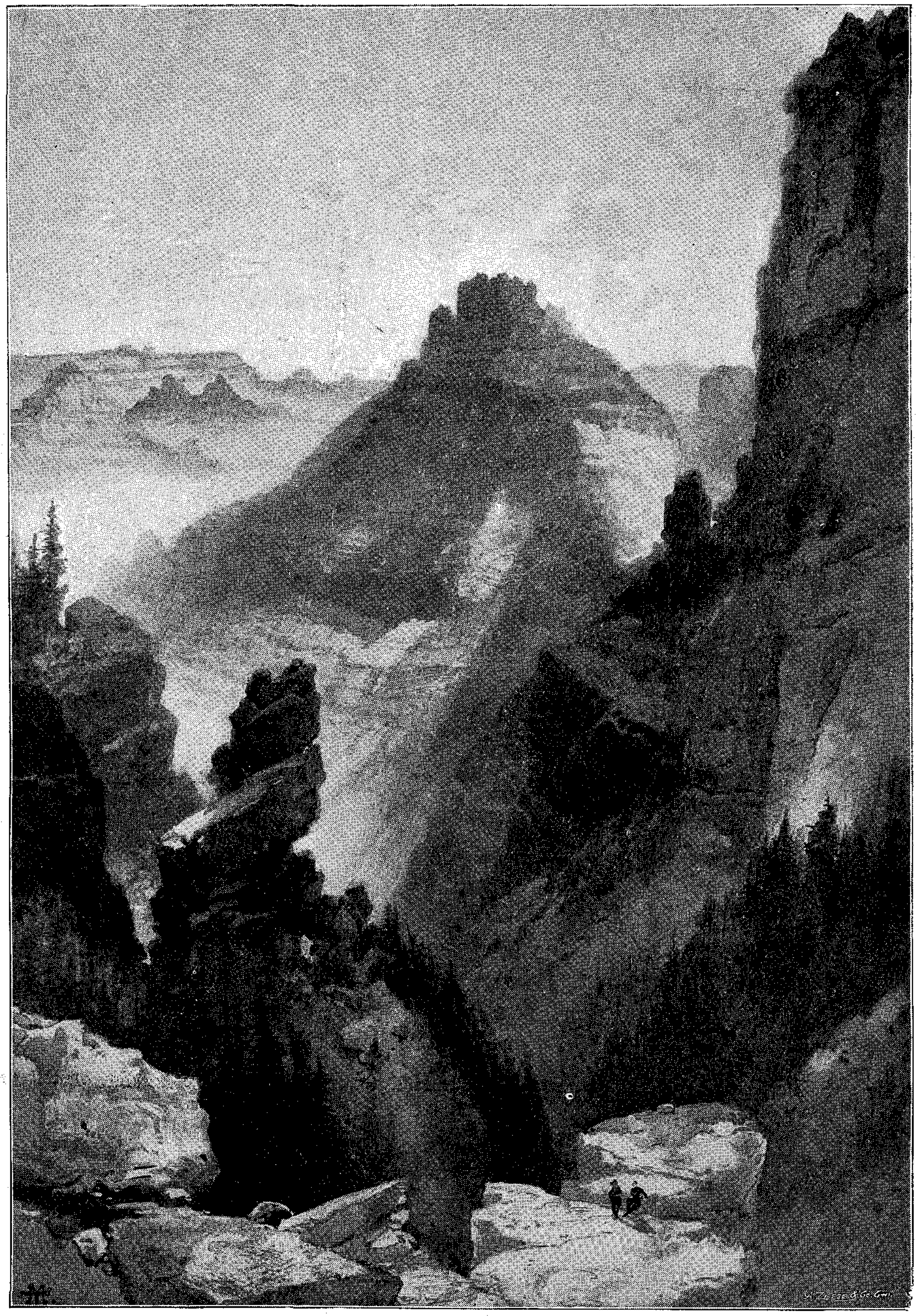
and hundreds of other points of interest

Send for any or all of the following publications: "Sights and Scenes in Oregon and Washington," 6c. in stamps; "Sights and Scenes in California," 6c. in stamps; "Sights and Scenes in Alaska," 6c. in stamps; "Sights and Scenes in Utah," 6c. in stamps; "Western Resorts" (with 50 illustrations), 10c. in stamps.

Address **E. L. LOMAX, G.P.A., Omaha, Neb.**

THE TITAN OF CHASMS

A Mile Deep, 13 Miles Wide, 217 Miles Long, and Painted Like a Flower



Grand Cañon of the Colorado River

The Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, in Arizona, is now easily accessible to tourists. A regular stage line is in operation from Flagstaff, Arizona, on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, making the trip from Flagstaff to the most imposing part of the Cañon in less than 12 hours. The stage fare for the round trip is only $20, and meals and comfortable lodgings are provided throughout the trip at a reasonable price. The view of the Grand Cañon afforded at the terminus of the stage route is the most stupendous panorama known in nature. There is also a trail at this point leading down the Cañon wall, more than 6,000 feet vertically, to the river below. The descent of the trail is a grander experience than climbing the Alps, for in the bottom of this terrific and sublime chasm are hundreds of mountains greater than any of the Alpine range.

A book describing the trip to the Grand Cañon, illustrated by many full-page engravings from special paintings by Thomas Moran, and furnishing all needful information, may be obtained free upon application to C. A. HIGGINS, Room No. 762, Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

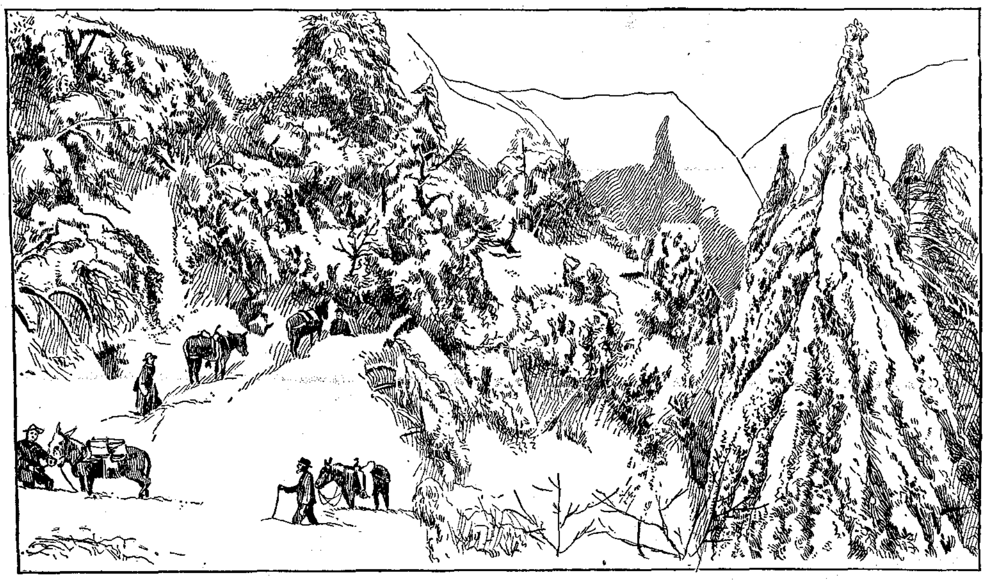
TO CALIFORNIA

BY THE

Great Rock Island Route

THE journey has become one of pleasure and luxury instead of trial and effort. The delights and wonders of California have only begun to be realized by Eastern people, but every tourist is a new advertisement for this land of sunshine and flowers.

The accompanying sketches show one of the many attractions and interesting features of a trip to California over the Rock Island Route.



From Snow to Roses in Thirty-eight Minutes in Los Angeles County
This View taken on Side of Sierra Madre Mountains, March 14, 1893

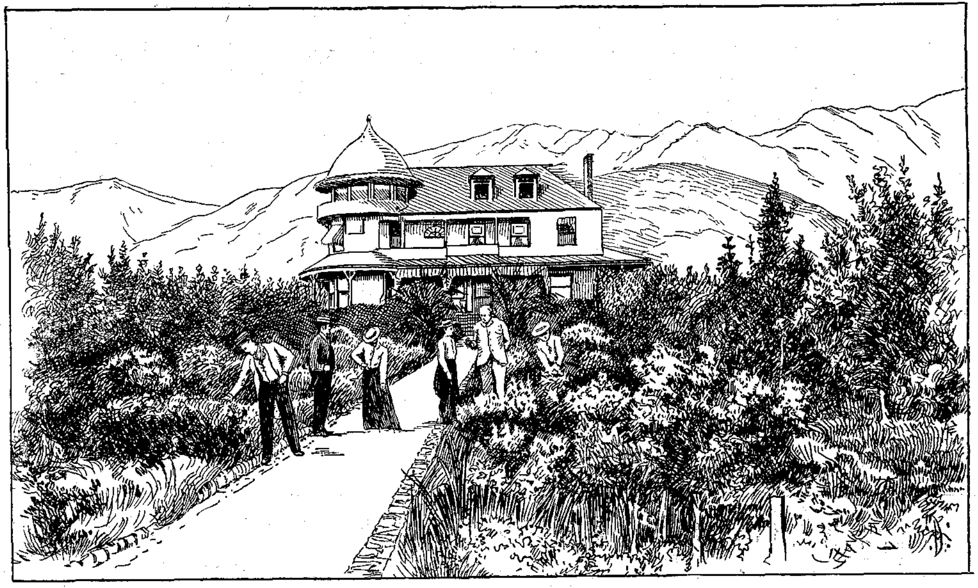
If you want to
know more of what
may be seen and enjoyed
on this
Western journey,
send to
John Sebastian,
Gen. Ticket & Pass. Agt.
C., R. I. & P. Ry.,
Chicago, Ill.

MANY railroads advertise for California tourists. Why should you go by **Rock Island? Because,** It runs the finest and fastest trains; its facilities for giving pleasure to its passengers are the best; it has been selected by the great excursion managers as the most desirable for tourists.

To go Cheaply and Comfortably take

THE PHILLIPS ROCK ISLAND EXCURSIONS. More than 100,000 satisfied people have taken advantage of this excursion. Trains leave Boston every Tuesday; Kansas City, Friday; Chicago, every Tuesday and Thursday. Berth from Chicago to the Coast for $6.00.

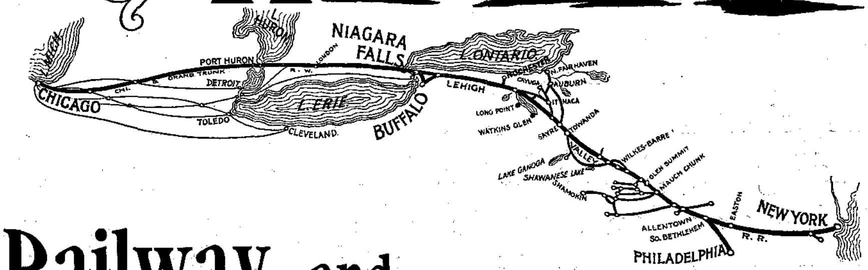
For further information
address
A. Phillips & Co.,
296 Washington Street,
Boston;
or
114 S. Clark St, Chicago,
or any
Rock Island R.R. Agency.



To Roses from Snow in Thirty-eight Minutes in Los Angeles County
Thirty-eight minutes after taking the snow scene this one was taken, March 14, 1893

Picturesque
LEHIGH VALLEY
RAILROAD

In Connection
with the


L. MICH.
L. HURON
NIAGARA FALLS
L. ONTARIO
PORT HURON
LONDON
R. W.
GRAND TRUNK
CHI. &
DETROIT
CHICAGO
TOLEDO
L. ERIE
CLEVELAND
BUFFALO
LEHIGH
ROCHESTER
N. FAIRHAVEN
CAYUGA
AUBURN
ITHACA
LONG POINT
WATKINS GLEN
SAYRE
TOWANDA
VALLEY
WILKES-BARRE
GLEN SUMMIT
MAUCH CHUNK
LAKE GANOGA
SHAWANESE LAKE
SHAMOKIN
ALLENTOWN
So. BETHLEHEM
EASTON
NEW YORK
R. R.
PHILADELPHIA

Grand Trunk Railway and
Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway

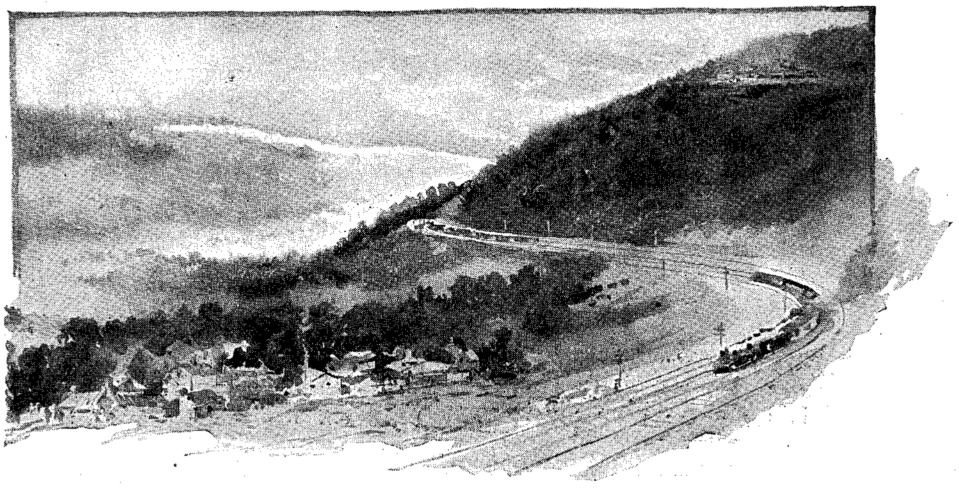
SOLID VESTIBULE TRAINS DAILY

BETWEEN

New York and Philadelphia and Chicago via Niagara Falls

HEATED BY STEAM, LIGHTED BY PINTSCH GAS

DINING-CARS ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN ATTACHED TO TRAIN AT CONVENIENT INTERVALS



Copy of the most beautiful summer book ever issued, entitled "**In Three States,**" will be mailed you free, postage paid, on receipt of 15 cents in postage stamps, post-office or express money-order.

Address CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

TICKET OFFICES:

NEW YORK CITY	PHILADELPHIA	BUFFALO	CHICAGO
No. 235 Broadway. No. 273 Broadway. Station Foot of Cortlandt Street. Station Foot of Desbrosses Street.	Reading Terminal, 12th and Market Streets. Columbia Avenue. N. E. Cor. Broad and Chestnut Streets. N. E. Cor. Ninth and Chestnut Streets.	City Ticket Office, Cor. Main and Seneca Streets. Station Cor. Washington and Scott Streets.	204 So. Clark Street. City Ticket Office, 103 So. Clark Street. Dearborn Station.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort

HEALTH **REST**

ALMA SANITARIUM

A strictly scientific medical and surgical institution, offering advantages unequaled by any in America. It is conducted on a broad and liberal basis, and its management is loyal to and in harmony with the highest scientific practice of modern medicine and surgery.

ALMA
MICHIGAN

The many advantages of this modern Sanitarium as an establishment for the scientific treatment of acute and chronic diseases are recognized by many leading physicians, as well as by intelligent seekers for health who need for their restoration valuable and special appliances not obtained at home.

In every respect this Sanitarium is abreast with the times, and every remedial agent that is valuable and desirable is used, and all the most approved methods of treatment are employed. A few hints regarding the institution and its surroundings:

The Climate is entirely free from malaria. The air is unusually dry and salubrious.

The Main Building is a substantial structure of brick and stone, in which architect, builder, and scientific engineer have co-operated with happy results. The arrangement gives a pleasant, cheerful, and homelike impression.

The Heating of every room and every part of the building is thoroughly done by steam, and in addition there are forty open fireplaces. The entire building is kept at an even temperature.

An Air Shaft is connected with the rooms on each floor, and by means of this extensive system of ventilation the entire building is kept constantly supplied with absolutely **pure air.**

Light—At the present writing, this is the only American Sanitarium which, for illumination, uses the electric light exclusively.

Elevators—Broad, easy staircases are supplemented by two safety elevators, conveniently located.

The Sun Parlors and **Conservatory** are on the first floor, facing the east and south. Here is a rest hall, flooded with the sunbeams that give health, vigor, warmth, and life to persons suffering from failure of strength.

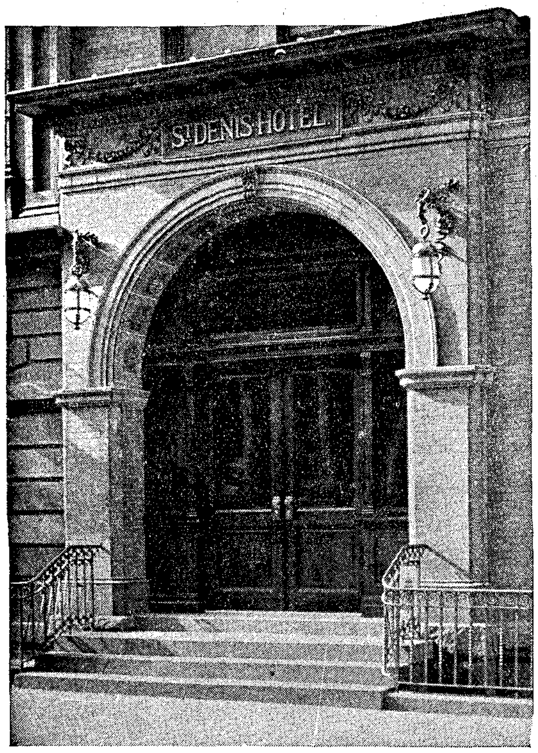
We point with much pride to our Medical Department, and the list of eminent physicians and surgeons who constitute our Consulting Board. They are gentlemen well known to the profession as experts in their various specialties, and we deem the identification and association of such authorities with any institution a sufficient guarantee of its medical standing.

The Alma Bromide Water *contains* 19,242 *grs. of mineral to the gallon, being the strongest bromide water in the world*, and comes from a depth of 2,863 feet. Its efficacy has been demonstrated by physicians who have used it.

For fuller information, and a copy of one of the handsomest illustrated books ever issued by the American Bank Note Company, address

The Alma Sanitarium Co., Alma, Mich.

A Notable Hotel



Eleventh Street Entrance

Strangers visiting or passing through the city during the summer months will find unsurpassed accommodations at

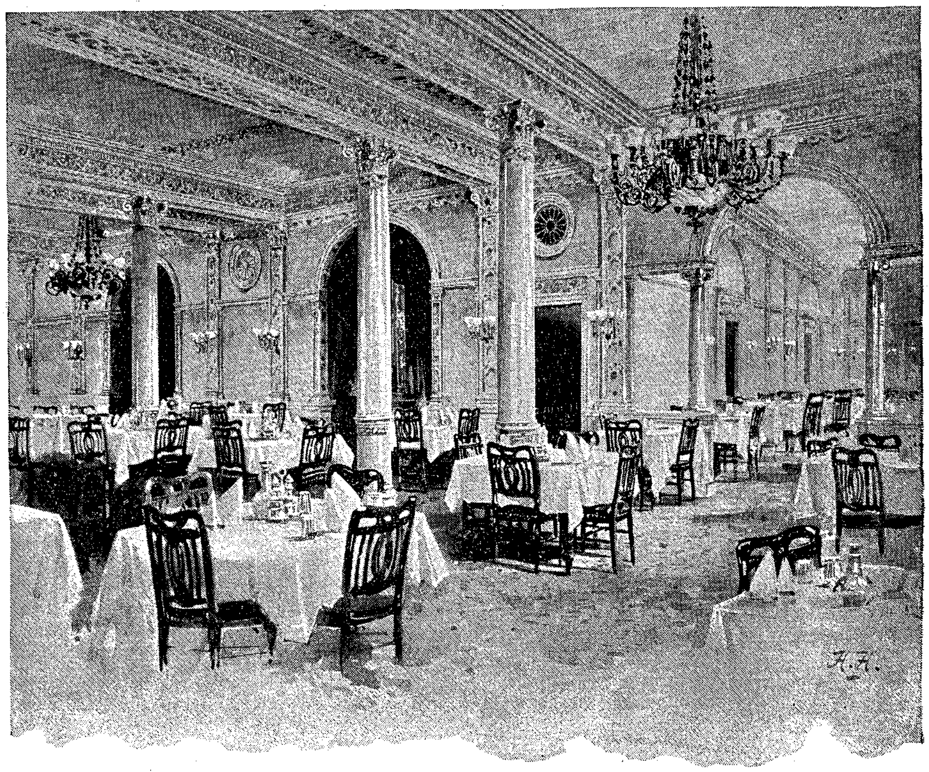
The St. Denis

Broadway and Eleventh Street,
Opposite Grace Church, New York

It is the most centrally located hotel in the city, being just about midway between the upper and lower, or commercial and social, sections of the great metropolis.

Being situated directly opposite Grace Church, a beautiful view of this handsome edifice is obtained from its cozy and cheerful reception-room and from the many sleeping-apartments which face Broadway. The house has recently been enlarged by an entirely new and very spacious addition which doubles its former capacity. The latest improvements of all kinds, such as steam heat, electric illumination, and hydraulic elevators, have added materially to its convenience and comfort. The ventilation of the entire building is an innovation worthy of the intelligent management of the proprietor, who has ever made it a rule to study not only the comfort but the health of his guests.

The New Dining-Room is one of the most chaste and elegant specimens of Colonial decoration in the country, and the St. Denis cuisine is famous for its excellence.



A Wing of the Colonial Dining-Room

CONDUCTED ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN AT MODERATE PRICES

WILLIAM TAYLOR, Proprietor

Western Maryland Railroad

Panoramic Pen-Mar Route

Picturesque Pen-Mar Route

TO THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST VIA HAGERSTOWN AND

From West and South via Hagerstown

Gettysburg Short Line

From the North and East via Baltimore

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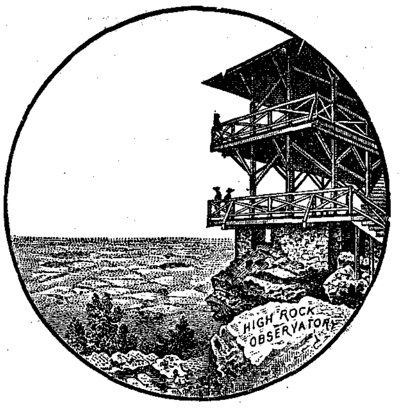

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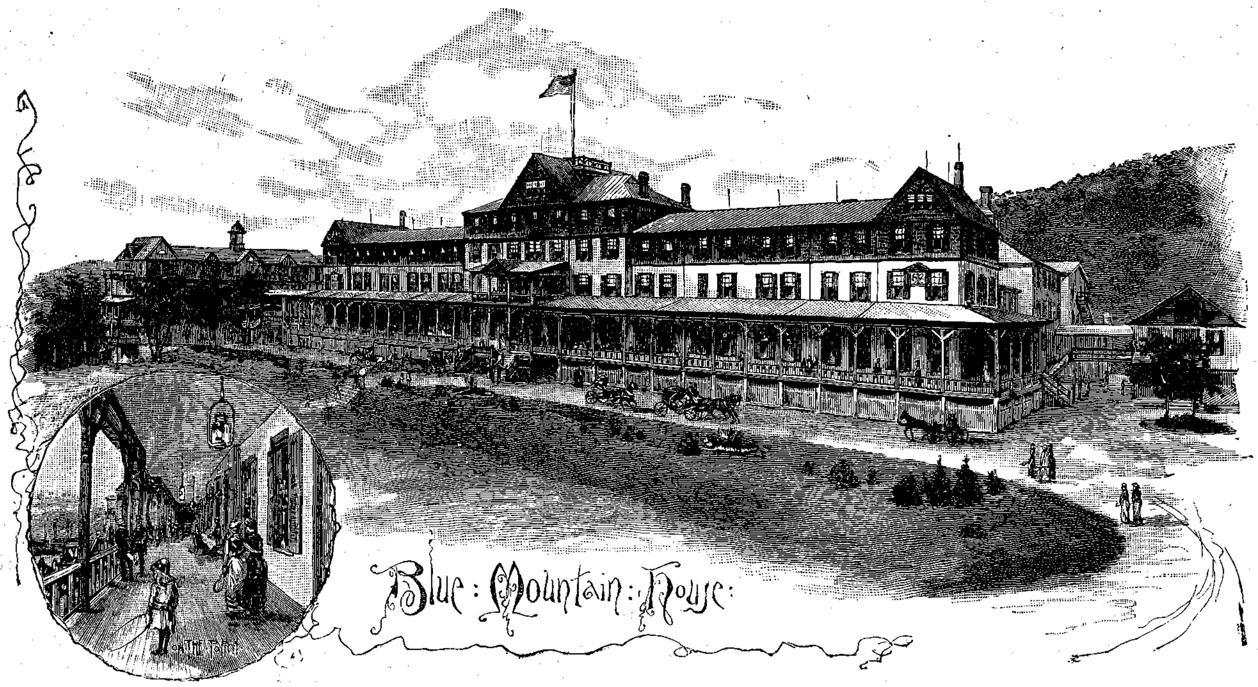

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"*All the Lord gives us is opportunity; we are to do the rest.*"

LAWSON VALENTINE.

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Publisher's Desk

One for Your Friend

We confess to a quiet sense of satisfaction in the current issue of THE OUTLOOK on the business side, as well as in its literary and art features. Never before, we believe, has any weekly paper published so generous a representation of railway and summer resort advertising, and never before has this paper published so large an amount of advertising of any sort. And yet it is a year of almost unprecedented business depression. Evidently the work of THE OUTLOOK'S Recreation Department—which is growing steadily—finds cordial approval among those who cater for the patronage of the traveling public, as well as among the large constituency to which this unique and helpful service is rendered.

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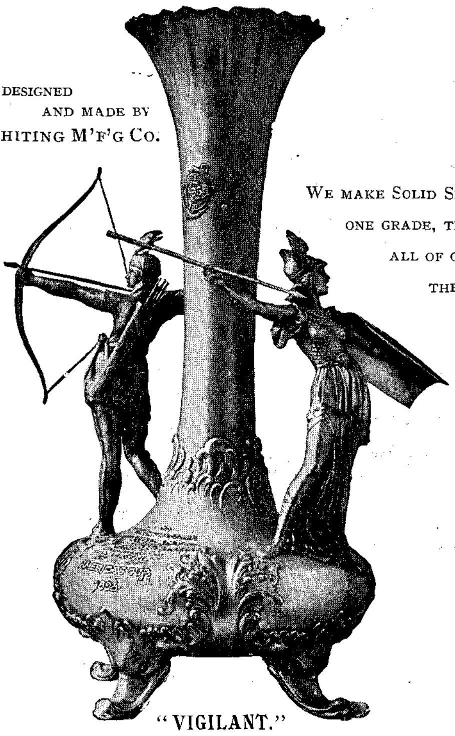

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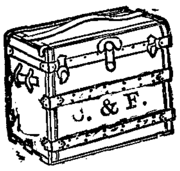

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NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 49 For Week ending 9 June, 1894 Number 23

The Week

THERE are several new storm-centers in Europe, the most threatening being located in Servia and Bulgaria. We reported last week the second *coup d'état* of the young King of Servia. We have now to report something very like a *coup d'état* on the part of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who has dismissed his Premier, M. Stambuloff, and has summoned the leaders of the Opposition to assist him in organizing another Ministry. For the past eight years Stambuloff has been the real ruler of Bulgaria, and, on the whole, has ruled with great ability. He is the product of the new political era in the history of that country. He is independent, aggressive, patriotic, tyrannical in his methods, and, his enemies say, unscrupulous. Doubtless he has the virtues and the vices of a strong man developed under the political conditions which have obtained in Bulgaria during the last decade. He stands, however, for Bulgarian nationality, and for the steady and strong development of the Bulgarian people in harmony with the genius of the race. Under his Government there have been many arbitrary acts, but, on the whole, Bulgaria has made notable progress, and has maintained her independence in the face of very great perils. The policy of Stambuloff was distinctly anti-Russian. He has recently secured several concessions from the Sultan, and has been making a strong effort to obtain from that ruler the recognition of Prince Ferdinand as the rightful ruler of Bulgaria. Under the terms of the Berlin decree, which created the Bulgarian principality, the Prince must be confirmed by the Great Powers. Prince Battenberg, the predecessor of Prince Ferdinand, had this confirmation. Ferdinand has ruled without it, and in defiance of the provisions of the Berlin agreement. He is a ruler *de facto*, but not *de jure*. It has been a part of the anti-Russian policy of Stambuloff to secure the recognition of the other Great Powers. The exact cause of the difference which has led to the removal of Stambuloff cannot be known at this distance, but it is probable that Prince Ferdinand desires to rule on his own account, and that he has grown tired of the great ability, the superior force, and the autocratic manner of Stambuloff. The removal of the Prime Minister, who, in spite of his arbitrary measures, is popular with a multitude of Bulgarians, has been followed by serious rioting in Sofia and other places, and the situation is dangerous, not only because of the possibility of a general insurrection, but also because of the possibility of foreign intervention. A sudden blaze in Bulgaria might set the whole Balkan region aflame, and open what is known as the Eastern question in its most complicated phases. The chief assurance of peace lies in the well-known pacific disposition of the Czar of Russia.

❀

We have reported from time to time the progress of the Civil Marriage Bill in Hungary, and the importance and significance of the measure. The bill, having passed the lower body of the Hungarian Parliament, was some time ago presented to the Upper House, or Table of Magnates, and rejected. The same bill was presented again to the Lower House recently and passed by a majority of 166. It was then presented again to the Table of Magnates, and that body rejected it by a majority of twenty-one. The House or Table of Magnates is composed of about 340 members, a considerable number of whom do not, as a rule, take any part in the discussions, and are rarely present at the sessions, 280 being about the maximum number even on important occasions. The routine work of the House is usually carried on by about seventy members. From the first the clergy have strenuously opposed the new measure, which, as we have already explained, deprives them of a great deal of power; among the majority in the Chamber of Magnates against the bill were twenty-seven prelates of the Catholic and Greek Churches, and these ecclesiastics are held responsible by the people for the defeat of the bill. The Emperor was strongly urged by the Hungarian Ministry to create a sufficient number of Magnates to overcome the opposition to the bill, and upon his refusal the Hungarian Premier, Dr. Wekerle, resigned. The Emperor summoned Count Hedervary, the Ban of Croatia, to form a Hungarian Ministry, but it is said that the Count insisted, as a preliminary condition of entering upon his difficult task, on the acceptance of Dr. Wekerle's entire programme of ecclesiastical reforms. As we go to press no ministry has been formed. The Emperor, it is reported, was willing to authorize the nomination of three life members of the House of Magnates, and also willing that the Ministry should make a public announcement of the Imperial judgment that the Civil Marriage Bill is a political necessity; but he refused positively to overturn the majority in the Upper House by creating a large number of hereditary legislators. The fight over the Civil Marriage Bill is in reality a conflict between the progressive and the conservative elements in Hungary, the feudal aristocracy being, as a whole, arrayed against the popular will.

❀

The late French Premier, M. Casimir-Périer, resigned the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies to become the head of the Ministry, and now in turn M. Dupuy has resigned the same position to accept the same responsibility. Very few French statesmen have had a larger experience than M. Dupuy. It was from the Premiership that M. Dupuy passed to the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, and a long public life and many positions of responsibility and trust have fitted him for the exacting duties which fall to the lot of the French Premier. Without being a very original man or a constructive statesman of great power, M. Dupuy is a man of courage, decision, and long political experience. His courage was demonstrated beyond doubt on the day when the Anarchist bomb was exploded in the Chamber of Deputies, and the President, with the utmost calmness and serenity, instantly controlled the natural excitement which pervaded the Chamber, and continued the conduct of the business without flinching and with no appearance of nervous apprehension. That moment gave M. Dupuy a new hold upon the imagination of France; it is said that when the news of the incident reached the French troops in Africa, one of the regiments made him an honorary corporal as a tribute to his courage. Like his predecessor, M. Dupuy is a candidate for the Presidency, and will be hampered, as was M. Casimir-Périer, by the complications in which that aspiration involves its possessor. Aside from the Premier, the new Ministry—the thirty-third in the history of the present Republic—contains no men of prominence, and nothing is anticipated from it except the conduct of the business of the Government from day to day. Nothing else may be looked for until the election takes place in November.

❀

One significant fact in connection with the new Ministry is the pronounced antagonism to England of its five leading members. The late Premier made himself as disagreeable as possible to England, and the new Premier is believed to be quite as unfriendly. The new Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, is a pronounced antagonist of English occupation of Egypt, a strong advocate of French rights in Newfoundland, a supporter of the French protectorate over Siam, and an ardent representative of the idea of French expansion in Africa. Under ordinary circumstances the anti-English sentiment in the French Cabinet might not mean very much, but the new Cabinet is organized at the very moment when the agreement between England and Belgium with regard to Central Africa gives the French a new grievance. The publication of the terms of the agreement has been followed by an outbreak of anger and disgust in France. England's occupation of Wadelai is significantly followed by the treaty with the King of the Belgians, and the two steps are indications of a distinct intention on the part of Great Britain to take what it can of the fertile lands of the Upper Nile region. The new treaty with the King of the Belgians (who, as an individual, is the real owner of the Congo Free State) gives to him the west side of the Nile from Albert Nyanza to Khartoum, while England acquires a strip of Congo land from Uganda to Tanganyika, connecting her East and South African possessions. Against this treaty France has already entered her protest, and it is rumored that even Germany disapproves; but Lord Rosebery has plainly intimated an intention of firmly holding his ground. France has been extremely aggressive of late in Africa, and in some points has fallen into a position of unfriendliness to the Congo Free State. A French military expedition has been sent to the Bahr-el-Ghazel part of the Egyptian Soudan, and seems to be looking covetously toward Emin Pasha's old province, while the Congo Free State has already a garrison in Lado in that province. Thus France, England, and the King of Belgium are all three trying to gain a footing in the long-abandoned Soudan, and the union of the latter two looks as if complications with France might ensue.

❀

The Senate made comparatively rapid progress with the Tariff Bill last week, and has reached the sugar schedules. The only important change made in the compromise measure under consideration was the placing of lumber on the free list. This important amendment was demanded by Senator Allen, of Nebraska, and was accepted by the Democrats as the *sine qua non* of Populist support. One of the Populist Senators further demanded that all taxes on furniture be removed, but this proposition was supported by only the three Populists and by Senator Irby, of South Carolina, and Senator Martin, of Kansas, both of whom owe their position to Populist or Farmers' Alliance support. The sugar schedules now reached furnish the critical point in the Senate's disposition of the Tariff Bill. The most noteworthy speech yet made upon the sugar schedules was that of Senator Sherman denouncing the concessions made to the Sugar Trust. Public interest, however, centered in the proceedings of the Investigating Committee rather than in those of the Senate. The disclosures made last week were more important than heretofore. Senator McPherson, a member of the Finance Committee, frankly admitted that not only had he speculated in Sugar Trust certificates before their value became the subject of legislation, but also that when he disposed of his holdings he transferred them to his son. Secretary Carlisle admitted that he had drafted sugar schedules at the request of the Committee, but stated that they were not adopted by the Committee. It appears, however, that the changes made in them were nominal rather than real. There was no evidence, however, that the recommendations so advantageous to the Sugar Trust were in payment for campaign contributions, and Secretary Carlisle stated that he was informed that in point of fact the Sugar Trust made no such contribution.

❀

In the House of Representatives the chief question under consideration during the past fortnight has been the repeal of the Federal tax upon the issue of State bank notes. The Republicans and the Populists, of course, are a unit against the proposed repeal. The Republicans would restrict the issue of money to the National Government and the National banks, while the Populists would restrict it to the National Government alone. The Democrats are divided. Chairman Springer, of the House Committee on Coinage, represents a large section of Western as well as Eastern Democrats in opposing repeal. In his speech at the opening of the debate he brought out sharply the fact that the power "to coin money and regulate the value thereof" was given by the Constitution exclusively to the National Government. The States were not only forbidden to coin money, but also were forbidden to issue bills of credit. To permit organizations created by the State to exercise powers denied to the State itself is in spirit, if not in letter, a violation of the Constitution. So much of our business is inter-State that we need money of the same value in all the States. Repeal the Federal tax upon State bank issues and there will soon be forty-four different kinds of currency. Southern Democrats alone seem to be strongly in favor of repeal. Mr. Lawson, of Georgia, who made the first speech in its favor, set forth the principal arguments used. He declared that the State banking system would provide a National currency possessing the confidence of the people of the entire Union, and quoted Daniel Webster in its favor. He did not, of course, quote the leading Democrats of Webster's time, nearly all of whom favored hard money issued by the General Government more strongly than the Whigs favored paper money issued by banking corporations. Mr. Lawson attacked with great violence the National banking system, and demanded that the National Government should break loose from its disastrous partnership with banking corporations. Just why National banks of issue should be so iniquitous, and State banks of issue so praiseworthy, Mr. Lawson did not explain. As to the Constitutional question, he declared that the National tax upon State bank notes was itself a violation of the Constitution. So far as we know, the only authority for this statement is the Democratic platform adopted at Chicago, and we had thought that that authority was no longer recognized by any faction of any party.

⁂

The coal-miners' and gold-miners' strikes seem no nearer settlement than a week ago. The proposition that the coal strike should be arbitrated by the Governors of the States most concerned fell through, and the Illinois Conference at Springfield was so poorly attended that no action was possible except adjournment. The Conference at Springfield was merely to determine proportionate rates for the northern and southern districts in Illinois. Its failure was chiefly due to the fact that the President of the Consolidated Coal Company—the largest combination of coal corporations in the State—absolutely refused to recognize or treat with organized labor. In Indiana the lawlessness on the part of many of the strikers continues, and the unwillingness of citizens to serve as peace officers has made it necessary for Governor Matthews to call out the militia. The foreign-born miners, though the slowest to join trades-unions or to strike, are everywhere the first to resort to violence. In Indiana the lawbreaking was chiefly confined to the picketing of one of the railroads to prevent the passage of coal trains. In Colorado the gold-miners at Cripple Creek have gone further. Men have been killed, property has been destroyed, and the whole district about the mines has been placed under a kind of martial law. President Slocum, of Colorado College, went to the mines to effect, if possible, an amicable settlement. On his way he was stopped by several sentries before he reached the leaders of the strike. He was well received, and the miners professed themselves ready for arbitration. When, however, a telephone conference was secured between the leaders of the strikers and the leading representative of the mine-owners, it was found that neither side would submit to arbitration some of the most essential questions involved. The mining companies have recruited a large body of deputy sheriffs from all over the State, but Governor Waite insists that these bodies must be disbanded, as well as the armed bodies of strikers. The Colorado law, however, seems clearly to permit any citizen of the State to be enlisted as deputy sheriff. Whatever the justification of Governor Waite's sympathy with the miners, it is clearly his duty to disperse every armed force not under the civil authorities. The recognition of the right of any body of citizens to resort to violence for the enforcement of their claims would be the beginning of anarchy.

⁂

Pool-selling at races is no sooner prohibited in New Jersey than it is legalized in Rhode Island. In New Jersey the prohibition was secured only after a prolonged agitation among the people. In Rhode Island the legalizing was secured after a very little quiet work in the Legislature. In the appeal to the people of New Jersey to vote for a moral principle, it was difficult to eliminate the element of partisanship. In the appeal to the Rhode Island Legislature to vote for an immoral principle, partisanship disappeared of itself. While upon most matters the Republican branch of the Rhode Island Legislature has either rejected or greatly modified the measures proposed by the Democratic branch, upon this gambling bill the two branches came immediately to an exact agreement. The measure enacted has a very long section prohibiting pool-selling, and a very short one declaring that the prohibition shall not apply to races in Rhode Island between May and November. That such a measure as this should be passed by the Legislature of a State whose traditions are all on the side of morality, makes more evident than before the truth that legislatures cannot be trusted to deal with the gambling evil. In Louisiana, it will be remembered, the Lottery Company was able to carry the Legislature by a majority of two to one, but was defeated at the polls. In New Jersey the gamblers absolutely controlled the Legislature, but the measures they secured roused such popular indignation as to give 25,000 majority against the party responsible for the race-track legislation. The votes in Rhode Island upon the prohibition of the liquor traffic prove that the people of that State would be two to one, or even four to one, against the legalizing of gambling. Yet the minority, with money to spend, is able in the Legislature to defeat the will of the overwhelming majority. Here in New York State, half a century ago, the people incorporated in their fundamental law a prohibition of lottery gambling. Had this prohibition been but a trifle broader in its scope, it would have prevented such legislation as the Ives pool law. Indeed, one Court has recently decided that the constitutional provision did overthrow the Ives law; and while this decision has been overruled, nevertheless the people of the State are plainly shown both the manner and the time for preventing such immoral legislation. The manner is the reference of the question to the whole people, and the most favorable time for such reference is when the State Constitution is being revised. *In Rhode Island there should be a campaign* for the submission to the voters of a constitutional amendment prohibiting every form of gambling, while in New York the moral interests of the State should be organized to press upon the State Constitutional Convention the principles in relation both to gambling and to liquor-selling upon which the moral elements of the community are agreed.

⁂

At last the Lexow Senate Committee investigation of the New York Police Department has brought out definite and positive evidence of corruption. Several witnesses have testified to paying sums of money to ward detectives to be given to police captains for the "protection" of disorderly houses. There is a striking agreement as to amounts paid and the methods of corruption employed—agreement not merely among the witnesses, but between their testimony as a whole and what has long been suspected and half known by the public. The charges are so serious and so direct that it is impossible for the police officials to ignore them. The captains and detectives accused are just now inclined to pretend to ridicule the charges, but their real alarm is evident. Superintendent Byrnes, on the other hand, has made public his opinion that, if the charges are capable of being sustained, the officers accused should be sent to Sing Sing, and has promised to formulate the charges and put the accused on trial. In the nature of the cases, the witnesses are, and must be, men of a disreputable past, some of whom have finally been ruined by extortion. If their testimony is true, they are really criminals who have turned State's evidence. But the confirmation required for this kind of evidence is largely found in the general public knowledge and belief in the existence of these nefarious transactions. Practically, no business man in the city has any real doubts as to the facts. It remains to be seen whether the higher police officials and the District Attorney will treat these witnesses as, for instance, they treated the chief witness in the Meyers murder case just tried—that is, will try to confirm and strengthen their evidence, and work earnestly for conviction of the accused—or whether they will allow them to be intimidated, bribed, or spirited away. Indifference to acts leading in the latter direction, or complicity in such acts, would be nothing less than a confession of guilt.

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The National Conference of Charities and Correction, which held its twenty-first session in Nashville, Tenn., week before last, has broadened still further the scope of its work. Organized originally as a Section of the Social Science Association, it soon attained an independent existence, which has been growing in strength and importance from year to year. Mr. Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, Mass., was chosen President of the twenty-second Conference, which will be held in May, 1895, in the city of New Haven, Conn. In a paper read in Nashville by Daniel Fulcomer, lecturer on social science in the University of Chicago, it was shown that the progress in sociological studies in the colleges and universities of the land is remarkable. Professor Fulcomer did not hesitate to say that America is leading the world in this direction. Under such circumstances it is not strange that the Conference should wish to ally itself with students of this subject; while, on the other hand, the gain to theorists and book students of associating themselves with the eminently practical men and women who make up the Conference of Charities and Correction will be of equal value. President Seth Low, of New York, and Professor Henderson, of Chicago, have therefore been added to the names of those in charge of the next session, and the committee with which they are to work will be expected to bring in valuable aid in sociological matters. Taken as a whole, the Nashville meeting was excellent. The sectional gatherings were extremely important. One afternoon, five different sections were at work in as many rooms, each with a fair attendance. An interesting feature in connection with the Committee on the Care and Treatment of the Feeble-minded was an exhibit of handiwork by the imbecile and feeble-minded. An attempt was made to secure contributions from the nineteen existing State institutions. Only seven responded, but there was great variety in the work, from lace-making to the manufacture of boots and shoes. It has been proposed that this exhibit should be enlarged, classified, and conveniently packed, and sent from State to State as an object-lesson to those unwise commonwealths which are allowing this unhappy and dangerous class to grow up without State care or training.

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The thirteenth International Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association is now in session in London. In due course The Outlook will give an account of this interesting gathering from a special correspondent. Meanwhile we may note, as significant of the growth and power of the Association, that the Conference is attended by two thousand delegates coming from all parts of the civilized world, and that about two hundred delegates represent the United States. The meetings are being held in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Albert Memorial Hall, and other places. The reports show that the organization now has over 5,000 branches and half a million members. Yet the founder, Sir George Williams, is still living and active, and has been fitly chosen President of the Conference. The report for America states that there are now in this country 1,400 associations, employing 1,200 secretaries, owning 300 buildings, and property to the value of $18,000,000.

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General News.—The United States Senate last week adopted a resolution declaring in effect that the people of the Hawaiian Islands ought to establish and maintain their own form of government, that the United States ought not to interfere, and that the intervention of any other government would be regarded as unfriendly to this country.——Reports from San Salvador state that the Government troops have been defeated with heavy loss; General Carlos Ezeta and six hundred of his men were killed; President Antonio Ezeta has fled; Bonilla has assumed the Dictatorship, and it is feared that a counter-revolution may break out.——In the New York State Constitutional Convention last week the most striking feature of the sessions was the afternoon devoted by the Committee on Suffrage to listening to addresses from Mrs. Dr. Jacobi and others; many more petitions, both in favor of extending the suffrage to women and in opposition to it, were presented during the week; during the present week animated discussion is expected on the question of taxing church property.——Senator Turpie, of Indiana, has introduced into the United States Senate a bill providing for postal savings depositories.——Very serious damage was done by floods last week in British Columbia and throughout the Northwest.——The war-ship Baltimore has been ordered to Korea to protect Americans there; a dispatch was received from the King of Korea last week stating that the rebels were gaining ground in Chunlato, the chief province of the kingdom, and that the presence of a United States war-ship was desirable for the protection of American interests.——M. Paul Bourget, the novelist, and M. Albert Sorel, the historian, were last week elected members of the French Cabinet.

The Outing of the Soul

The Outlook counts its Outing Number second in importance to no issue of the year. The gospel of personal righteousness finds many voices; the gospel of a full and rich life, fed from all the divine sources of truth, beauty, and power, still needs advocates. The old atheism which shut God out of a large part of his world still lingers like those drifts of snow that, in secluded places, elude the genial sun. Men are as slow to learn the divinity of nature as they have been to learn the divinity of humanity; as slow to accept the revelation of nature as to accept that of the human soul. It is difficult to realize how completely nature was lost to men during the Middle Ages; how comparatively untouched human life was by association with the countless aspects of sea and sky; how completely the union between men and the sublime house in which they lived was broken. For several centuries the great mass of men and women were so estranged from nature that they forgot their kinship. It is true that there were in every generation men and women to whom the beauty of the world did not appeal in vain, but it was a beauty obscured by mists of superstition, and the perception of which was painfully limited by lack of the deeper insight and the larger vision. Woods, flowers, and streams, so close at hand, so intimately associated with the richest experiences, could not wholly fail of that charm which they possess to-day; but while these lovely details were seen, the picture as a whole was invisible. The popular ballads and epics are not lacking in pretty bits of description and sentiment, but nature is wholly subordinate; the sublime background against which all modern life is set is invisible.

It is difficult to imagine a time when men had no eye for the landscape, and yet it is one of the most notable facts about Petrarch that he was the first man of his period to show any interest in that great vision which a lofty mountain opens, and which has for the men of to-day a delight so poignant as to be almost painful. Dante had struck some deep notes which showed clearly enough that he was alive to the mystery and marvel of the physical world, but Petrarch was the earliest of those who have seen clearly the range and significance of nature as it stands related to the life of men. He celebrated the charms of Vaucluse in letters which might have been written by Maurice de Guérin, so modern is their tone, so contemporaneous their note of intimate companionship. "This lovely region," he writes, "is as well adapted as possible to my studies and labors, so long as iron necessity compels me to live outside of Italy. Morning and evening the hills throw welcome shadows; in the valleys are sun-warmed gaps, while far and wide stretches a lovely landscape, in which the tracks of animals are seen oftener than those of men. Deep and undisturbed silence reigns everywhere, only broken now and then by the murmur of falling waters, the lowing of cattle, and the songs of birds" But it was the ascent of Mont Ventoux, accompanied by his younger brother and two countrymen, which stamps Petrarch as one of the great discoverers of the natural world. There are few more significant or fascinating moments in the history of human development than that which gave Petrarch his first glimpse of the beautiful landscape about Avignon, from the crest of the hill; it marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the human soul. That the majesty of the outlook so overwhelmed Petrarch that it drove him back upon himself, brought all his sins to mind, and sent him to the "Confessions of St. Augustine," showed that he was still the child of his age; but the longing which led him to make the ascent, despite the warning of the old herdsmen at the foot of the mountain, showed that he was also a man of the new time, and that he had unconsciously assumed the attitude of the modern mind towards nature.

The redemption of nature from the shadow of sin which, to the mediæval mind, rested upon and darkened it, has been very slowly accomplished; but the poets, the naturalists, and the scientists have taught us much, and our hearts have taught us more. Nature has become not only an inexhaustible delight, a constant and fascinating friend, but the most vital and intimate of teachers; in fact, it is from the study of nature, in one form or another, that much of the advance in educational efficiency has come; not the improvements in method, but the freshening and deepening of the educational aim and spirit. Nature, through the discoveries of science, has restored balance to the mind and sanity to the spirit of men by correcting the false perspective of abstract thinking, by flooding the deepest questions with new light, by bringing into activity a set of faculties almost disused, and by adding immeasurably to the resources of the human spirit. In the Middle Ages attention was concentrated upon the soul of man, and men learned much from their eager and passionate self-questioning; but it was a very inadequate and distorted view of life which they reached, because one of the great sources of revelation was left untouched. In modern times the world of nature has been searched with tireless patience, great truths relating to man's place in the sublime movement of the universe have come to light, and the distorted vision of the inward world has been corrected by the clear vision of the outward world. The study of nature has yielded a new conception of the nature of the divine will expressed through law, of the divine design interpreted by the order and progress of the phenomena of the physical universe, of the marvelous beauty of the divine mind which Tennyson was thinking of when, looking long and steadfastly into the depths of a slow-moving stream, he cried out in awe and wonder, "What an imagination God has!"

Men are saner, healthier, wiser, since they began to find God in nature and to receive the facts of nature as a divine revelation. The soul has looked away from herself and out into the marvelous universe, and learned from a new teacher the wonder, the beauty, and the greatness of her life.

The Secret of Christianity

The attempt has often been made to separate the supernatural element from Christianity, and, preserving the latter, to abandon the former. But it has never been a success and never can be. Specific miracles may, indeed, be discarded as based on insufficient evidence—as has been the reputed troubling of the pool of Bethesda by an angel. Old definitions of the supernatural and the miraculous may give place to new and better definitions. But the Christian religion cannot be bereft of its supernaturalism and remain the Christian religion. Christianity is not a new set of rules for human conduct, nor is it a new set of doctrines concerning God and his government; it is the revelation of a new spiritual force in human life; the accession of a divine personality permanent in humanity; the disclosure, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, of "a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." What is distinctive about Christianity is Jesus Christ; and what makes him distinctive is the faith, taught by him and accepted by his followers, that "for us men and for our salvation he came down from heaven."

There has been a great deal of superstitious faith in the supernatural; but there has also been a great deal of irrational prejudice against it. What is meant by this oft-used but not always understood phrase? Does it mean a power superior to physical nature? Every one but the crassest materialist believes in the super-material, believes that the spirit of man is superior to his body, and in some sense, and within certain narrow limits, superior to, and able to exercise control over, the material world and its forces. Does it mean a power superior to man? Every one but the crassest atheist believes in the superhuman—believes that there is a power above and beyond man, which exercises an influence, if not a control, on life, both physical and spiritual. Why should it be thought incredible that this Someone should have revealed himself to man in the only way in which such a revelation is possible—that is, by dwelling in and manifesting himself through a human life? It is this manifestation which distinguishes Christianity from all other religions, and makes it the power it is and has been. Take this away and it ceases to be Christianity, and becomes simply an ethical system or a theological philosophy. Religion may be either a Tower of Babel built by men to reach the skies, or a New Jerusalem let down out of heaven among men; or even a combination of the two, a human endeavor inspired by a divine gift of spiritual life. But it is not possible to preserve the gift and deny the divinity. He who attempts to eliminate the supernatural from Christianity attempts to transform the New Jerusalem into a Tower of Babel.

This always unsuccessful attempt has been once again attempted in a new and vigorous way by William Mackintosh, D.D., in "The Natural History of the Christian Religion," published by Macmillan & Co. The author is devout in his spirit, and respectful toward the faith which he impugns; he writes with calmness and candor; but he produces a book which can be welcomed as valuable only because it affords a new and effective illustration of the utter impossibility of separating supernaturalism and Christianity. To deny the one is to deny the other. Dr. Mackintosh approaches his subject, necessarily, in an unscientific spirit. The scientific spirit, as Renan and Huxley have well affirmed, does not deny the possibility of miracles. It inquires of history and experience what events have occurred in the world, and constructs its philosophy accordingly. Dr. Mackintosh constructs his philosophy on the axiom that the supernatural is incredible, and then proceeds to ask what, on this assumption, are the facts of history. He denies the possibility of the supernatural in his Introduction, but only to affirm it, in other words, in his third chapter:

> "Of no man in history could it less be said than of him, that he was the creature of his age; and as little could it be said of that period of time, that it would have been much the same, and have formed a turning-point in religious history, had he not appeared. . . . Indeed, the rise of Christianity is a crucial instance to prove the theory that the advance of humanity along its many lines is due to the appearance from time to time of many gifted individuals."

If neither inheritance nor environment produces these "gifted individuals," what does? What difference whether we call this unknown force—which Dr. Mackintosh recognizes as the chief factor in the advance of humanity—genius or inspiration? in either case we have a phenomenon which defies analysis, and is distinctly super-scientific, and in that sense supernatural. Similarly, he denies incarnation in terms, and then reaffirms it in other terms. "The God of whom we should stand in awe is not the God above us, or the God around us, but the God within us." It would be truer to say, the God above and around and within us; but, letting this pass, a philosophy which allows a God within us is a supernatural philosophy, and paves the way for the faith that He has been so within one man, that this unique man became the manifestation of God in the flesh and the standard and measure for all other seeming manifestations. He denies that Christ ever claimed to be divine. Of course he has, therefore, to deny the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel; and to deny the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel he has to ignore the recently discovered fact that it occupies the same place as the Synoptic Gospels in Tatian's Diatessaron, which carries the recognition of that Gospel in the Church back to the beginning of the second century; he has to imagine an unknown author of this Gospel, possessed of a spiritual genius second only to that of Jesus himself, yet remaining an unknown, and combining this spiritual genius with an ethical nature which permitted him to become a literary forger. But, what is even more important, he has to ignore the trial and condemnation of Jesus, a condemnation which, according to the Synoptists, was based on his own declaration, under oath, upon the trial, that he was the Son of God and would appear as the Judge of all the earth. It was because of this declaration, made at the most solemn and critical moment of his life, that he was condemned to death for blasphemy—a crime of which, under the Jewish law, one of America's most eminent jurists affirms that he could be acquitted only on the ground that he was what he claimed to be.

But it is in his treatment of the resurrection that Dr. Mackintosh's work will seem to the ordinary Christian reader most valuable as a real confirmation of the faith which he desires to overthrow. He very candidly affirms that some remarkable event must have occurred to convert the despair of the disciples after the death of Christ into that exuberant and confident hope which became the inspiration of the early Church. He takes up one rationalistic theory after another and disposes of them, treating with considerable vigor that "vision theory" which Renan has made popular. And then he offers his own, as follows:

> "When Jesus died, it was to the disciples inconceivable that a life of such divine beauty should have lapsed; that a being so godlike, so victorious over the fear of death, and so defiant of its terrors, should be subject to its power. All that had been visible of him had been consigned to the tomb; but this undeniable fact could not prevent the rising conviction that the spirit within him had escaped, and soared into a new life in a higher and happier sphere. The sudden birth of this conviction in the minds of the disciples we hold to have been the true Christophany, the apotheosis of Jesus."

Renan has suggested that the vision of the disciples was the child of their hopes. History shows clearly that they had no hopes; so Dr. Mackintosh makes that vision the child of their despair. They could not consent to believe that Jesus was dead, so they believed that he had risen from the dead. Their faith in immortality was not based on the resurrection of Jesus, but their faith in his resurrection on their faith in his immortality. And then, to make the world share their vision, they couched their faith in terms which the Church then, and ever since, has misapprehended and converted into a story of a physical resurrection. Of all incredible hypotheses to account for the rise of the Christian Church, this seems to us the most incredible.

We have given considerable space to this volume, because it affords us an opportunity to reaffirm our conviction, which this ingenious and interesting volume has only strengthened, that the distinguishing characteristic of Christianity is the Divine Person whom it reveals as the Saviour of men, who came to earth, not that he might prescribe new rules of conduct, or teach a new philosophy of life, but that he might bring, in the revelation he affords of the Eternal and the Infinite as a Living Presence, a new power of life. The secret of Christianity is its supernaturalism.

Limit the Suffrage

The demand on the Constitutional Convention of New York to extend the suffrage, we meet with a demand on that Convention to put some additional limitations upon the suffrage. The present Constitution confers the right of voting on every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years who has had residence for a certain defined term in the State, county, and election district. Under this clause in the Constitution, it is held by eminent constitutional authority that the Legislature has no right to prescribe methods of voting which may operate to exclude the illiterate. It has, therefore, been considered necessary to provide in the ballot reform law for permitting in the booth with the illiterate voter some friend who can read his ballot for him and help him to vote as he wishes. This is carrying universal suffrage to an absurd extent. The Legislature should have power conferred upon it to make such regulations respecting the method of voting as it deems expedient, provided they do not have the effect to exclude permanently any class in the community. Provisions, direct or indirect, that the voter must be able to read his own ballot, or write the name of any one (if he desires to "scratch") without the help of a friend, would not exclude any man from casting a ballot who cared enough about voting to learn how to read and write; and he who does not care enough about voting to learn how to read and write ought not to be permitted to vote.

It has been further suggested that no one be permitted to vote who has not been for six months a citizen. This would prevent wholesale naturalization of voters preceding any election. It is not unreasonable to require that a man should have been six months a citizen of the country before taking part in controlling its destinies.

These two provisions, one requiring a minimum of intelligence as a condition of voting, the other preventing hasty and fraudulent naturalization on the eve of the election, would constitute valuable and important amendments to the Constitution of the State. The Constitutional Convention has few more important duties to perform than to form some clause which will make such discrimination as this possible, without excluding from participation in the suffrage any class by hard and fast limitations.

The Short-Hour Day

Mr. John Rae seems to have abundant justification for saying that thus far the teaching of experience is plainly and uniformly on the side of the short-hour day. Not only has Australia, with an eight-hour day, advanced in wealth more rapidly than any other nation; not only has England advanced in the race for manufacturing supremacy with each new restriction of the hours of labor; but even individual employers who have voluntarily tried the short-hour day have thus far been helped thereby. This last result is partially due to the fact that only the more generous-minded employers have tried the experiment, and their employees have co-operated with them to make it a success. But, whatever the cause, the results have been most satisfactory. The latest trial of the eight-hour day by an establishment whose competitors had longer hours is that recently made by the Salford Iron Works in England, under the direction of Mr. William Mather, a Member of Parliament. These works employ twelve hundred hands—molders, smiths, tin-plate workers, turners, brass-founders, boiler-makers, etc. On the 20th of February, 1893, the hours for all employees were reduced from fifty-three to forty-eight. The day was divided into two spells, with a single break for lunch, instead of three as heretofore. At the end of the year the firm compared the results with the average of the six years preceding it. "As regards quantity of production," says Mr. Mather, "there was actually a larger output in the trial year."

This increase in the amount of work done, despite the shortening of hours, Mr. Mather attributes "solely to the unimpaired and cheerful energy of every man and boy throughout the day." He thinks that much of the increase in personal energy was due to the abolition of the two hours' work before breakfast, not only because the men worked badly before breakfast, but also because they worked more wearily all through the day. But, besides this improvement in energy, there was also a considerable gain in respect to "time lost without leave." During the fifty-three-hour-a-week period this had amounted to two and a half per cent., while in the forty-eight-hour period it fell to one-half of one per cent. As the absent or tardy man often hinders the work of his associates, this gain is of the first importance. But the most striking result, perhaps, of all was that in shops where the men were paid by the piece, and were supposed to work at the top of their speed before the experiment was instituted, the quantity of work done by the piece-workers fell but one-half of one per cent., though there had been a nine per cent. reduction in hours. During the later part of the year, when the piece-workers had become accustomed to the new conditions, they actually turned out more work than the year before. No doubt there is a limit to this process of increasing the productiveness of labor while decreasing the hours, but that limit is not reached until the day's work is that which makes the laborer a stronger and more active-minded man by reason of it. Whatever improves the quality of the worker, in the long run, will improve both the quality and the quantity of his work.

Editorial Notes

—"The Interior" insists that the colored brother can take his Presbyterianism "straight," and can not only accept Calvinism, but "grow corpulent on it." But when Jeshurun waxed fat, he kicked.

—It is said that Dr. Moxom, of Springfield, has two hearers who come every Sunday from Boston, a distance of about one hundred miles, to listen to the sermon. Dr. Moxom evidently has an attractive power of unusual range, and the example of these two hearers might well be laid to heart by the host of people who live under the eaves of churches but never enter them.

—By a slip of the pen we last week represented the excellent article on Municipal Reform by Mr. Clinton R. Woodruff as having been written by Mr. Clinton R. Woodward. Mr. Woodruff is so well known as the Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the Philadelphia Municipal League that the mistake was all the more careless on our part. We note, by the way, that Mr. Woodruff was last week chosen Secretary of the National Municipal League.

—We shall commence next week a brief but measurably comprehensive Life of Christ from the pen of Lyman Abbott, to be continued through six months in The Outlook. It will follow the Bible Study Union course of Sunday-school lessons, and will take the place of the Sunday-school papers heretofore published. As the Bible Study Union course and the International course are parallel, it is hoped that this series of papers on the Life of Christ will be found helpful to teachers who are using either of the two courses.

—Robert Louis Stevenson, speaking at a Presbyterian gathering in Australia not long ago, brought forward as evidence of his good standing as a Presbyterian that he had once listened to a sermon an hour and a half long in the old parish church at Leith. He deserved to be present on the occasion of the delivery of that sermon which a Scotch minister recalled when he said that he had once preached two hours on a stretch, and at the end was as fresh as a rose. "But," he added, "you ought to have seen the congregation!"

—In his charming account of Mr. Lowell in the current "Harper's" Mr. Howells uses a phrase which ought to be put on the walls of every school-room to remind teachers and students of the necessity of mastering their own speech and of training their vocal organs. "His voice," says Mr. Howells, "had as great a fascination for me as his face. The vibrant tenderness and the crisp clearness of the tones, the perfect modulation, the clear enunciation, the exquisite accent, the elect diction—I did not know enough then to know that these were the gifts, these were the graces, of one from whose tongue our rough English came as music such as I should never hear from any other."

—On the 29th of May—Decoration Day—a park on the slope of Storm King, at Cornwall-on-Hudson, the residence of the late Edward P. Roe, was dedicated to his memory, and a large tablet, set in one of the great rocks which form the mountain-side, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. The whole town turned out *en masse;* the decoration was artistically done by a group of school-girls; the music was furnished by a local band and a local choral society. The dedicatory address was delivered by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, and other addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. John Teal, Mr. Roe's former pastor; Mr. Dodd, of Dodd & Mead, his publishers; and William Hamilton Gibson, who illustrated so beautifully one of the most delightful of Mr. Roe's stories—"Nature's Serial Story." Mr. Roe's generosity and geniality will long be remembered by his friends.

—The Outlook this week presents to its readers its annual summer Outing Number, and trusts they may find in it both entertainment and useful information. Its eighty-eight pages make to-day's Outlook share with last summer's Outing Number the honor of being the largest issue of the paper ever sent to press; and when the business depression is considered, this equality of size really indicates a very great gain. Its contents speak for themselves. We wish here, however, especially to thank the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, and the Rev. Mr. Twichell for their most readable illustrated papers on "Hunting, Climbing, and Fishing," kindly written at our urgent request. These articles, we are sure, will be found by our readers—as they have been by us—attractive both from their subject matter and from the personality of the writers. The charming water-color by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith which occupies our title-page (together with the other color-work of the number) has been reproduced by the Coloritype process, and a comparison with last year's Outing Number will show the advance made in the practical application of this really wonderful method of printing in colors on ordinary steam-presses. No reader can fail to notice how remarkable in extent and in variety are the announcements in our advertising columns of vacation possibilities and travel facilities. A more enticing directory for the summer could hardly be assembled. Taken in connection with the three pages of editorially prepared illustrated information about Summer Schools and Conventions, this directory must be acknowledged to be a complete and unique vacation guide.

Hunting, Climbing and Fishing
By
Rev. W. S. Rainsford D.D.
Rev. Chas. H. Parkhurst D.D.
Rev. Joseph H. Twichell

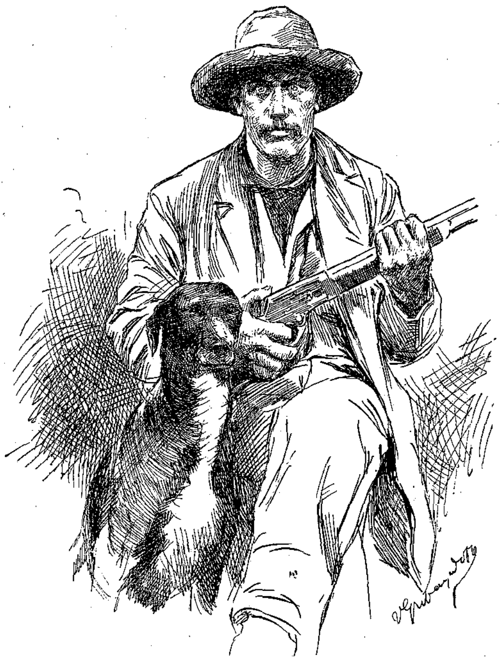
Big Game Hunting in the Rockies

By the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D.

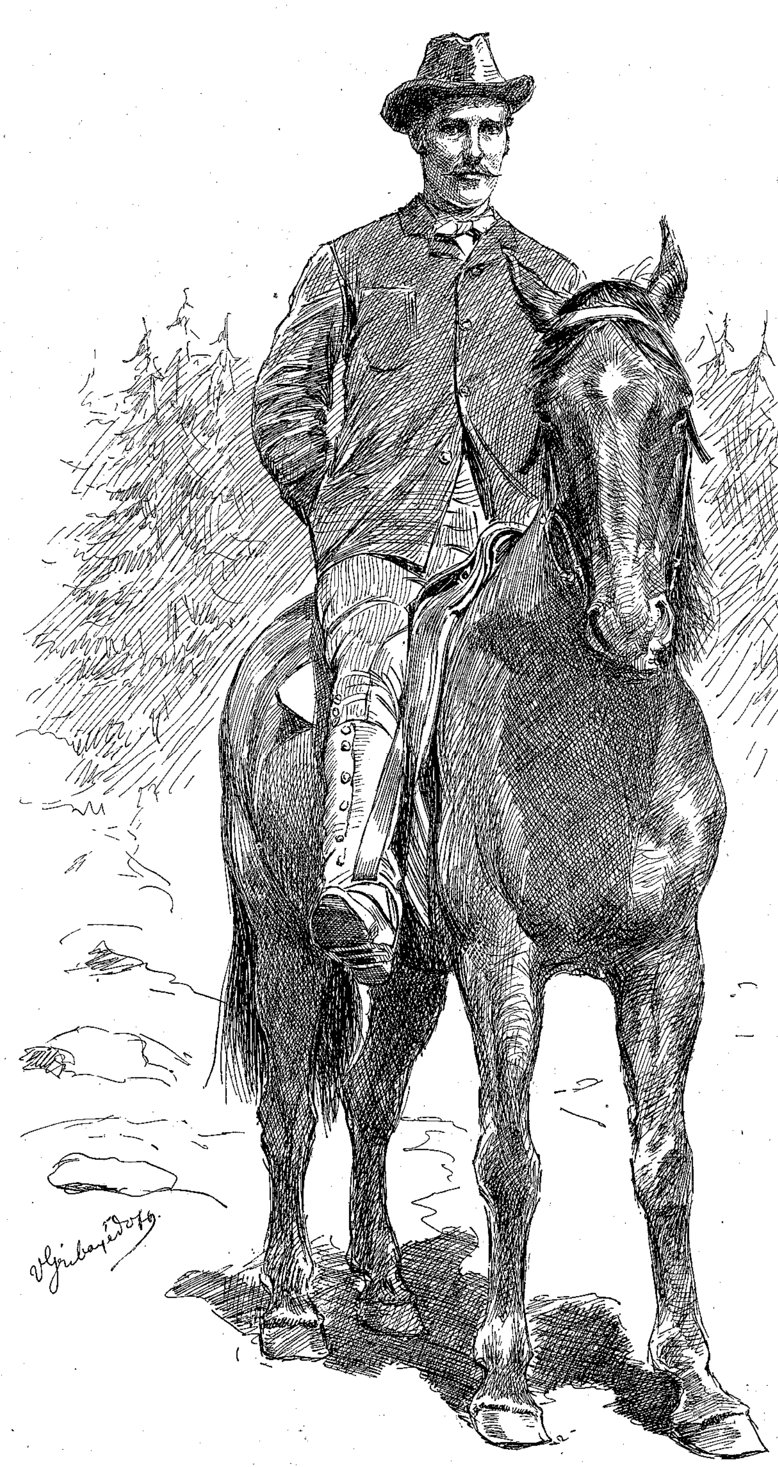
I would be indeed ungrateful if I ever failed to champion the quite incomparable advantages of our great Western Alpine chain of mountains, both for purposes of health and sport. In 1868, when only a weedy, overgrown boy of eighteen, I first visited some of their remotest regions. There is health to be found in the woods in the East, and there is still in the wilds of Canada and of Labrador sport of a quite first-class quality; but for combination of air and sport probably in the world nothing at all compares with that immense table-land over which run the parallel chains of the Rocky Mountains. As every one knows, from the Mississippi Valley to the foot-hills the land rises steadily, and on this great plain the air is pure and bracing. Here and there, too, still may be found upon it regions but sparsely settled, where the camper-out in pursuit of health will find what he seeks in probably shorter time than he would in the Adirondacks or New Brunswick. But it is when we have left the plains behind us and succeeded in at last getting out of our mouths the horrible taste of alkali water; when we can sleep under the shadow of the pines and gather a hundred different flowers in an afternoon's ramble in the middle of August—it is then we find scenery, and then that we, not seek health, but find health seeking us. This delicious region which I am describing is, roughly speaking, bounded by the Canadian line on the north, by the Big Horn Mountains and the eastern ranges of Colorado on the east, and by the Cascade Range and Nevada on the west. It runs from Canada to New Mexico, and why it is not better known and more constantly explored I do not know.

In order to make this brief article as practical as I can, I shall speak first of the country itself, and then of the outfit necessary to enjoy it and travel in it—or where to go and how to go. Now, if you are to spend two months in the West, the region you wish to visit must depend on what you most desire to do; for, since the main difficulties of a trip consist in those of transport, it is well, before attempting a journey, to map out carefully what you intend to make it include. The most inexpensive way—and the easiest—of traveling is to hire a wagon, driver, and team, with a tent, provisions, and sporting paraphernalia, and, having procured from the Survey Office at Washington a good map, go wherever you can drag your wagon. It is quite surprising how much country can be seen in this way, and into what seemingly inaccessible regions your mules can be induced to go. You can get good fishing (for in thousands of streams as they flow out of the higher mountains trout are abundant; in fact, they are abundant in all where they have not been dynamited or destroyed in the interests of some near-by mine). Furthermore, if you understand how to handle a rifle and are not afraid to leave your wagon, say for a five or ten miles' tramp into the rougher country on foot, you can get deer, antelope, and perhaps a wapiti. You can easily pitch your own tent and cook your own food, by the aid of your man, and he will be responsible for the horses or mules. But to this method there is one serious drawback.

The highest fascination, the charm, the mystery of the mountains, are known only to those who live for weeks amid the nut-pines that grow near their summits, and drink at the springs that babble from the great snow-banks that no summer's sun can ever melt. Here, too, in August and September, ranges by far the finest stag on the earth to-day, our American elk or wapiti; here comes the blacktail deer, a very different animal from the deer we know in the East, with horns sometimes thirty-two inches across. Into these upper solitudes, where the grass is as brilliantly green as it is short and tender, look down the sheep from their still lonelier haunts above us, and here, if anywhere, you may be fortunate enough to get a shot at that finest, most savage, and yet most timid of all our American game animals, the silver-tip or grizzly bear. No wagon will take you up here. Your transport animals must be pack-mules or ponies. To any one who knows the West, what a difference is suggested at once by the distinction between the wagon and the pack! With the wagon everything is simplicity itself; with the pack, life is often at best a complicated and troublesome affair, and those engaged in the struggle have keener sympathy with the clergyman (retired) of whom lately, perhaps, some of us have heard. This good man was addicted, with the usual enthusiasm, to the game of golf. When asked, after a match one day, what he thought of it, he said it was a fine game, but very trying on the temper, and terribly provocative of bad language. "Indeed," said he, "that is the reason I have had to give it up." "Give up golf!" said his questioner. "Na, na," said the dominie, "the meenistry." And just so in the West, many and many a time I felt that if my friends could have seen and known what was going on, they might have possibly counseled a retirement on my part. I have seen, for instance, six unfortunate men trying to pack six mules. Now, it takes two men to pack a mule or a pony, and, once packed, any ordinarily well-conditioned animal will stand and wait till its fellows are similarly fitted out, and then the whole band start off in line, led by some old animal who arrogates to himself the position of leader. But sometimes, indeed quite often, everything seems to go wrong. On this particular occasion we were near the rail-



A Rocky Mountain Guide



Dr. Rainsford in the Mountains

road, and cursed by a remnant of civilization in the shape of a mile of barbed-wire fence. When a mule was packed (and I remember the first mule carried all our flour and coffee), he walked deliberately into the barbed-wire fence, and, getting his load well under him, proceeded to try to break it down; and so on with mule after mule, till the sugar, coffee, powder, shot, boots, blankets, and fishing-tackle were strewed round that barbed-wire fence. We started in to work that morning under a broiling sun at half-past four A.M., and by six P.M. we had made precisely two miles and a half, and mules and men were done to a turn. Fortunately, next day was Sunday. A good packer anywhere in the Rocky Mountains is worth from $3 to $5 a day, and is harder to get than a hunter, but the finished article in the packer line is a perfect wonder. He will put two hundred and fifty pounds on the back of a pony or a mule, and when you see the load once on, you can scarcely persuade yourself that even mulish ingenuity could ever get it off. However, as the day goes on you are generally undeceived. I should say that, for a party of two men and a trip of six weeks into a country where stores cannot be procured, six pack-horses were necessary as a minimum. These can generally be procured at from fifty cents to a dollar a day apiece. For an outfit of this size three men—hunter, cook, and packer—would be sufficient. Of course all this entails considerable expense, and I fear this is really the chief drawback to visiting the higher regions of this splendid country. If it is determined to push up into these, it is absolutely essential to have everything of the best, for life itself may often depend on the excellence of men and material.

It is hopeless, I fear, for me to attempt to descant on the many advantages and beauties of these upper Alpine regions. Whether in the Shoshone Range, which you approach by the Northern Pacific, or Yellowstone Park; or the Big Horn Range, which can be entered from either Custer on the Northern Pacific, or Buffalo, to be reached by a branch of the Union Pacific; or the southern Wyoming mountain region, for which, perhaps, Rawlins is the best starting-place; or Colorado, which is somewhat cut off from these—the features of the high regions are very similar. The grass is yellow and burnt as you leave the railroad at six thousand feet above the sea; but when you have surmounted the first range of hills, flowers bloom everywhere, and springs seem to burst from every bank. You gradually get accustomed to the altitude, and if you take steady exercise—not beginning too violently, I should strongly advise—you soon do not mind the severe exertion which steadily climbing these tremendous slopes entails. For the peaks and woods above you fascinate you. You cannot be contented to stay below them; you must get up and up; and when at last you have reached some point eleven, twelve, perhaps almost thirteen thousand feet above the sea, and you lie stretched out in the sun on sward as soft and short as a tennis-court can give, and smell the delicious odor of the air that has swept over hundreds and hundreds of miles of blossoming pine, seen perhaps one hundred and fifty peaks in sight, all touched with snow, and watched the wild beasts come out here and there, you have had an experience, you have tasted a joy, that you never can forget. I remember once lying all the morning, after a climb from my camp of some four thousand feet, on such a point of vantage, and at last falling to sleep, to find, when I awoke, some two hours later, that three bears had been inspecting me from the snow-banks some fifty feet behind my head; there were their fresh tracks! When first, indeed, I went to the mountains, in '68, bears were very common, and when next I visited them, in '81, the Big Horn region was full of them. Now you may take several trips, and, unless you understand their habits, and stay out late at night, or are watching from some point of commanding view early in the morning, you will not see one. In any of these regions, however, which I have mentioned, other game is still fairly plentiful.

But in all of these regions, apart from sport, health is to be found, and such health, it seems to me, as we do not dream of even in our Eastern woodland or seaside resorts. For a week or ten days after the city has been left behind, the altitude seems to produce excitement and loss of appetite, and occasionally it is difficult to sleep; but, generally, after this life becomes a delight and every meal is an anticipation. You need no tent; you can sleep out in your blanket under the pine. You have got to work for your food, because you cannot very well carry in your packs anything but flour, bacon, coffee, and a few tomatoes for a treat on Sunday. And so, unless you are prepared to bring an immense retinue, you must literally work for your living; and this, fortunately, is not hard to do. Grouse of several sorts are plentiful and not hard to kill, and you are never likely to be many miles from a trout-stream. When you have reached those high regions which I have referred to, persistent hunting is sure to bring you meat. You can leave towns like Glenwood on the Colorado Midland, or fifty like it on the Canadian Pacific, or almost any station on the Northern Pacific between Big Timber and Pandorille, and in twenty-four hours you can find yourself by trout-streams that will yield you all you should desire. You may supply yourself with only one horse and a shot-gun or a little rifle, and make expeditions of three or four days or a week to different points within easy return of the railroad, and so you can vary your scenery, get excellent exercise, and do it at very little expense. You can take your wagon and outfit, man and horse, probably at an expense of $5 or $6 a day, and travel from the Northern to the Union Pacific, and get meat and fish enough to eke out what you bring in your wagon. The one difficult and important thing in all cases, however, to obtain is a reliable man. Those hanging around the depots or coming forward and introducing themselves are invariably worthless. Good men are to be got, but they are silent and retiring. In every case you must go share and share with your man or men. It is much better to have one tent or lean-to, and always meal together. Let them have their way in small things; insist upon having your own when you know you are right; and always take a good map and compass. If you have perseverance and any general knowledge of locality, you can go almost anywhere with a map. For the main difficulty of Western travel used to be the waterless regions, which the railroad now, fortunately, carries you through.

I would submit this note at the end: In all States of the Union it is illegal to shoot big game except for food, nor can any shooting be done until after the fifteenth of August, and in some cases the first of September. No cows or does or ewes should be shot under any circumstances; and if you want to kill big game, such as deer or elk, never shoot at a mark or make a noise around camp.

The Minister as an Angler

By the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell

> In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of
> love,

says the dear poet lately gone from us. It may be doubted if this vernal phenomenon is any more prevalent in the class indicated than the impulse to go a-fishing. Possibly the two instincts originate in the same quarter of the brain. At all events, the effects they generate have a good deal in common. The features of resemblance between love-making and other angling are too obvious to require pointing out.

It is a notable thing, the passion for the rod and line that almost universally awakes in the male human breast at the opening of manhood, if not earlier; and which in such a multitude of instances persists through all succeeding stages of life. In our Northern regions, the freeing of the waters by the breaking up of the ice seems to revive it. Thence onward week by week it gathers force till "the law is off;" at which date our boys, whom it had taxed all resources of parental authority and ingenuity to drag from their beds at any morning hour, are heard ere the dawn tiptoeing down stairs, with whisperings that conspicuously fail to be inaudible, and by sunrise are miles away—and quite likely one of their parents with them—haply to secure a first chance at some meadow or mountain brook. The excitement attending the annual inauguration of the angling season is no less than public. Of this its reflection in the press is witness. And everybody knows what next. Why is it that "fish story" is, in our English (or perhaps I should say American) language, the synonym of a tale incredible, or, at least, not credited? The subject is occult.

During the Civil War, standing one evening beside a cavalry officer as he overlooked his troop grooming their horses, and remarking the pervasive profanity with which that duty was performed, I asked the lieutenant what made the cavalry swear so. "I don't know," he answered; "but—but—*it is something about horses.*"

Is it something about fishes that accounts for the type of aphasia associated with angling, which has passed into a proverb? If so, should not the chaplaincy of blessed St. Anthony—he who preached the famous "Sermon to the Fishes"—be restored? Or have we here a province of human activity that, in the evolution of conscience, has thus far been omitted and remains non-moral? Why else, for another sign, the practically universal insensibility to the indictment of angling as a sin, on the score of cruelty?—an insensibility found often to co-exist with even a fastidious sentiment of kindness to animals, and marked in an order of men surely not behind any other in the temper of mercifulness—the clergy. The moralist who, with the argument all on his side, maintains the duty of the benevolent treatment of snakes, has no more up-hill task than he who would soften the heart of the fisherman toward his prey.

The enthusiasm of angling is one of those touches of nature—fallen nature, if it be so—that makes the whole world kin. Into whatever country the traveler goes, there he fails not to encounter its votaries. Not necessarily amid rural scenes; nor yet in circumstances, either, that consist with a rational hope of success. No town or city will he visit that is situated beside waters of river, lake, or sea where he will not spy, planted on wharf or dock or bridge, the familiar, patient figure of the devotee of the "gentle art" (will the reader pardon the expression this once? I promise not to say "speckled beauty" a single time!) wearing out the day, and, in spite of no result, and no apparent prospect of any, the picture of content. As a modern bard describes him—

> With drowsy expectation he sets and sets and sets,
> While the great world all around him with action fumes and frets.

Being in Paris not very long since on the day of the National Fête (July 14), I took my station betimes in the morning on one of the Seine bridges to get a near view of a noted cuirassier regiment which the papers had announced would pass that way in joining the general parade. All Paris was out and already effervescent. While waiting and watching there, happening to look over the parapet of the bridge, I sighted below, seated on the edge of the quay, a blue-bloused citizen, who, careless of all the goings-on above, and with a long bamboo pole in front of him, was taking his pleasure. The river was crowded with all manner of craft plying up and down. I judged that he had about as much chance of catching anything as Simple Simon had in his mother's pail; but I recognized and respected the fact that he was improving the leisure of his holiday in the manner most agreeable to himself. Presently my regiment was on hand, band playing, colors flying, and, beautifully wheeling, began the passage of the bridge with great applause from the admiring multitude. In the midst of which uproar my ear caught the sound of a shout rising from beneath; and, lo! François (or, maybe, Alphonse) bending in visible Gallic rapture over a fish he had at that moment thrown out on the quay. It was a small fish, but not so his triumph. To my hail and accompanying gesture of congratulation he turned up the happiest countenance I saw that day. He would, however, doubtless have maintained both his position and his equal mind without the gratifying episode which I was permitted to enjoy with him; or it might have been that he would. For your thoroughbred angler, while far from indifferent to success, can dispense with it.

Speaking now at length a little more particularly of ministers—and it is high time I did—I have the impression that, numerous as they are in the angling brotherhood, few of them are of the *élite* section thereof just referred to. They have not, indeed, lacked representatives there, as, for example, Dr. Bethune of golden memory, and the late Episcopal Bishop Bissell, of Vermont; nor do they now lack them. But in general they are what may be called plain anglers. Seldom do they exhibit that profound seriousness of spirit which characterizes the expert, whose ideals of angling practice are apt to be as severe as were those of Charles Lamb's old Sarah Battle at the whist-table. We incline to be empiric practitioners, in distinction from scientific. Nine-tenths of us probably will exchange the artificial fly for the natural worm without compunction when the former does not serve, which infirmity may, in charity, be ascribed to the circumstance that what the ministerial angler seeks first is recreation; next after that, fish; and, lastly, sport.

Mr. Twichell Goes a-Fishing

This may also be the reason why he is able, in a measure inconsistent with strict science, to mingle other pleasures with that of angling. An important contributory source of his enjoyment in fishing hours is the scenery amid which they are passed: whether on waters still or flowing; whether on the calm bosom of the Mooselucmaguntic, fairest of the Rangeley sisterhood, home of the Anakim of the trout race, girt with the Maine forest; or in a birch bark canoe, swaying at anchor between woody banks on the strong current of the New Brunswick Restigouche, mother of salmon; or on bowlder-strewn John's Brook, born under the cliffs of Tahawus, tumbling, leaping, roaring, and laughing down from pool to pool, mile after mile, through the Adirondack wilderness, the tree-framed strip of blue ever overhead, each bend opening a new glimpse across the wide valley of gray summits rising beyond.

The tendency of culture in the art piscatorial, one is obliged to concede, is to solitariness, not to say selfishness. Anglers, as a fraternity, are indisputably, on the whole, a credit to human nature. It is their gracious habit, as all men know, freely to bestow the fruit of their skill on friends and neighbors. Such time, however, as they are actually engaged in the exercise of that skill, most of them would rather other people were out of the way. But I scarcely ever knew an angling minister who did not like to share his sport with a comrade.

I am confident, from observation extending over a considerable period, that no one, besides, supports with less exasperation that most trying ordeal to the angler's temper, the intrusion of the angling stranger. This, no doubt, is partly due to the fact that, by virtue of his calling, he is interested in man as man. The interloper may prove a valuable specimen, and sometimes does.

Toward the close of what had been pretty nearly a blank day on the North Elba streams, years ago, I struck a bit of water that, to use an Irish figure, was "stiff" with trout. While I was working it with the most painstaking thoroughness of which I was capable, exulting in the thought that, after all, I was going home with a full basket, I heard a loud splashing; and, lo! a fisherman, a native of the country, coming up behind me. His tackle and his style alike revealed him an angler of the rudest school. As soon as he caught sight of me he hurried his pace, and in a minute or two more plumped his lead sinker into a lonely eddy upon which my cast of flies had just before dropped softly as a falling leaf. "I was trying this place," I said to him, in a tone meant to convey remonstrance. "Never mind!" he cheerily replied, his face beaming with good nature. "Suppose you were? *I* don't object. You've got just as much right here as I have, exactly!"

To be sure, I took no more trout worth mentioning on that occasion. A horse stumbling down the middle of the brook could not have dispersed them any more effectually than did this amiable person. But for the half-hour following I was regaled with a more original and racy line of remark on a wide variety of topics, local, national, political, religious, than it has often been my fortune to listen to in this conventional world. I had chanced upon a philosopher.

Of the days not a few which the writer was privileged and honored in former years to pass with Horace Bushnell, none are so fondly treasured as those spent on Adirondack streams dividing the luck of rod and line with that glorious man. The angling could not have been what it was without his company; the company could not have been what it was without the angling.

On my study wall hangs my creel, dingy with age, that in its time has held some thousands of trout. Beneath it, in the corner, resting in its stained cover, stands my elegant Norris rod, and two or three more of humbler grade, with records of which they are not ashamed. When, now and then, and often, while the snows of the long winter full of hard and happy work sheet the earth with white, my eye lights upon them, my sportsman's blood—such as it is—feels its pulses thrill. I hear, too, in fancy, the melody of waters; and there rise before me visions of sweet meadows; of flower-decked margins; of green forests with their vistas of deepening shade; of silent mountain-peaks, clear-cut against the sky. But, above all, by such still reminders am I kindled into loving recollection of those—some of them now with God—in whose dear society, in bygone summers, from my youth, my recreations as an angler have been shared.

Alpine Climbing

By the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

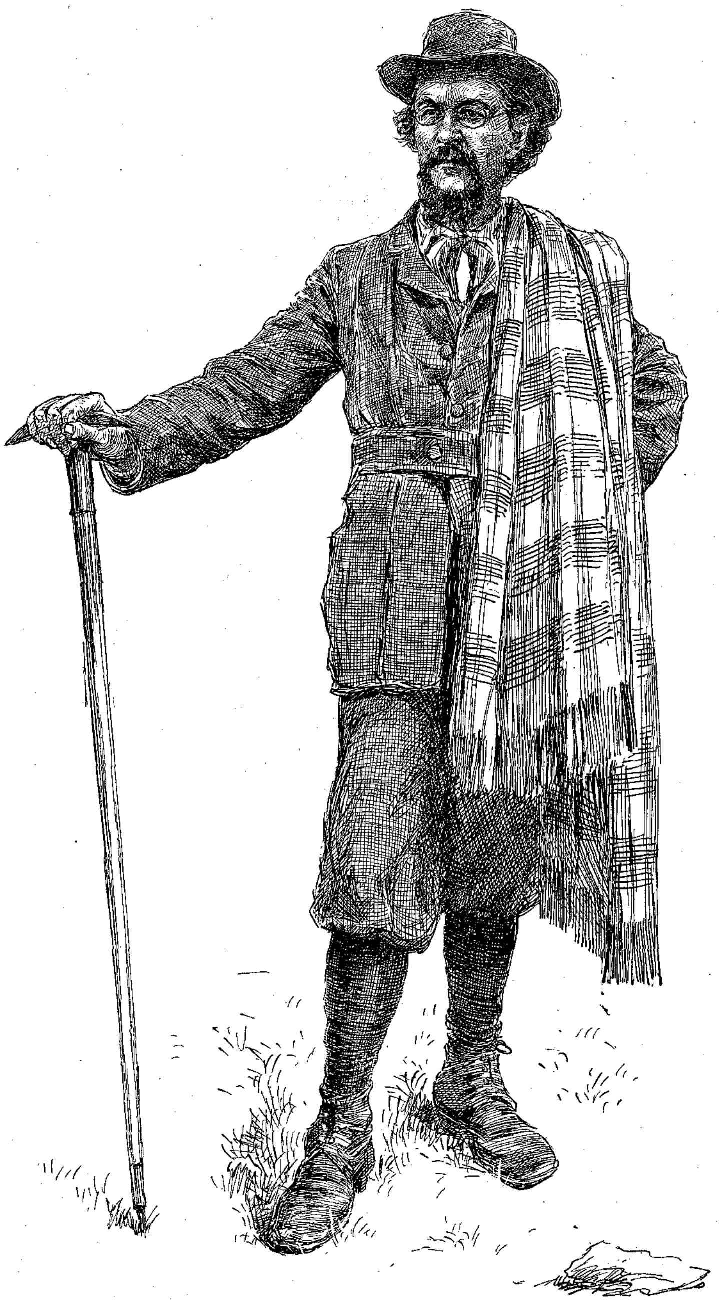
It has now been my custom for six or eight years to spend a couple of months each summer in high work among the Alps. As a result of my experience it seems to me increasingly strange that there is not a larger number of Americans who might spend at least a portion of their vacation in a similar way. The advantages of it are so numerous, and the results which have accrued to myself and to others like me so manifold, that I can hardly conceive of any means by which one can be more easily brightened and reinvigorated for the succeeding years of work than by the adoption of such a policy of recreation.

Most of the work of this kind which I have done has been in the region of Zermatt, which place seems to me, more than any other, to constitute the real heart of the Swiss Alps. I have climbed almost every one of the more difficult of the peaks in that region, whose altitude varies but slightly from fifteen thousand feet above the sea. It is impossible by any form of words to indicate the panorama which opens itself before one from such a height. The two important heights which I made last summer were the Weisshorn and the Dom. In order that the readers of The Outlook may have some idea as to my own outlook from those standpoints, I might mention that not only was the entire range of Switzerland from east to west and from north to south completely and distinctly spread out before my eye, but the view extended further east into Austria; covered, to the southwest, a considerable portion of France, and looked north into Germany, and south over a considerable range of Italy. On both of these two expeditions I was favored in having a peculiarly bright sky. The view to the south was unique in this respect, that, while the atmosphere round about was perfectly transparent, the southern portion of the panorama was varied by quite a compact mass of stratified cloud. Indeed, so level was the upper edge of the clouds overlying Italy that it seemed easily possible to launch a yacht upon it and to course southward to the Mediterranean.

As I said before, the character of the picture which thus opens itself to one standing at a height of fifteen thousand feet defies anything like description. I have wondered often why it is that men will put themselves to the expense of hundreds and thousands of dollars for the purchase of pictures reproducing natural scenery, when they are so easily in reach (many of them at least) of those natural originals which so defiantly decline to be reproduced upon the canvas. I would give more for some ten-minute views which I have had from the tops of the high Alps than I would for all the pictures of natural scenery that I have ever seen, or that are to be conceived of. It is a very simple thing and a very easy thing, not to say a lazy thing, to sit in one's parlor, or in somebody else's parlor, or in a picture-gallery, and survey the products of artistic handiwork; but I think that if these amateur students of art cared a tithe as much about the beautiful and the sublime as they claim to, they would oftener be found putting themselves to the slight physical inconvenience of visiting nature in some of her more inaccessible temples, even though it be at the expense of some time, a little money, and an occasional experience of weariness.

Viewed, too, from the physical standpoint, I have no knowledge of any means by which one can more readily or successfully recover from the nervous strain and physical exhaustion incident to a year's perplexing work in a large town than by withdrawing from all such contacts, and from everything which can remind of such contacts, and breathing for two or three months the pure, bright, and intoxicating air of the high regions of a mountainous country. One cannot over-emphasize the amount of advantage which accrues from sharp contrast of surroundings. On the top of the Weisshorn, five hundred feet higher than the Matterhorn, one finds himself in another world. Ordinary occupations of mind and heart and hand do not venture even to intrude themselves. There is no tariff up there, no Tammany, no vicious Police Commissioner, no degraded Police Justice, no woman suffrage, no anything that wearies, irritates, or debases.

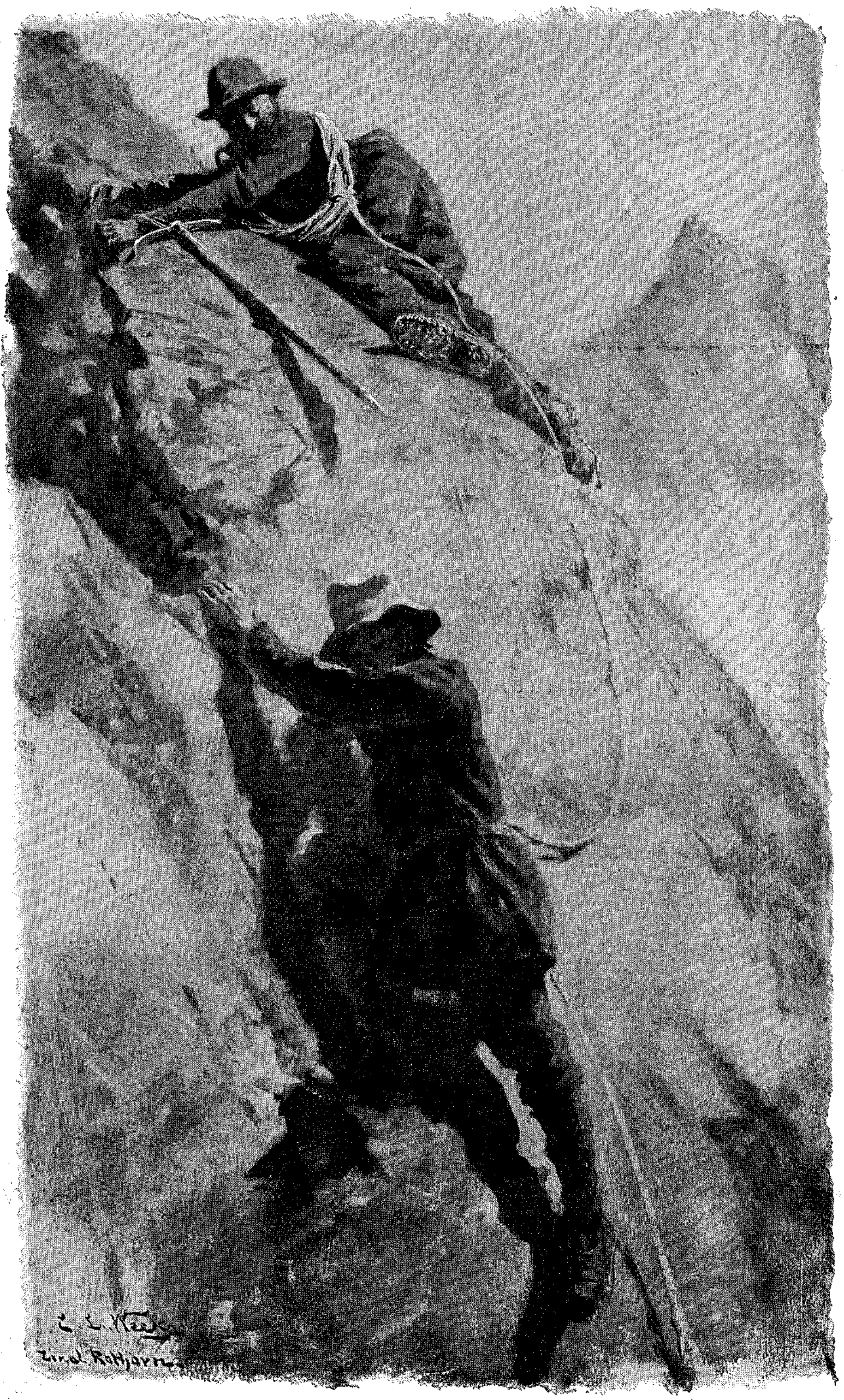
The question is often asked me whether I do not feel that I am running a great risk in ascending to such heights. I may say that I feel safer from ten to fifteen thousand feet above the sea in Switzerland than I often do at sea-level here in New York. There is a science in mountain-climbing, as well as in doing any other work.



Dr. Parkhurst in the Alps

There are certain conditions to be fulfilled, which, if fulfilled, will reduce danger to a minimum. I do not claim that there is no danger. I simply say that the danger can be so minimized as to make it prudent to assume the risk in view of the large advantages promised.

When raising the question as to doing high mountain work, the first interrogatory one has to put to himself is whether he is physically in good condition, whether his heart is all right, whether he is liable to dizziness, whether he is able to look down perpendicularly five thousand feet without wincing, and to stand on a narrow ledge of rock without his knees trembling while he looks down into a few thousand feet of abyss beneath him. If he is unable, or imagines he is unable, to endure these tests, it will be wise for him to keep on low ground. Having settled that question affirmatively, the next thing for him to inquire after is trustworthy guides. The accidents which occur in the high Alps, in nine cases out of ten, are due either to the foolish attempt to climb without guides, or to acting independently of their instructions. Two lives were lost at Zermatt last summer just at the time when I was doing high work on the Dom and the Weisshorn, and they were both of them due to one or the other of the two styles of foolishness just adverted to. Mountain guides in Switzerland are a licensed class, and the entire business is subject to governmental control. To attempt such a mountain as the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, the Weisshorn, the Breithorn, or the Rothhorn, without a licensed guide is an attempt at suicide. One of the two guides I employ each year has served me now for six years, so that we thoroughly understand each other. On making a climb he selects his own assistant, and in all the more trying portions of the route we go roped together at a distance from one another of about fifteen feet. I make myself subject to my leading guide in every respect, going where he tells me, eating what he tells me, and resting at such time as he may indicate; and I may say that during all the ascents which I have made I have never for a single moment felt that I was at any time in real danger.



"High Work" in the Alps

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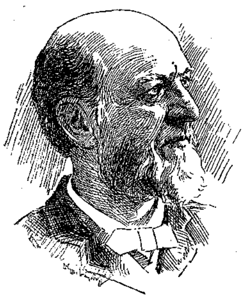
Great care should also be taken in the selection of weather. One has to bide his time. The first attempt that I made to climb the Weisshorn was in '92, and we reached a point only four thousand feet below the summit when a change in the weather drove us back. It would have been possible, perhaps, to reach the top, but we take no risks. By that means we are able to get safely and comfortably home again. After all, a very large part of the secret of successful mountain-climbing lies in remembering that one requires to take but a single step at a time. Three or four years ago, when I made the ascent of the Matterhorn, and had reached the shoulder where the difficulties of the route are concentrated, I was foolish enough to look forward and up to the summit. The view was a staggering one, and for a moment it seemed that I had undertaken the impossible, so nearly perpendicular seemed the remainder of the route leading up to the apex. It occurred to me, however, that the balance of the way required to be taken but a single step at a time; that, however difficult the remainder of the journey might be in its entirety, and however much of danger might be involved in it, that difficulty and danger required to be divided by the number of steps needed to be taken before the summit was reached; and, having performed that simple process in long division, I settled down, or up, to the next step, and went along quite securely till we came out on the snow-ridge that crowns the shoulder of the Matterhorn.

It ought to be said, moreover, that, in order to enjoy the physical advantages and the recreative and æsthetic opportunities of the high Alps, it is not at all necessary to make the extreme heights which have just been mentioned. In the region of Zermatt one need not make a higher ascent than five thousand feet above the Visp Valley in order to be most richly compensated in every way for the exertion entailed. The view from Gorner Grat, for instance, while certainly not nearly as extended as the views that have been referred to above, nevertheless, in point of impressiveness, and as a means of coming into immediate personal touch with the colossal personality which seems to me to inhere in this mountainous region, offers the tourist rewards of every kind which are beyond price.

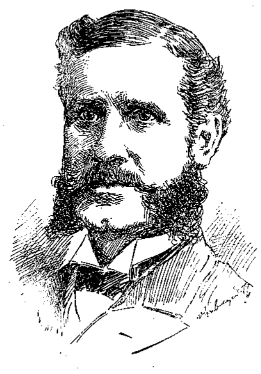
Summer Schools and Conventions



Bishop Vincent,
Of the Chautauqua School.

In advancing educational, economic, scientific, and religious interests, summer conferences have come to be a recognized and appreciated means to an end. Indeed, for many persons this utilizing of some of their vacation time is often quite as healthful and as restful as mere idleness would be. The summer school idea, however, is by no means that of all work and no play. Recreation is regarded as the prime factor, and until it is assured no provision is made for intellectual labors. The present season will probably witness a greater vigor and potency than ever before in these summer gatherings, as it certainly will have a greater number of them.

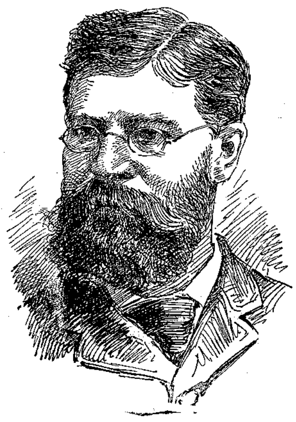
Of all recent ideas none is of greater attractiveness than the "Pilgrimage," attempted by the University Extension Society under the direction of Mr. Lyman Powell. The summer meeting of this Society will be held from June 30 to July 28 at Philadelphia. The courses of study are to be, as usual, in political economy, history, literature, and science. The success of the 1893 series of Saturday excursions to historic spots near Philadelphia, such as Germantown, Brandywine, and Valley Forge, decided the committee in charge, not only to continue such day trips throughout the summer-school meeting, but, after it, to arrange a pilgrimage of ten days along Washington's itinerary. Accordingly, the Pilgrims will assemble on Saturday, July 28, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to commemorate the election, June 15, 1775, "of George Washington, Esq^r, to command all the Continental forces raised or to be raised for the defence of American liberty." The next day the chimes of Christ Church, the same that in 1776 responded to the Liberty Hall bell, will invite worshipers to occupy the pews of Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Jay, Jefferson, Henry, and the Adamses, and to listen to Dr. Ellis Stevens, who will discourse on the duties of patriotism. Monday morning the travelers are to take the Colonial Express for Boston, where, the next morning, they will meet on the Common and proceed to visit every point of historic interest, not forgetting Bunker Hill. Addresses will be delivered in the Old South Church by Dr. Edward Everett Hale and by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Wednesday the Pilgrims will meet under the Old Elm in Cambridge, where, July 3, 1775, Washington assumed command of the American forces. It is hoped that President Eliot will be present to welcome the Pilgrims, as his predecessor did General Washington. At all events, under the ciceronage of Messrs. Higginson, Justin Winsor, and John Fiske, Cambridge will be well seen, and a reception will be held at Craigie House, Longfellow's residence. The British line of march will then be followed to Lexington. At Concord Mr. F. B. Sanborn will deliver an address, and next day, at Salem, the Hon. Robert S. Rantoul. The Pilgrims will be entertained by Senator Lodge at Nahant, and the next day Plymouth will be visited. On Saturday the travelers journey westward (stopping at Pomfret to see the house of Israel Putnam) to Fishkill, Baron Steuben's headquarters. Sunday will be spent in Newburg, where Washington refused a crown, Monday at West Point and Tarrytown, and Tuesday in New York. Brooklyn and the site of the battle of Long Island, Princeton, and Trenton will close the pilgrimage.



Albert G. Lane,
President National Educational Association.

The parent of all summer schools is the Chautauqua Assembly. The departments of study at Chautauqua are in Languages, Sciences, History, Politics and Economics, Sacred Literature, Teachers' Retreat, Physical Education, Expression, Music, and other branches. There will be courses by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Professor Moulton, of Cambridge, England, President Harper, of Chicago, Professor Herbert Adams, of the Johns Hopkins, Professor Franklin Hooper, of Brooklyn, and others. Single addresses will be made by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Dr. E. E. Hale, Lady Henry Somerset, Professor von Holst, General Howard, and others.

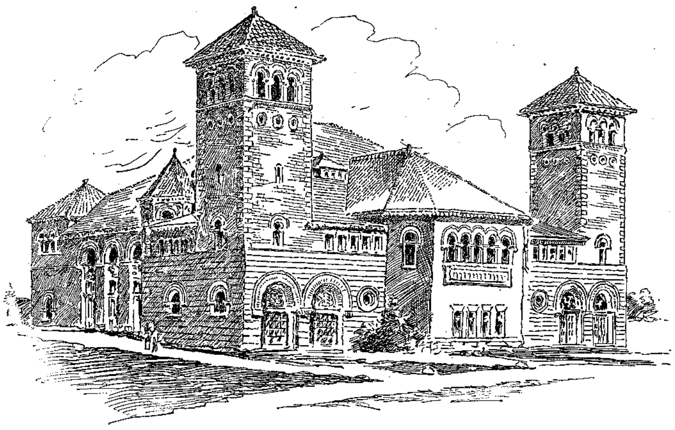
The third summer session of the School of Applied Ethics, July 12–August 15, will be at Plymouth, Mass., as usual. Dr. Felix Adler, of New York, is Dean, and the executive committee consists of Dr. Adler, Professor Toy, of Harvard, and Professor Henry Adams, of the University of Michigan. A special feature of the coming session will be the attention given to Labor Questions in each of the departments, which are those of Economics, Ethics, Education, and the History of Religions. Among the lecturers are, besides the above-named, President Andrews, of Brown University; Professors Palmer, Royce, and Ashley, of Harvard; Clark, of Amherst, Mayo Smith and Giddings, of Columbia, Jenks, of Cornell, Gould, of the Johns Hopkins, Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, Hodges and Nash, of the Cambridge Episcopal Divinity School, Shahan, of the Washington Catholic University, and Dr. Stanton Coit.



Wm. De Witt Hyde,
President Bowdoin College

The Bay View Summer University, at Bay View, Mich., convenes from July 12 to August 15; the Colorado Summer School, at Colorado Springs, Colo., July 5 to August 4; the Monona Lake Summer School, July 24 to August 3, at Monona Lake, Wis.; the Virginia Summer School of Methods from June 25 to July 20, at Bedford City, Va.; the Martha's Vineyard Summer School from July 9 to August 6, at Cottage City, Mass.; the Sauveur Summer School of Languages and Literature from July 2 to August 1, at Amherst, Mass.; the National Summer School, July 17 to August 7, at Glens Falls, N. Y.; the Ottawa Chautauqua Assembly, June 18–29, at Ottawa, Kan.; and the Puget Sound Chautauqua School, July 3–25.

Of a less popular character than the foregoing are the summer schools now being held by our great universities. That at Harvard may be taken as typical of the rest. Women as well as men are admitted to the courses, which embrace Languages, History, Psychology, Mathematics, Engineering, Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Geology, Physi-

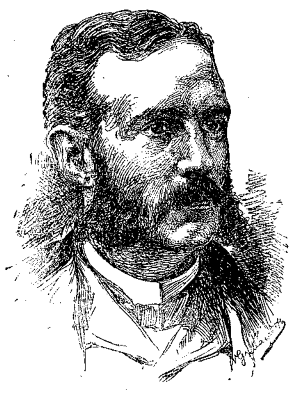


The New Northfield Auditorium

cal Training and Medicine. Other universities offering special advantages in summer courses are the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Clark, Cornell, and the Universities of Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, Indiana, and Virginia.

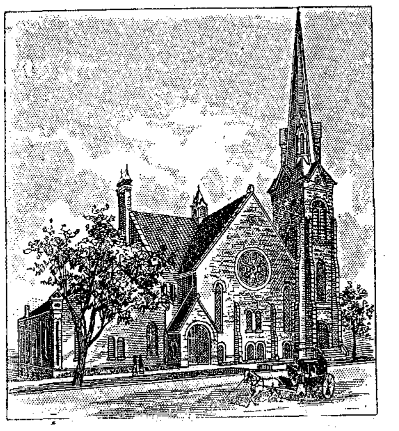
Of great conventions of instructors, that of the National Educational Association at Asbury Park, N. J., July 6–13, will attract the attention due to the largest educational organization in the world. Its President is the Hon. Albert G. Lane, Superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools, and among the speakers will be Dr. Wm. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education, President Hall, of Clark University, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, of Chicago University. Ten thousand teachers are expected to be present. The next session of the Southern Educational Association will be held at Galveston, Tex., and during the winter holidays, instead of in July, as heretofore. At the meeting of the American Institute of Instruction at Bethlehem, N. H., July 9–12, addresses will be delivered by five college Presidents, namely, Drs. Eliot, of Harvard, Hall, of Clark, Tucker, of Dartmouth, Smith, of Trinity, and Thwing, of Western Reserve.

College commencements will, of course, form a great feature of coming conventions in the educational world. They will be celebrated June 7, at the Universities of Pennsylvania, of Minnesota, of Missouri, and Bryn Mawr College; June 13, at Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Princeton, Vassar, Colorado, Wells, Fisk, Iowa, Lake Forest, Columbian University, the Universities of Virginia and Tennessee; June 14, Tulane, Washington, the University of Wooster, and the State University of Iowa; June 19, Smith and Wellesley; June 20, Brown, Oberlin, Beloit, Tufts, Washington and Lee, the Stevens Institute of Technology, and the University of Wisconsin; June 21, Cornell and the College of the City of New York; June 27, Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, Bowdoin, Union, Wesleyan, Colby, Syracuse, and the University of Vermont; June 28, Trinity, Hobart, Kenyon, and the University of Michigan. This is also Bowdoin's Centennial Day, when President Hyde, with others, will dedicate the superb new memorial building, unique among college halls in having not only its architecture but also its interior decoration the work of our greatest American artists.


"Father Endeavor" Clark.

In distinctly religious meetings, as well as in those of a more secular character, the summer school holds an increasingly prominent place. Perhaps the most widely known are those under Mr. Moody's leadership at Northfield, Mass. Their calendar indicates the dates for the Young Women's Conference as June 22–28, the World's Student Convention, June 30 to July 10, and the General Conference of Christian Workers, August 1–13. These institutions are the results of informal Bible meetings which Mr. Moody used to hold in his own house. Among the speakers will be Dr. Alexander McKenzie, Bishop Thoburn, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London. The great event this year will be the dedication of the new Auditorium, whose seating capacity is 2,500. As to the outing character of these gatherings, we quote from the circular: "Essentials—Reference Bible, note-books and pencils, tennis rackets, overshoes, storm coats, shawls, and umbrellas. Hammocks and kodaks will also add to the enjoyment."

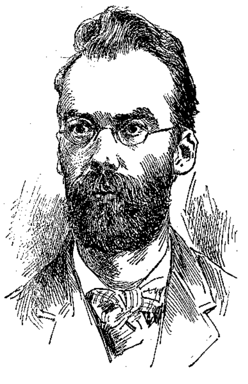
The Conference at Lake Geneva, Wis., a Northfield offshoot, numbers among its speakers Bishop Vincent, Drs. Breed and Lawrence. Mr. Stagg has charge of the athletics, and believes that baseball and tennis are as important as anything else on the programme. Another Northfield echo is the Lakeside School near Sandusky, O., from July 10 to August 7. An attractively new venture is the Long Beach Association. There will be departments of secular study, but the great emphasis will be on the Summer Parliament, July 8–September 1. The first week will be occupied by musical and literary entertainment; the second, by a discussion of the Christian Endeavor, Baptist Young People's Union, Epworth League, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, and the King's Daughters' Work; the third, "Chautauqua Week;" the fourth, the Sunday-School Assembly; the fifth, Congress of Religions; the sixth, a Temperance Rally; the seventh, a "Forum of Reforms;" and the eighth, a week of evangelistic work. The Rev. Dr. Burrell, of New York, is President of the Association. The Greenacre Congress at Eliot, Me., will occupy four days of each week during July and August.


Congregational Church in Madison, Wis., Where American Board Meeting will be held.

Summer Bible schools, under the care of the American Institute of Sacred Literature, are assuming constantly larger proportions. This year the Institute will hold schools at Chicago, July 1–September 22; Chautauqua, N. Y., July 5–August 16; Bay View, Mich., July 12–August 15; Crete, Neb., July 3–14; Lakeside, O., July 12–August 14; Waseca, Minn., July 11–27; and at Waterloo, Ia., July 1–15. It is aimed at all these places to turn the work toward the life of Christ, so that it may be especially helpful to those who are to teach the International Lessons.

The American School of Christian Philosophy will hold its annual session at Chautauqua, July 5–12. Its President is Dr. Amory H. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J. One of the interesting topics will be "The Reunion of Christendom." Dean Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, Cambridge, will tell "How it Appears to an Episcopalian;" President Booth, of Auburn Theological Seminary, "How it Appears to a Presbyterian;" President Ballantine, of Oberlin, "How it Appears to a Congregationalist;" and Dr. Tyler, of New York, "How it Appears to a Disciple of Christ."

A Summer School of Applied Christianity will be held at Iowa College, Grinnell, Ia., from June 27 to July 4. The School differs from the popular summer assembly in aiming to bring together only such as are deeply interested in the study of social and political problems in the light of the Gospel, and who claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority to rule social practice. The Principal of the School will be Professor George D. Herron, of Iowa College. Besides his own course of lectures there will be those by Professor Ely, of the University of Wisconsin; Professor Commons, of Indiana University; President Gates and Professor Macy, of Iowa College; Dr. William Howe Tolman, of the New York City Vigilance League; the Rev. C. J. Wood, the Rev. B. Fay Mills, and others. A second session will be held at Chautauqua, July 6–26.


Rev. George D. Herron, Principal Summer School of Applied Christianity.

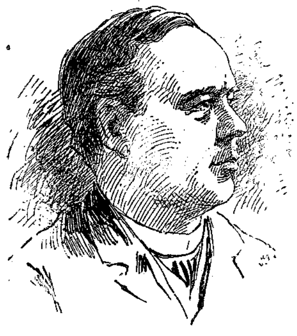
The next meeting of the Catholic Summer School will be held at Plattsburg, N. Y., July 15 to August 6. The Rev. Thomas McMillan, of New York, is Chairman of the Board of Studies. Bishop Spalding will preach the opening sermon. Literary, historical, and legal lectures will be delivered by Messrs. Richard Malcolm Johnston, George Parsons Lathrop, and the Hon. W. C. Robinson, while the geology of the neighboring Ausable Chasm will be explained by Professor James Hall, the New York State Geologist.

The second Summer School of Theology at Oxford, England, is to be held July 16–28, and will be open to ministers of all denominations. Among the lecturers will be Canon Cheyne, Principal Fairbairn, and Professors Sanday and Massey, of Oxford; Professor Ryle, of Cambridge; Professors Seth and Orr, of Edinburgh; and Professors Smith and Bruce, of Glasgow.

Of religious conventions the greatest in point of numbers will be the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society at Cleveland, July 11–15. Thirty thousand "Endeavorers" are expected. Not only are well-known supporters of the movement to be present, but many new voices will be heard. Among the latter are Governor McKinley and Presidents Tucker, of Dartmouth, and Raymond, of Wesleyan. In all the world there are now about 30,000 Christian Endeavor Societies, with nearly 1,700,000 members. In November the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will also meet in Cleveland, under the leadership of Miss Frances Willard. July 19–22 the Baptist Young People's Union convenes at Toronto. Next October occurs at Boston the annual Congress of the Episcopal Church.

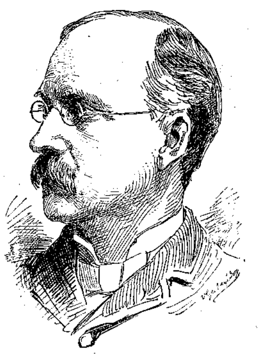
Turning to missionary meetings, from June 13–20 the eleventh annual gathering of the International Missionary Union will take place at Clifton Springs, N. Y. October 10–13 the next meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is to be held in the First Congregational Church, Madison, Wis. The Rev. Dr. Clapp, of Manchester, N. H., will preach the sermon. October 23–25 the Convention of the American Missionary Association, a Congregational organization devoted to work among the Southern negroes, will occur at Lowell, Mass. About the same time come the sessions of the Council of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society and the American Church Missionary Society (both Episcopal). November 10 is the date for the meeting at Brooklyn of the General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Church.

Notable among scientific and other conventions will be those of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Brooklyn, August 6–23, under the presidency of Daniel G. Brinton. The Geological Society of America will also hold its summer meeting in Brooklyn. Its President is Professor Chamberlin, of Chicago University. President Andrews, of Brown, Messrs. Rossiter Johnson, Lloyd Bevan, and Herbert Friedenwald will be among those who are to read papers at the Saratoga meeting of the American Historical Association, September 10–13, the society's decennial. The American Economic Association will hold its seventh annual meeting in New York, probably December 26–29. August 22–24 the American Bar Association will meet at Saratoga, the Hon. Thomas M. Cooley presiding. October 10–11, in Baltimore, will occur the twentieth annual Convention of the American Bankers' Association. The annual Conference of the American Library Association will take place September 15–20, at Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks. The National Editorial Association meets at Asbury Park, July 2–8. Also at Asbury Park, July 2–6, occurs the Convention of the National League for Good Roads. In this connection it is interesting to note that the National League of American Wheelmen meets in Denver, August 13–18. The annual Convention of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers will be held in New York City, December 3–8.

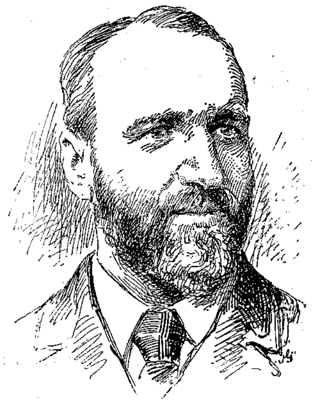

Father Thomas McMillan,
Of the Catholic Summer School.

Of Labor Conferences, on August 1 the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators meets at Buffalo; in September, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Harrisburg; September 17, the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners at Indianapolis; October 8–13, the International Typographical Union at Louisville; November 14, the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry at Washington; and December 10, the American Federation of Labor at Denver.

September 10–15 the Grand Army of the Republic will meet at Pittsburg. General John G. B. Adams, of Lynn, Mass., is now Commander-in-Chief. August 20–24 will occur the Encampment of the Commandry-in Chief, Sons of Veterans, at Davenport, Ia. August 28 the Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Pythias will convene at Washington, D. C.; and September 17, the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F., at Chattanooga.


Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D.,
President Long Beach
Association.

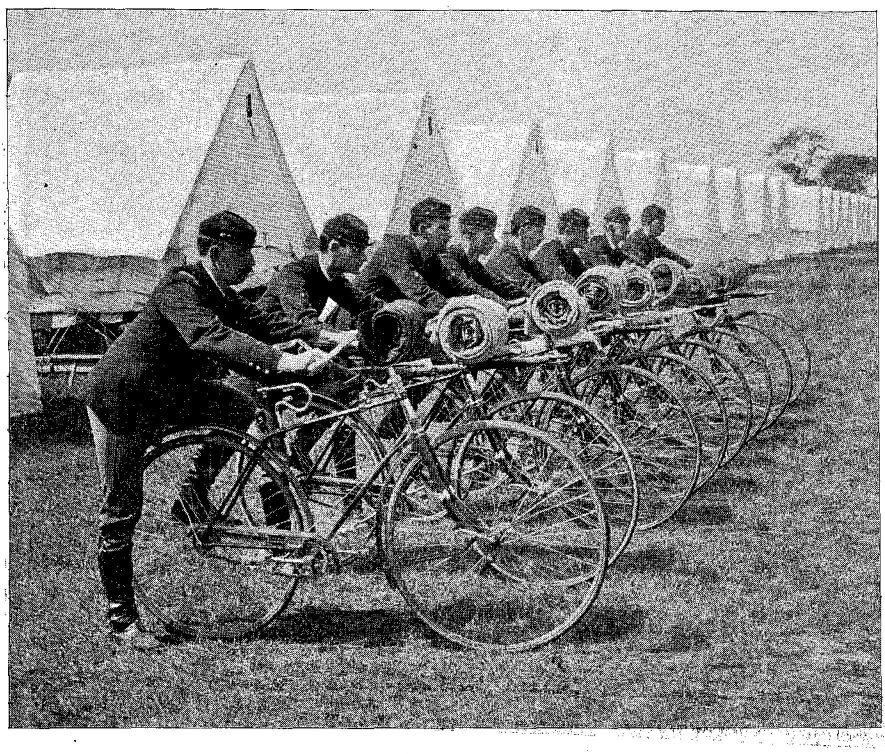
For the benefit of intending travelers it may be added that there are four fairs in Europe this summer. They are at Vienna, Madrid, Lyons, and Antwerp, but the last is easily chief. It was opened a month ago by Leopold II., and will close on November 12. The grounds comprise about two hundred acres on the River Scheldt. The buildings are all fine ones, but that of the "American Propaganda" calls forth most interest from our countrymen and women. It is devoted to the exhibits and interests of the United States Government and of the individual States. America's preponderance is shown by the fact that we have nearly 80,000 square feet—much more than either France or Germany, and half as much as Belgium itself. The most salient feature of the whole show is the invention which the Belgians think may outdistance the Eiffel Tower or the Ferris Wheel, namely, the Tobiansky Castle-in-the-Air. It is a huge melon-shaped balloon, built in compartments of silk and chained to the earth by mighty cables. The aerostat carries a huge car, representing a castle, and large enough to hold a hundred people. This car is constructed of bamboo and steel tubes. Visitors ascend to it and descend from it in small balloons, which, being guided between vertical ropes, work like ordinary elevators. Not less of a wonder is the navigable balloon. It is on the plan of an electric current conveyed by means of a pliable cable to an electric motor, suspended by the balloon, and which in its turn operates a propeller. This balloon is the largest of an elongated form ever made. Should these two ventures prove perfectly successful, they will indeed begin a new epoch in aerostatics. The Exposition's next most striking feature is "Old Antwerp," carried out on a much larger and more accurate scale than the "Alt-Wien," "Old London," or other similar attempts. It is nothing less than an entire fortified town, consisting of four or five streets and a great open market, which looks exactly as the Grande Place of Antwerp did to Charles V. Sixty or more workshops are tenanted by clever craftsmen, clad in sixteenth-century costumes. There are a dozen taverns, half a dozen burgher houses, a duke's mansion, an open-air theater, a marionette theater, a pleasure-garden, a covered market surrounded with stalls, a hospital, a chapel, and an exact reproduction of Antwerp's ancient Town Hall. In the open market, which has a space of 18,000 square yards, there will be presented a continual spectacle of civic procession and tournaments.


Mr. R. G. Moulton,
University Extension Lecturer.

The Bicycle in War

By Gustav Kobbé

IN reply to a letter from me asking for his opinion of the value of the bicycle in military operations, Major-General Nelson A. Miles writes: "In my opinion the bicycle will be of great value in military operations, not only for the use of couriers in carrying dispatches, but also for moving bodies of soldiers, with their arms, swiftly from one point to another. There is no doubt in my mind that during the next great war the bicycle, with such modifications and adaptations as experience may suggest, will become a most important machine for military purposes."



Ready to Mount

At a banquet of Chicago wheelmen this brave, experienced, and progressive commander made a speech on this subject which, as the first public utterance from a high military authority on this side of the Atlantic, attracted the attention of military men throughout the country. In this speech General Miles said: "It is estimated that there are in this country a quarter of a million men who are accustomed to ride the bicycle. If out of that number 50,000 men were organized, it would make one of the most effective army corps that was ever marshaled in any country or at any time."

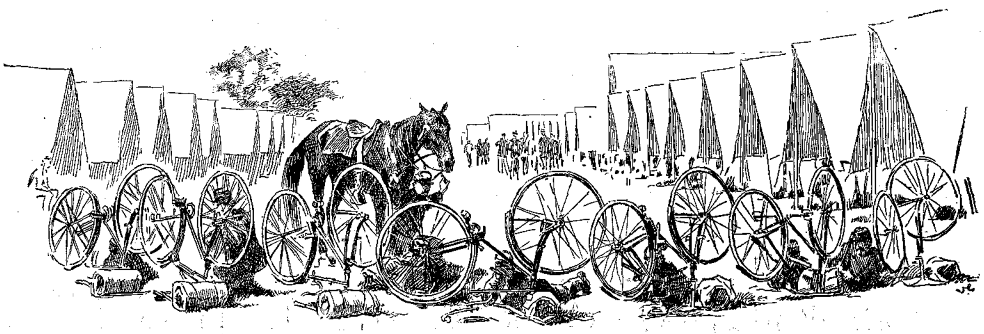
It was at Fort Sheridan, Ill., in the department of the Missouri, which General Miles commands, that the first experiments with bicycles were made in our regular army. Even before the Military Bicycle Detachment had become highly proficient riders, it was found that they could, even when fully equipped—like men fitted for a campaign in regular marching order—easily cover in an hour and twenty-five minutes a distance the ordinary marching time over which would be five hours; and the cyclist infantrymen were ready to turn about and go back over the ground again immediately.

The honor of commanding the first American military bicycle detachment does not, however, belong to an officer of the regular army, but to a militia officer—Major Howard A. Giddings, brigade signal officer of the Connecticut National Guard. Three years ago, when Major Giddings was a captain in the Connecticut militia, a section of the signal corps under his command was equipped with bicycles, and, owing to the skill with which this bright and energetic young officer handled his command, the experiment proved so successful that the entire corps, forty strong, is now mounted on bicycles, Major Giddings commanding the corps, the sections being under first lieutenants. This corps probably shares with an English corps, the Twenty-sixth Middlesex, one hundred and twenty strong, the honor of being the most thoroughly organized command of military wheelmen in the world—though both belong to the volunteer services of their respective countries.

The utility of the bicycle as a mount for messengers is too obvious to require discussion. But a soldier wants to be a soldier, not a messenger-boy on a bicycle. The idea of developing the cyclist as a combatant seems to have originated in England. The gymnasium course at Aldershot includes instruction in the use of the bicycle. But it is from the English volunteer service that the use of the bicycle as a mount for combatants has received its chief impetus. A bicycle section is allowed to each battalion. Each section numbers twenty-four men, and there are special corps like the Twenty-sixth Middlesex. A recent official report gives the number of cyclists in the English volunteer service as 5,100. These include not only mounted infantry, but also cyclist artillery; for the Middlesex corps (and probably several others) has a Gatling gun section. The gun is attached to four "safety" cycles.

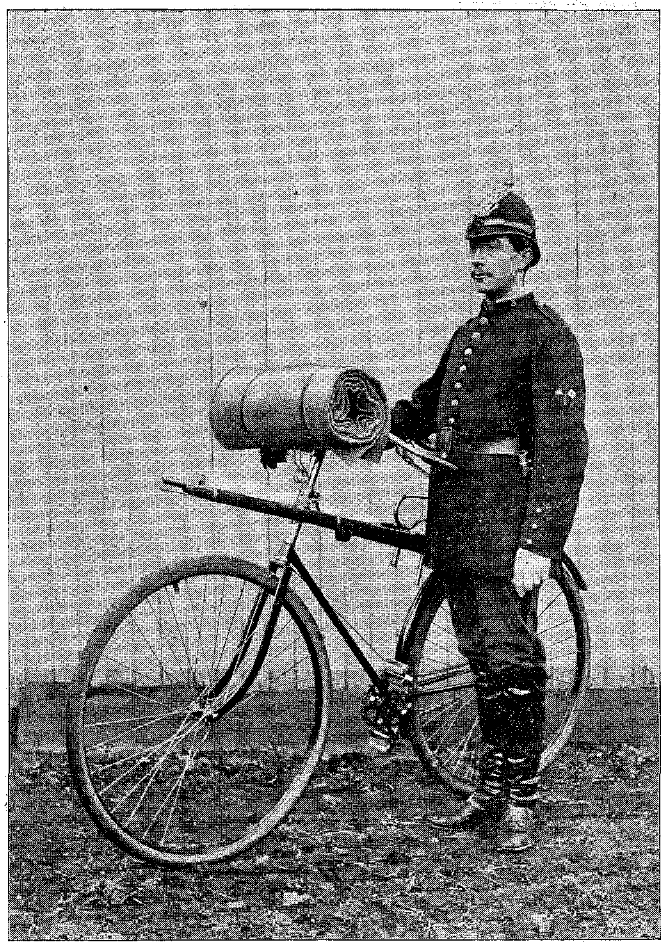
The first English authority on military matters to favor the use of the bicycle in war was Lord Elcho, who in 1881 suggested that the various bicycle clubs throughout the country were, by the natural activity of their members and their training in club parades, already fitted for service in the field, all they required being "a rifle slung across their backs, cartridge-boxes, and well-defined duties." Military cyclists were not, however, employed until 1885, and then only as scouts in the eastern maneuvers.

Belgium, owing perhaps to the fact that, with its level surface and good roads, it offers advantageous conditions for the use of the bicycle, has shown great interest in military cycling, the latest step in advance taken by the Belgian War Department being a scheme for the rapid mobilization of the different cyclist corps. Special railway cars have been constructed, each to carry thirty cyclist soldiers and their machines, fifteen of the cycles being hung from the roof and fifteen placed in grooves on the flooring, the machines being firmly held in place, so that



In Zeriba

they remain perfectly steady and are not liable to injury. The Belgian military cyclist is equipped with a carbine, which he slings across his back; his blanket is strapped to the handles of the bicycle, and a knapsack attached to the pivot. In France cyclists are employed as orderlies and express carriers, the pistol being their only arm; and they are similarly employed and equipped in Switzerland, where, however, in spite of the mountainous character of the country, much attention is being paid to the development of this branch of the service. In Russia and Germany the bicycle is not yet used as a mount for combatants, but in Germany "there are"—to quote from a recent letter of the chief of staff of the XII. (Royal Saxon) Army—"being made all necessary arrangements by the Royal Prussian Military Academy, at Berlin, for an improvement in this respect." The United States, England, and Belgium seem, therefore, to lead in the use of the cycle for the rapid movement of armed troops; Belgium because of its good roads, the United States in spite of its bad ones England because of the general adaptability of the country to the service and the dash of sport there is in it. Speaking of the military cyclists in this country, Major Balfour, a high English authority, says: "It is astonishing (and characteristic) that one of the chief objections to the employment of cyclists—namely, the badness of the roads—should have been regarded as of little or no weight with the Americans."



The Cyclist Soldier

The uniform of the American military cyclist—we may call him cyclist infantryman, for his claim to rank as a combatant with mounted infantry is fully recognized here—differs from that of the infantry or signal corps by the addition of leggings. When the first bicycle detachment was organized in Connecticut, the rifles were slung across the back, but now the entire equipment is carried on the machine, it being quicker to detach the rifle from this than to unsling it. The rifle is held in two spring clips on the left side of the bicycle frame. The blanket is strapped in a hard roll to the handle-bars. For the knapsack which the foreign cyclists carry attached to the machine below the blanket-roll, Major Giddings designed a case four inches wide fitting the open space in the frame. It has two compartments, one for extra ammunition, the other for clothing. This case is much roomier than a knapsack. To the frame on the opposite side from the rifle, staffs of signal-flags or a heliograph tripod may be attached. As it is possible to carry the equipment—which includes, besides the articles mentioned, a waterproof cape, piece of shelter tent, rations, canteen, cyclometer, and tool-bag—on the machine, the cyclist soldier is relieved of the infantryman's heavy burden, and this ability to march "light" accounts in part for the remarkable distance the cyclist can travel. Every party operating by itself should have a reliable compass, a field-glass, and one or more cycle lamps. Those on sketching and reconnaissance duty should be equipped with a compact sketching-case and a photographic outfit. Major Giddings does not believe in the pneumatic tire for military cycling, as a puncture would disable it.

From this varied equipment it may be judged how many are the duties to which a soldier-cyclist may be assigned. Doubtless, however, our cyclists, as becomes young men of spirit who look upon twenty-five miles as a mere constitutional, are most interested to learn that the military cyclist can be employed not only as a messenger, a map-maker, and a signal-man, but as a fighter, with the chances that he will get a crack at the enemy ahead of any one else. Without signal-flags or heliograph tripod, without camera or sketching-case, but simply with a rifle and ammunition—and plenty of it—the fighting cyclist should be one of the most picturesque figures in the service.

Swiftness is the bicycle's most obvious advantage—an advantage the cyclist has not only over the foot-soldier, but over cavalry as well. For the bicycle can be propelled by the soldier himself with less exertion than that of walking, and with greater speed than a galloping horse. This point need not be argued, for it is conceded that in marching cyclists could wear down the best mounted cavalry in the world. I am confident that fifty young men, or a hundred, or a thousand for that matter, could, after three months' training, make a march that would astonish the military authorities of the world. Who is prepared to say that they would not accomplish, even in this country of bad roads, an average of eighty miles a day for ten, thirty, or more consecutive days? Thus the speed and endurance of cyclists are powerful recommendations.

It may be argued that the capacity of the bicycle depends upon the condition of the roads—that good roads are a *sine qua non* in bicycle movements. That was true before the introduction of the broad tire which enables the cyclist to ride unconcernedly over roads and *across fields* which a few years ago would have been considered simply impassable. When General Miles sent a dispatch from Chicago to General Howard, on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, a distance of a thousand miles, by cyclist messengers, the country was saturated with water as it had not been for twenty years. The riders met with every kind of storm, rain, sleet, and darkness, for nearly the whole distance. They literally travelled east with the storm, and in a ride of a thousand miles were only nine hours without being drenched. Much of the route was under mud several inches deep. It was necessary to ride several hundred miles on the Lake Shore railroad track, the surrounding country being submerged. Yet one cyclist, though obliged to dismount eight times to cross seven culverts and a railroad bridge, rode six miles in twenty-one minutes.

One of the problems in the next war with the new extended order will be the distribution of ammunition to the firing line. The idea of a small cart on bicycle-wheels—like the mount of the Gatling gun in the English bicycle corps—has been broached; but a simpler and better scheme is to have the clothing-case which is attached to the frame of the military cyclist's machine utilized for this purpose. This case would hold five or six hundred rounds, and, if the cyclist could not always ride his machine, he could push it, and a corps of fifty cyclists could distribute ammunition in large quantities and with great rapidity. Major Giddings is elaborating a field telephone service. He has found it feasible to wind and unwind the wire as the bicycle proceeds, and, as the machine is a single-track vehicle, it possesses more mobility than a cart.

Cyclist soldiers can be employed with great advantage on street riot duty because of the rapidity with which they can be moved to points of incipient trouble. General Ordway has formulated a complete set of regulations for this emergency. It being policy to break up the mob before it acquires cohesion enough for united action, cycle infantry should act on the offensive, dismounting and attacking as a company of infantry. If the force is insufficient for attack, and it becomes necessary to assume the defensive, pending the arrival of reserves, line is formed behind the cycles stacked or inverted—"in zeriba," as it is called—which form an effective barricade. At street intersections, where an attack from different directions may be feared, a square zeriba may be formed. It would certainly be feasible to utilize a Gatling gun on bicycles in street riot duty, as it could easily be ridden to the scene of action. The zeriba with the wheels set whirling is considered an effective barricade in defending a road against cavalry. The cyclist soldier's mount is, therefore, besides a mount, a screen in defensive action.

Several States besides Connecticut, notably Illinois and Massachusetts, have bicycle corps in their militia, and interest in this branch of the service is spreading all over the country.

I began with General Miles's opinion of the bicycle's utility in war. I may close with General Wolseley's opinion. "The day is coming," he says, "when large bodies of cyclists will become integral parts of every army in the field."

A Midsummer Day

By Charles D. Lanier

Though it may be true, that vague commonplace that "all things are relative," certainly nothing else lives so sentiently by mere contrast as does heat or cold. It is this dry physical fact that explains why the dawn of a summer day is so instinct with peaceful, sensuous charm. The cool freshness at that time, for which the Germans have that perfect-fitting word, *die Kühlung*, gives all the more pleasure because of the subtle but unmistakable signs of coming heat and glare—the cloudless sky, rimmed by a slight rosy haze; the very eagerness of the leaves, withered by yesterday's sun, to make the most of the dewy surcease; the distant whistle of Bob White, who, mindful of the arid noon, is courting so early under the diamond-set clover-blossoms. The field-lark gives his curious lilt as he rises from the pleasant expanse of green grass to salute the sun, which mirrors itself in a million drops below him. We realize that the time is short; we take mighty draughts of the loveliness; and then, presently, grates on our ear the fateful watchman's rattle of the cicada, announcing the arrest of early morn.

And all this makes one not unwilling to rise at four in the morning, to dash the cool water about one's face, and to go down the long hill to the barn where a score of cows are patiently waiting to be milked. Thrust an arm through the round hole in the barn door, take out the whittled peg that fastens the latch on the inner side, and we are behind the two long rows of mild-eyed beasts, already chewing the fragrant hay that Dick has forked down from the huge stores piled above. Their soft, pure breath blows to our nostrils not unpleasantly as we go fearlessly into the narrow stalls. They quietly obey the well-known push on the jutting thigh-bone—a hint to give place to the stool and pail—save, perhaps, that the wild brindled heifer Sal, who swings angrily her beautiful, shapely head, with the suspicious dark eyes, must be bespoken with stern command, and then soothed into "letting down" the pearly streams. How musically they tinkle against the pails! Dick's wife and daughter are famous milkers, and when they are well under way, the milk-streams, even from the stingiest cow, make one continuous flow into the pail. When they have finished, we can draw scarcely a drop more from the udder just now overflowing with its rich foison, so skillfully have they "stripped it" with their clean, rosy hands.

Before the laggards in the city have opened their eyes the task is done, the harvest of milk is poured into six greater pails, and they and Dick and I "tote" them to the stone dairy just below the great spring. It is always cool in here, and—I was going to say, clean; but it is a poor word for the immaculate state of the stone floor, the wooden spoons and troughs and noggins, and for the great "crocks" of milk set in the cold spring-water flowing in a shallow viaduct about three sides of the dairy. Some of them have already raised their golden wealth to the surface, and tall jars stand in the deeper water of a certain corner, full to the brim with rich cream ready for churning, which Mrs. Dick has skimmed with the broad flat ladle she handles with such fascinating deftness.

But now the sun is with us, and it is breakfast-time, and we have only made ready to start the day.

For the acres of billowing wheat—rippling and shimmering, and whispering, as one nears it, with gentle susurrations—are ripe for the harvesters.

The heavy fall of dew has not yet given itself up to the sun when we tramp out to the ninety-acre field, taking down the bars, on the way, for Dick and his companions astride of the great farm-horses and their clanking harness.

In this broad, clear sweep before us, the reaping-machines, each drawn by two slow, wise nags, are set to work. A long swath of heavy-headed wheat-stalks marks the wake of its clattering course. Just after it comes a boy with a wooden rake that shows a row of honest, blunt wooden teeth. He gathers, with two or three strokes, a sufficient bundle to make a sheaf, and then quickly moves on, to be followed by the binder, whose task is the nicest of all. With rapid, skillful movements, he draws out from the bundle a long tuft of wheat-stalks. Grasping this just beneath the heads, he separates it at the butts, and, with a deft knot, makes it into a band of double length. In a trice this is around the armful at his feet; with a powerful grasp he draws it tight and snug, and, completing the band with another mysterious knot, he tucks under the ends for safety, throws the solid sheaf to one side, and strides forward to the next bundle. But no matter how thorough and skillful a binder he may be, there is no hope that he can keep up to the reaper. So the course about the field is divided into "shares," and when the swath of fallen wheat comes to the binder having the next share, he takes a hand and works out to the man ahead of him, whose share, of course, he has on the succeeding round.

After the binder come more boys to gather up the completed sheaves and bring them to the shock. Eight or ten sheaves are set together under the watchful eyes of an experienced shocker, who then makes a "cap," by a cunning manipulation of the top sheaf, to shed the rain.

But even with all these helpers, is it not, toward the forenoon, sweltering work! You may rely on it that the corps of small boys who are constantly "toting" water-buckets to the field from the "Big Spring" in the oak grove have no sinecure. Each carries his bucket of cold, fresh water with the cup of cocoanut-shell around the course to the binders. They stop in the hot flurry to keep up their "shares," wipe the flowing sweat from their brows, and take, first a modest mouthful, and afterwards a long, delicious draught. Then they will sprinkle some of the cool spring-water on the dogwood leaves placed in the crowns of their broad-brimmed straw hats, and go on to work feeling that the world is good, and the wheat-field is one of the best places in it.

I like best, though, to bind on the hill, where the wheat has been sown between the ancient, gnarled apple-trees of a scattered orchard. Here the machines cannot be used, and three tall, broad-backed farm-hands are cutting the wheat with rhythmic sweeps of their big cradles. They pause, ever and anon, to whet the blade with short, quick strokes of the scythe-stone, which was thrust in their tall boot-tops. How the music of this grinding ring comes back to one, and with what haunting suggestions of the rich, dry smell which the ripe grain gives forth, of the crushed pennyroyal lying at one's elbow during the short respite, and the sweeter fragrance of the mint-bed surrounding a spring by the roots of a great apple-tree!

Well is it for the little brown quail hen if she has made her home here rather than in the open, where the murderous teeth of the shuttling reaper will break the eggs and guillotine her into the bargain if she happens to be on the nest. But Dick's men—the cradlers—have a care for her snug little home, and leave a tuft of wheat about it to shield her from the hungry eyes of the hawk and fox. Here is a nest now; the mother has run from it at the approach of so many intruders, and has left the nestful of small white eggs—no less than sixteen. They are dumpy little eggs, and taper very sharply from the butt to the point. Mrs. Bob does not whir up and shoot off like a bullet, as she will if you come upon her a few months hence in the fall; now, as if she knew that it were not the season for guns and dogs, she merely runs out of sight, and remains hidden a few yards away in the fence-corner until the noise of the harvesters has turned the crest of the hill.

But the rabbits are not so prudent with their family affairs. There are a dozen in the open wheat where the reapers are clacking away, and as the swaths fall around the ever-lessening circumference of the yet uncut grain, bunny shrinks back unseen to the center, in the company of various little field-mice and perhaps a swift, lithe, whip-like blacksnake. So that when the circuit of the reapers closes in to a narrow strip, there is quite a congregation of small *feræ*. The old rabbits run away to the swamp, while we restrain Shep and Jet, who are mad to chase them. But the little half-grown fellows only hop a few paces away, in a timid, helpless fashion, and then sit on their haunches, staring with the bulging eyes of fear, and faintly moving the few coarse hairs which project, antennæ-like, from their sensitive muzzles. We catch one, perhaps, stroke his soft, tender little body, and then place him over the fence in the clover wilderness to run away and wax strong and fat for the winter season.

We do not go back to the house to dinner, for to-day is the last of the wheat-cutting, and every one is anxious to make a clean finish before nightfall. It is under a great spreading oak, by the side of a clear spring, that we camp out, and an emissary of the cook drives in a buggy from the farm-house far off on the hill. This wagon gives up two great tin pails, one of delicious fresh buttermilk, the other containing a savory stew of mammoth proportions; and there are sandwiches and biscuits, and plenty of the golden prints of butter that has made Mrs. Dick known over two counties; and, for dessert, the fat cook's huge apple and blackberry pies. It is a great feast, and one thing tastes just as good as another—than which no man could say more, in this instance.

We boys tease the good-natured farm-hands a little, and they tell rough, slow jokes, and marvelous stories of what cradlers and binders did in the old days when machines had not come to be used. And Dick relates how, in driving the foremost reaper this morning, he stopped just a hand's length from the neck of the old turkey hen who was "setting" out there, unknown to any one, on a fine lot of big, spotted eggs. Two of the boys have killed a blacksnake which is so long that they think he must be a record-breaker, and they borrow Dick's foot-rule to measure him in the presence of witnesses. While the men are at their pipes, another climbs into an old apple-tree, and finds, in a dry hole piercing a broken branch, a bristling, biting, clawing old flicker. She has laid six beautiful white eggs, of the finest ivory finish; her handsome mate, with blood-red crest, polka-dot waistcoat, and golden-yellow wings, flies desperately about the edge of the forest, fearful over this invasion of his home.

And the rest of us just loaf and doze on the rank green grass, in the shade of the oak.

When one o'clock comes, we attack the tall wheat captains again with a vim that secures the last sheaf in its shock when it is yet two hours before our late midsummer supper. We would gather in a group and give a great hurrah, but it has been so hot, and we are so tired, that we leave that sort of thing for corn-husking. Besides, every boy now breaks into a race for the one spot he has been thinking of for the past hour—the swimming-hole.

Off we hurry to the "run," a mile distant, our clothes heavy with perspiration, with chafing barbs of wheat under our collars, and fine chaff worrying our eyes.

All of which makes the prospect of the deep, cool "hole" so much the more entrancing. The tall hickories and pin-oaks and chestnuts of a dark forest tower above it on one side, so close to the bank that already the "run" is shaded to its middle. In less time than you could believe, our clothes are flung off, a double handful of water is dashed into each face, and then—*kerplunk! kerplunge!* Like so many frogs we dive into the delicious water, and come up from the invigorating coolness spluttering and blowing and breathless with enjoyment. Is happiness ever concentrated in any other moment as it is when, after a midsummer day of sturdy work, one lolls in the sparkling waters of the dear old creek, and swims mighty races, and fights desperate water-battles? Or let us scull quietly off up the "run" to take a natural shower-bath from the spring that trickles down in a hundred little ice-cold streams through the mint and green moss that carpet the high bank.

Although we have been "in" for an hour, a hoot of derision greets the school-bell when it solemnly declares in the distance that only a half-hour is left before supper. But it must be obeyed; on go the uniforms and off we tramp, hungry and weary and happy, and almost clean, while the sun is leaving, and the air is again taking on the sweet, cool tone of evening. Our way lies by the dark, looming barn, and as we pass we can hear the cows chewing the cud, and the horses stamp contentedly and nuzzle around in their bins to find the last taste of their evening snack of oats and meal. And another midsummer day is done.

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Asters

By Emily Lester

I know a road among the woods,
Not very far from home,
Where, in the autumn solitudes,
The purple asters bloom.

Behind them, all the woodland glades
Have put October on,
Glowing with softly brilliant shades
Of gold, and red, and brown.

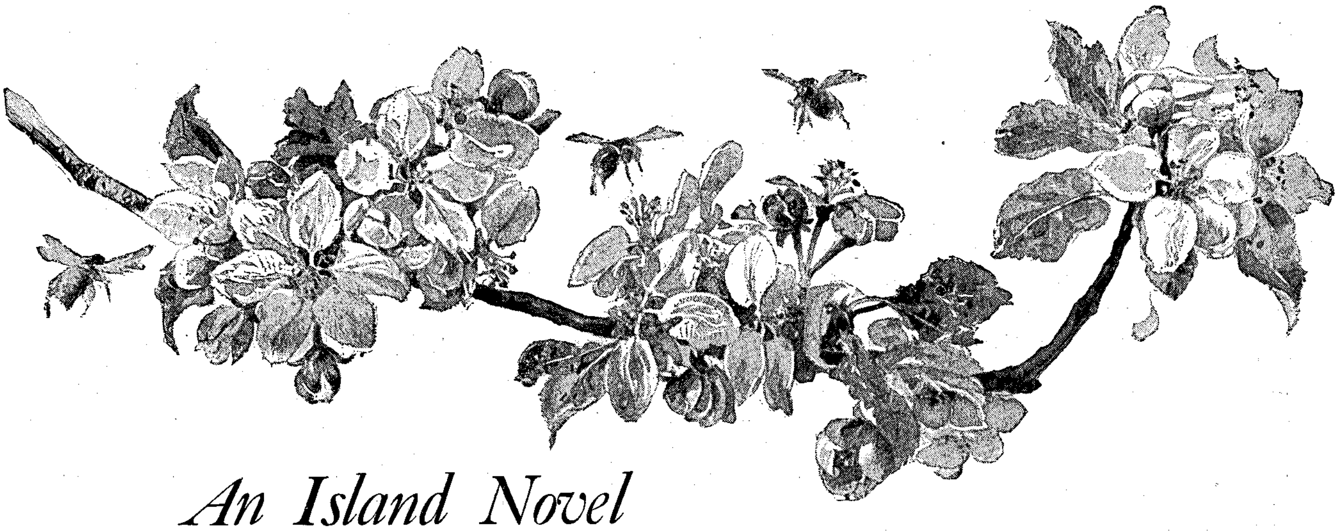
The asters straggle up the bank,
And spread beneath the trees;
Their lilac stars crowd rank on rank
To meet the forest breeze.

A country road—a common flower—
But always to my eyes
Transfigured by the subtle power
Of happy memories.

Along this sweet, familiar way
I stray alone, apart;
The sunshine of the autumn day
Falls golden on my heart.

Upon the flowers I count my beads,
A joyous rosary:
For every passing moment speeds
My happiness to me.

And through the short, sweet waiting-space
Love's tenderest perfume
Breathes to me from the trysting-place
Where purple asters bloom.



An Island Novel

The Story of a Summer Vacation

By Priscilla Leonard

MY sister Margaret and I constitute an object-lesson on the advancement of woman. The ten years difference in our ages has made her the finished product of the century, while I belong to the Dark Ages. I went to boarding-school; she graduated from Vassar. I read Tennyson and Miss Mulock; she prefers Browning and George Meredith. I like an easy-going existence; Margaret attends three morning classes weekly—one on European politics, one on Scandinavian literature, and the third on Shelley as a Moral Force. She reads up these subjects in any spare time she has between her calls, her correspondence, and the whist club and cooking-class to which she belongs. She also writes now and then for the magazines, is more or less interested in church guilds, charitable organizations, slum settlements, etc., and has about a dozen dear friends, all as strenuous as herself, with whom she keeps up a tremendous interchange of ideas. She has studied harmony, sings in the surpliced choir at St. S——'s, and is artistic in the impressionist style. One of our few quarrels arises from the fact that I will not illustrate Margaret's æsthetic gospel upon the walls of our flat, because I hold the bygone tenet that a picture ought to be pretty.

On the whole, though, we are harmonious. I recognize in my sister a great, ceaseless energy, which, if not opposed, works off cheerfully and beneficently on the world at large. To oppose it, and turn its whole concentrated force upon my easy-going self, would be manifestly unwise; therefore I avoid collisions. Margaret, on her side, recognizes in me what she is pleased to call "an element of repose," and reposes on me accordingly, by communicating all her ideas and enthusiasms as she experiences them. This relieves her of much of the strain of her energetic existence. I have been through a Theosophic craze, two rejected novels, several musical and artistic theories, a fit of Agnosticism, a High Church rebound, and four objects of charity (who all turned out badly), besides numberless side issues too small and too various to be classified. And this last year I have had Far Island.

Boadicea Adams first told Margaret about the island. She had stopped there in her brother's yacht in the spring, in a three days' storm. She said, "The food was poor, but the local color was good," and she was sure Margaret could make a novel out of it—Boadicea being one of the dozen dear friends, and firmly convinced of Margaret's genius. Now, personally, I much prefer food to local color; but it would be ineffably base to press such an objection against possible fame and profit for my sister. I breathed a sigh of regret as I thought of the last novel (rejected), the scene of which, laid in mediæval Europe, precluded any possibility of "saturating one's mind with locality," as Margaret puts it. I sighed, as usual, and, as usual, I yielded.

We wrote to Mrs. Rosabella Noyes, at Far Island, mentioning Boadicea, and asking for front rooms and board. The letter in return was so charming, beginning "Dear Friends," and signed "Mrs. Rosabella Abigail Noyes" in archaic flourishes, that my sister was more enthusiastic than ever. She put it into note-book No. 1 (she had about six), and we set forth. Our journey was wandering and perilous; trains did not connect; the tiny steamboat we journeyed on was attached for debt at the wharf, and days passed before we finally sailed into the only harbor of Far Island. Margaret promptly went into raptures over the view.

"Oh! see! What a water-color this would make! Look at those pink rocks, and grayish-green trees, and yellow-gray beach! And the rocky points closing on each side, and sloping down, ledge after ledge, into the breakers—and the spray—and the air—and the—"

"And the whole community assembled on the wharf like an operatic chorus. They have heard of your genius, and are ready to break forth in a song of welcome as we step on land."

But they didn't; they only looked at us with a slow, kindly curiosity, as we were landing, trunks, bags, and all.

One elderly man, with a gray curl standing up like the horn of Michael Angelo's Moses, after gazing at us, remarked that "Mrs. Noyes and James was waitin' back thar;" and immediately a lank boy came sauntering down towards us, and, picking up our bags, led the way toward the wooded road behind the wharf. We addressed him as James, to which he replied, without a smile: "James, he's our hoss; my name's Irvin' Frederic." But he didn't seem to mind. Mrs. Rosabella sat waiting for us, enthroned upon the high front seat of a remarkable combination known as "the cut-under." She was middle-aged, and had been comely; her broad, kind face was framed in little dangling black curls, and she was dressed in primevally cut black. She made no effort to descend, but welcomed us cordially from her perch, speaking in a high-pitched voice, in a sort of cadence—a rapid rush of half a dozen words, and then a prolonged drawl upon each letter of the next, like a chant.

"Well, now, I didn't hardly expect ye. The rooms is all ready, and I am glad to see ye, though. Irvin' Frederic, hand up them bags in front."

We climbed in precariously with the aid of the wheel and Irvin' Frederic, and Mrs. Rosabella then proceeded to shake hands with us heartily. All this time the crowd from the wharf were melting away, by twos and threes, up the road, each group nodding to our hostess and giving us a calm, steady stare as they passed. As one red-cheeked girl came by with our elderly friend with the curl, Mrs. Noyes called out:

"Hev ye heard from your ma, Liny?"

"Yes; she ain't comin' this week. They can't spare a vessel."

"I tol' Elviny Ann," said the man, crossly, "that ef she would go in the middle of the ketch she'd hev to git thar 'nd back best way she kin. They sent the vessel fur her, 'nd they kin send her back, too."

"Now ain't that William Albert all over?" said Mrs. Noyes, as they went on, and she started James off on a jog-trot. "He's jest naterally fractious, 'n' Elviny 'n' Liny, they do hev their own time with him, I guess." She laughed. "Liny's got two beaux, 'n' they do say she's tryin' their tempers every way she kin, so's to find out who's the best-natered. Says she wants an easy-goin' man in her house."

We had left the wharf well behind by this time, and were winding along the one road of the island. It was no more than a grassy track, and strayed along on the principle of taking the easiest grade available. Levels there were none; sometimes the road became a mere wheel-mark over shelving ledges of rock; sometimes it plunged down hill, through deep evergreen thickets; sometimes it mounted steeply among tangled berry-vines and outcropping gray rocks; and sometimes a stream of clear brown water ran beside it for a while, and then rushed sparkling down to the sea, which lay always in view, blue and endless. The whole place was flooded with delicate color; the pink cliffs, the white breakers, the gray-green trees, the clear bright sky, and the sparkling sea, were all brilliant and yet soft in their effects. It was like a succession of dainty water-colors, as Margaret had said—an Italian scene set in these northern waters.

The houses, however, were not Italian villas. They were perched, here and there, upon the rocky slopes, all of one invariable type—small, snug, painted white, with as few windows as possible, and a garden of gay, old-fashioned flowers before the door, with always a cat or two sunning on the door-step. Presently we came upon several in a group, with the village store and a small white church. This was the heart of things; and when James stopped short in front of a house with more windows, more flower-garden, and more cats than any other, we felt that Mrs. Noyes's must be a prominent residence. She had been talking steadily to Margaret ever since we started, telling her who lived in each house as we passed, and now she was relating the family history of the Noyeses.

"Yes, my husband was the thirteenth—the beginning of the second dozen, his mother allers said. Let me see; William Albert, he's the oldest—then come Herbert Emory, 'nd Luther Leslie, 'nd Jefferson Edward, 'nd Durilla Edith, 'nd Elmer Staples, 'nd Myrtilla Mary—"

Here the cut-under halted, and the catalogue was stopped. But we had found our local chronicler, it was evident.

I do not believe I can do justice to Rosabella's house with pen and ink. A brush dripping with color is needed to paint its glories. It was full of gay knitted rugs and patchwork quilts, with brilliant lithographs and mottoes on the walls. We had a crowning work of art in our room —a broad gilt frame inclosing a cross and anchor on a black velvet ground. They were made of layers of macaroni, twisted into shape, and fastened with silver-headed pins. She told us that "his sister, that lived over to the mainland, sent that when he died;" "he," of course, meaning the late lamented Henry Frederic. The kitchen was a roomy and attractive place, too, when one got accustomed to the odor of the dried codfish, piled in layers tied with rope, and neatly arranged beside the fire, looking not unlike the pile of kindling-wood that flanked it. The fish was cut off, boiled in milk, and eaten steadily all the year round in every island home. Luckily for us, Rosabella, in her youth, had once lived for some months "over on the mainland" as a waitress at a small hotel. It was a period of wide education and experience, and referred to proudly and often. Thanks to this, she alone on the island made yeast bread, and understood that we would like "greens" and fruit. It was her ambition to give us every possible dish that we might have had at that wonderful hotel, and she beamed happily at us when we ate her masterpieces and praised them.

To hear Rosabella tell about the mainland, as she sat in the kitchen after supper, knitting, was my great joy. Margaret, of course, preferred the island histories, the details of shipwreck, and the gossip of bygone times. I never would write a novel even if I could; it means so much work. When my sister was not listening to Mrs. Noyes, she was out on the rocks or the little sailboat, steeping herself in scenery, or sitting in the village store, which was quite a social center for the island. Jefferson Edward Noyes kept it, nominally, but every one knew that Mary Lavina, his wife, ran the store, and her husband too, and the ladies of the island came to gossip there with her—in a kindly way, for Far Island was pastorally good-natured. By going to the store you could soon make the acquaintance of the whole island; and before two weeks were over, it seemed to me that Margaret knew not only every point, every cove, and every house on Far Island, but every family, from the head of the house down to the cats (there were no dogs). This was the more difficult when you consider that the Noyeses, the Lowells, and the Taskers had possessed the land from time immemorial, and had intermarried until their genealogy was inextricably interwoven. Everybody was everybody else's cousin, with nearer family relationship added on; and the present generation of Noyeses was a prize puzzle, there having been thirteen brothers and sisters, who had married into nearly every household on the island. It was usual to speak of every one by the "given name" only; and how Margaret steered her way through the maze was my admiration. I couldn't; so, for my enlightenment, she drew up a sort of chart of the leading residents, to which I referred when in doubt as to whom I had met or seen. For instance:

"Ransome Joyce Lowell is the oldest son of Alvin Alby Lowell, whose wife was Edna Elvira Tasker. Her father was old Captain Jonathan Pierce Tasker, who lives in High Point, and whose first wife was Rosabella's sister."

I never could make up my mind whether that chart was a comfort or not.

The islanders were much pleased with my sister. They said that she was "real sociable," and we were invited generously to all the social meetings of the place. These were generally connected in some way with the church—experience and testimony meetings, missionary circles, and being asked to tea along with the minister, who was a zealous young Baptist, bent on immersing the island. He had been there only a year, and in the first few months of his stay had succeeded in baptizing the oldest inhabitant in an icy pool on a November day without killing him. Indeed, old Captain Jonathan had driven home afterwards, two good miles, in his dripping clothes, and had been a pillar in the church ever since. Mrs. Rosabella, on the contrary, though she had been duly immersed, had doubts as to her salvation, because she "hed choked dredful." True believers, it seemed, never choked. The revival had gone so deep that dancing had been abolished, which was a loss to local color. But the "sing" remained. We were invited to several, and were expected to bring our hymn-books. The young folks gathered at one end of the room, the elder in the other. Married couples always sat together. Priscilla Ann Lowell, the dressmaker and milliner, always played the melodeon; she could get out of a reluctant melodeon all the noise there was in it. Everybody sang, and the volume of sound was often alarming. At about half-past eight (the "sing" began at seven) apples and cakes were brought out, and by half-past nine the last reveler was at home and in bed.

On the way home the young people, being all cousins romped and giggled along the road; the married pairs always walked hand in hand, sedately. This fashion was not confined to "sings," however; husband and wife always went to church or to the store or to the wharf hand in hand, whether they had been married one year or twenty. It was not so much affection, it seemed, as etiquette; for the "naturally fractious" William Albert tramped along with Elviny's hand in his, scolding as he went. As for engaged couples, they went with their arms around each other, and nobody noticed it at all.

One sport we could not enter into, for it was masculine, *par excellence*. There was a tiny level spot just below the store, and there, whenever the fishing-boats were in, half a dozen stalwart, tanned fellows, old and young, could be seen playing croquet hour after hour. They had regular matches; and Jefferson Edward used to leave the store to his wife and practice all by himself while the boats were away, in hopes of winning some day—but he never did. I never saw a woman on the ground; but I could watch them from the window. The enthusiasm was often great; I have seen Ransome Joyce jump up and bring his great fishing-boots together for joy when a good stroke was made. Poor Margaret! She is such a born reformer and progressive that I used to wonder how she could keep her hands off the primitive civilization. If she hadn't come there on purpose to study primeval simplicity, I don't believe she could have let it go on. And the islanders were so perfectly contented with things as they were—which is abhorrent to the mind of a reformer! They didn't want the improvements of life. Take pumps, for example; pumps were considered rather fast and revolutionary. The island well had a square plank cover with a round hole just large enough for the bucket. There was no windlass; the bucket was let down by a short rope, with the hand. When it rained, all the surface-water ran into the well, and the owner spent the next morning emptying it patiently with a bucket. The minister had a pump—but then the minister was from the mainland, and very young.

Then there was chewing-gum, which pervaded society and was as universal as breathing. The very children chewed at their play, and even the choir, in church, between the verses, moved their jaws, decorously but visibly. I don't know whether Margaret could have resisted her impulses to civilize the island much longer, when, happily, she found a concentrated channel for her energies. She discovered Edna.

The chart informs me that—

"Edna Margaretta Lowell is the niece of Priscilla Ann Lowell, the dressmaker. Her father and mother are dead. She lives alone in the farthest house on Noyes' Point, beyond Widow Tasker's. She is Rosabella's third cousin."

My chart, as you see, always ends with the subject's relationship to Rosabella. All roads lead to Rosabella.

We first saw Edna at church, where her face and her voice made a great impression on us. As far as feature went, she had the real Noyes face. The tradition is that an English nobleman's daughter ran away from home with the original Noyes, who was an underkeeper, and fled to America and Far Island—hence the well-cut Norman noses and regular features which are frequent on the island. The rest of the islanders—particularly the Taskers—have a strong resemblance, in the facial angle and the expression of the eye, to the codfish, probably from living upon it uninterruptedly. The mingling of the three families has produced numberless variations and compromises of the two types; but they may be all roughly graded into three: the Norman, the Norman-codfish, and the codfish. Edna was almost pure Norman, with dark eyes and long dark lashes, and a softly curved mouth. You couldn't tell exactly how pretty she really was, because there were only the others to contrast her with; nor how sweet her pure soprano would be without the discords of the choir as a background for its clearness. But we were both so struck by her appearance that we questioned Rosabella about her at once.

"Edna Margaretta—why, she's Priscilla Ann's own sister's child. She'll hev consid'r'ble, now her mother's gone. Cap'n Ephraim James—thet's her father—he hed three vessels, 'n' the wharf, 'n' prop'ty over to the quary" (island for "quarry") "at Stony Island. By 'nd by Edna ought to hev 'bout seventy thousand dollars. Ephraim 'n' Almiry Loveny, they was awful savin'; they begun savin' 'n' ended savin'; 'nd Edny, she don't hardly know how to use money. It's turrible lonely over there to the P'int—nobody but Tasker's folks. There was Ben Tasker, he was Edna's beau; but he was lost at sea two year ago. They was always together, them two, from children, 'nd set turrible store by each other; but he wa'n't no match fur her, fur's money went, 'nd Cap'n Ephraim 'nd Almiry hed no love fur him. He could sail a boat with anybody, and was a well-appearing young fellow."

"How was he drowned?"

"Well, Edny won't have it he's drowned at all. But, law sakes! his own mother put on black fur him, 'nd everybody knows the schooner went down in the fall gales, fur pieces of her come ashore down along the coast where she was, 'nd one or two bodies; they couldn't tell them fur who they were. They do say Ransome Joyce is lookin' Edny's way now, and thet Priscilla Ann, she's kind o' set her heart on the minister fur a nephew. I guess Edny won't be long single between 'em."

After all this interesting information, we were naturally anxious to look upon our pretty islander, and were charmed, a few days later, to have an invitation from Priscilla Ann to come over and take tea, especially as Rosabella, who always found out everything, told us that Edna was to be there. We had only to cross the road and walk a few rods to reach Priscilla's four-room cottage, which stood on the very edge of the cove, and was redolent of fish and salt water. It is island etiquette to go an hour before supper, and we found Edna waiting for us in the sitting-room, while Priscilla Ann bustled back and forth between that and the kitchen, with supper much on her mind. The girl was rather shy at first; but Margaret doesn't mind that at all; and in ten minutes or so we were talking away quite freely. And then, after a while, Edna found courage to ask a great favor, for which, it seemed, this invitation was the preparation.

"I want to get an organ—for the church—to remember mother. And Aunt Priscilla said you could tell me all about them."

I don't know how much my sister really knows about organs. But from the way she threw herself into the subject, you might have thought she had ordered dozens of them. Edna was awed; Priscilla was charmed. At supper we talked nothing but organ, as we feasted on dry fish stewed in milk, cranberry preserves, doughnuts, and strong tea. And afterwards, with pencil and paper, my sister drew a plan of where the organ was to be in the church, the size, the probable cost, etc.; and we all felt that it was an assured fact in a few weeks. I could see that Edna was much impressed; indeed, from that hour she was convinced that Margaret could do anything and knew all things.

I wanted to hear the girl sing; and, in a pause, I preferred my request. She was very simple and natural about it, and sat down obediently at the piano. For Priscilla Ann had a piano—the only one on the island, of dubious make and age. It stood in the front room, with an old-fashioned lithograph of Gottschalk, very grim and hard, hanging over it. Priscilla Ann being the milliner of all Far Island, there were piles and rows of hats, all sizes and shapes, piled in the space under the piano, so that the pedals were hardly freed. One or two trimmed models were on top of the instrument, flanked by rows and rows of rolls of ribbon. The table was covered with boxes of feathers and artificial flowers, and the corners were piled with more hats and boxes. The little piano was tinny and rattling; the island damp had corroded its vitals. But in all the quaint surroundings, and through the crude hymns she sang, the girl's voice proved more beautiful and clear than ever, and the tears came up into my eyes more than once as I listened. Margaret was enthusiastic over its possibilities, and Priscilla Ann swelled with gratified pride, explaining that she "had taught Edny ever sence she was little."

"Sing the fishin' song, Edny," she said.

The girl struck the minor chords and began a rough, monotonous strain, evidently of island composition. The waves and storms of the sea, the hauling of the nets, the home-coming of the boats, were its theme. It was a mournful, strange sort of song. I thought about Edna's lover, and wondered she could sing it. Sure enough, her voice began to tremble, and she finished it hurriedly. Margaret—who is sometimes oblivious when she rides a hobby —was delighted; she wanted to hear the song over again: she wanted the words. But I said it was late, and we must go home, and Edna promised, with a look of relief, to bring her the words soon. Margaret, on her side, promised to write to the city about the organ immediately; so the evening was a great success to all parties.

This was the beginning of our intimacy with Edna. It developed rapidly. Every one likes to have a disciple, and besides, as I said, Margaret was burning for some one to improve. Edna filled the long-felt want. She admired Margaret with all her heart; she was very young and very simple, and Margaret's various talents were wonderful in her eyes. Whatever "Miss Margaret" said or did was Edna's ideal; she tried to learn and to do just what the superior mind advised. It was beautiful; but there was a comical side to it, too; for Edna had no more mind than a kitten. I understood her really a great deal better than my sister did. Margaret's personality, her enthusiasm, was what attracted her; to please her, she tried hard to make herself over again into a different type. And the interest she took in whatever Margaret talked about was mistaken for a desire for culture. My sister was totally deceived by it; she fully expected to make Edna into an advanced type of woman (with the large W); she thought she could see her intellect expanding day by day. I knew better; but I enjoyed having the girl about just the same. She was attractive, with the indefinable attraction that some women have like a perfume always about them. I liked to hear her talk in her soft, slow voice, and to see her move about, to hear her little songs. She wasn't remarkably intelligent, but she had a strong strain of feeling, of unconscious intensity, and a genuine love of nature, though she couldn't talk about it. She was the only islander I ever met who appreciated a view, and when Margaret was busy with her writing, Edna and I would sometimes go out on the rocks and sit watching the surf and sky for hours. She talked a good deal to me, and more freely in many ways than to Margaret. I let her down from the heights to ordinary life—Margaret is too sustained a force for a novice.

"What is it, Edna, you see out there?" I said one day. She was sitting looking out to sea with wide, unconscious eyes.

"I see the ships and the water, to speak about, Miss Sue—and there's more I can't make into words. The sea's always a sort of company, and a sort of happiness, like music, only bigger. Ben used to understand the way I felt about it without tellin'; but I don't know anybody else would."

She often mentioned Ben to me—never to Margaret. That was part of the difference. Generally she stopped after speaking of him, as if she need not say more; but to-day it seemed as if she wanted to go on, somehow. The flood-gates of confidence were opened, as I had always hoped they would be some day.

"Ben could sail a boat ahead of any one on the island. He took me out sailing the first boat he ever had. That was always the way—anything either of us had, the other must try it first. The scrapes we got into together when we were children!—mother 'nd Mrs. Tasker had hard times with us. Ben, he was so lively, 'nd whatever he did, I must do. One of the first things I remember about Ben was when he went down to the swamp by the old river pond for water-lilies, 'nd we got lost. We went round and round, deeper in all the while, 'nd I remember Ben's going ahead, stooping under the branches and breaking a way for me, 'nd carrying me across the worst places. He kept telling me it was all right—he'd get me through safe. He wasn't six years old then, 'nd I not much more than four, but I never cried at all, 'nd I believed him just the same as if he had been a man. I guess we were there five or six hours, till he found a spring 'nd then the track. 'Twas after sundown when we got home. Ben carried me part of the way, 'nd he went home first with me 'nd told mother 'twas his fault, not mine. He always was that way with me, even if I was the one started the mischief."

Edna's eyes brightened as she talked, and there was a delicate pink flush on her cheeks. I had never seen her so pretty before, as she spoke of her lover with honest tenderness in every tone of her soft voice.

"I never had to say I wanted anything twice, if Ben could get it. When he began to go off in the boats, I was as lonely as could be; but he always brought home something for me, and whatever had happened to him, I must hear all about it. About four years ago I had a fancy for coral beads, 'nd mother wouldn't hear to it. But Ben, he went over to the mainland the next month or so—he was working with Captain Noyes' schooner then—'nd when he came home, he came down by the road that afternoon, 'nd called me down to the gate. I remember it just as well—'twas in the fall weather, the first of October, and getting dark early. I ran down to him, all in a hurry, for I hadn't seen him for so long, and I thought he'd have so much to tell; but he just stood there and looked at me, real long, then he pulled a box out of his pocket.

"'Now, Edna,' said he, 'if you don't like these, you can have any other kind you say. I brought you them because they look just like you, to my mind.'

"And I opened the box, 'nd there were coral beads, so pretty I didn't know what to say, I was so pleased."

She put her hand up to the collar of her black dress, and pulled out a string of carved pink coral which lay round her neck and matched the delicate color in her cheek. Truly, Ben had the eye of a lover for the right ornament for his sweetheart.

"Ben looked so distressed for fear I wouldn't like them.

"'I got them from a sailor,' said he. 'Don't you like them, Edna?'

"I had to laugh. 'Why, Ben,' said I, 'whatever you choose would suit me, anyway. I never had anything so pretty in all my life. And it seems to me that you are always doing for me, and I haven't anything, ever, to give you.'"

Here Edna blushed a little, and fingered the beads.

"'Don't you want to give me a kiss for them?' said Ben, in a kind of bashful way.

"Why, I'd kissed Ben a hundred times and never thought of it, being just children together all our lives. And now, right of a sudden, I felt 'twas all different, and yet 'twas what it had always meant. I didn't want to, and yet I did—I couldn't say a word—but the end was, Ben kissed me for every bead of the string, 'nd then he fastened it round my neck, 'nd I promised to wait for him till he owned his own boat.

"You see, Miss Sue, he had his mother and his brothers 'nd his sisters to help along, and he couldn't start right out for himself like other young men. It seems to me now, seeing how much father and mother had, and only me coming after them, father might have helped him, knowing Ben would have it all in the end. But mother, she wanted me at home; and father, he said young men should make their own way. So Ben worked along, 'nd I'd have waited for him to the end of the world, and he knew it. We made it up to each other every way we could; 'nd two years more, he calculated, would see him through."

Edna paused, and drew a long sighing breath. "Troubles never come single, they say. The year he went off, father died; 'nd mother, she was always sick after that, till she was taken, too. And they all say Ben's lost—but I can't feel it. We were always like part of each other, all our lives long, 'nd if he was out of this world I would know it—'twould all be different. Sometimes it's so strong on me that he's in life yet, that it's just as if I could see his face, far away, somewhere, and he trying to speak and tell me he was coming."

She said it with such intense conviction that I was quite staggered. Then her voice changed a little, and she added, hesitatingly, "Please don't tell Miss Margaret what I've said; she might want to make me believe it wasn't so, and I can't talk to her about it, somehow."

So I never repeated our conversation to Margaret. It was just as well, for she had a new idea on hand. I suppose it was Edna's lovely docility, combined with her looks and her voice, that started my sister off on her great plan. She made up her mind to take the girl back with us, and cultivate her voice, and her intellect generally. It was really beautiful to hear Margaret talk about how Edna was to exchange the slavery of island life for the freedom of a progressive modernity; how she was to have culture and career. Edna with a career! Edna complex! Edna progressive! I saw the full absurdity of it, but for my life I could not shake my sister's determination. In vain I warned her of the responsibility the girl would be; of her uncertain future success; of her certain homesickness, bewilderment, unhappiness. Margaret was just as enthusiastic and determined, after all had been said, as at the beginning. I knew she would be. That is her strong point; after I have exhausted remonstrance, she begins again, cheerfully, to state her plans as if for the first time. As for Edna, she had no idea of disputing Miss Margaret's decision; and, besides, I think she welcomed anything that would fill the time before Ben came—poor child! I caught myself imagining, weakly, what a checkmate to Margaret it would be if the impossible could happen, and the sea give up its dead.

Meantime, I was reduced to an exhausted acquiescence in my sister's plans. The last week came. Everything noticeable on Far Island had gone into the six note-books; everybody had been studied and classified; the dialect was in a state of archaic perfection; all the terms pertaining to a sailing vessel had been learned by heart, and the details of the local shipwrecks were all noted down. Margaret was thus able to conduct her characters from the cradle to the grave, on sea and land, without an error in the setting. In fact, she had the novel half written before we left—which was about the only thing which consoled her for what happened.

It was just two days before our departure. We were over at Edna's, helping her pack up things before closing the house, and trying to cheer her up, for she was manifestly homesick already. She had left us busy upstairs, and gone down to the kitchen for something needed in the packing, when suddenly we heard her give a sort of cry, and then there was a confused movement and noise that brought us down the stairs to see what was the matter. We were well into the kitchen before we took in the situation. There was Edna on the settee by the window, in a violent confusion of laughter and sobs—hysterics, in fact, which a stalwart young man, leaning over her, was doing his best to soothe by kissing and reassuring her as tenderly as he knew how.

"Oh," gasped I, as Margaret stood transfixed in the doorway, "are you—Ben!"

The young man turned round and looked at me with a pair of astonished gray eyes. "Yes'm. Ben Tasker's my name."

"Oh, Miss Sue, it's Ben—it's my Ben!" sobbed Edna, finding her voice for a moment; and then, from pure joy, she fell to crying so piteously on Ben's shoulder that Margaret and I went out softly, feeling that we were intruders in a sacred place. We left the useless packing, and went home to tell Rosabella—who never has ceased to regret that she wasn't there.

That evening Edna brought Ben over to tell us of his adventures. They came up the road, hand in hand, and I felt sympathetically moved for the shock it must give Margaret to see Edna retrograde so hopelessly. But no one could help forgiving their happiness; it was so idyllic. And then how much Ben had to tell that was ideal for a note-book! How he had been picked up, half-drowned, by a ship bound for the Pacific; how the mate had died, and he had taken his place; how he had determined not to come home till he had made the sum he expected to bring from his original voyage; how he had come through many storms and many ports, sure he would reach Edna safe, and that she was waiting for him. And every time he looked at his sweetheart, and she at him—which was nearly all the time—their eyes were so happy that it did my heart good.

There is a large generosity about Margaret. She forgave Edna—who seemed to ask pardon, mutely, of that superior intelligence for being so happy—and, more, she actually stayed and superintended the wedding. Ben is almost as loyal and admiring as Edna, in consequence. The organ came in time; and the choir were practiced in a wedding anthem; the croquet-players were trained into ushers; the church was filled with flowers and evergreens; and Margaret dressed the bride herself in snowy white and orange-blossoms. That wedding will be talked about as long as a contemporary Far Islander survives.

And the novel is accepted.

Snap-Shots at the World

By Elbert F. Baldwin

On March 12 of the present year Mr. George Griffiths started from Charing Cross Station, London, and traveled to Naples; thence, across the Mediterranean, to Port Saïd, and through the Suez Canal, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean to Colombo, Ceylon; thence to Singapore, Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Vancouver, and New York. He sailed at once for Southampton, and arrived in London again in time to make his entire journey around the world not exceed sixty-four days. Yet, as he lost a total of seven days in waiting for steamers and trains, it is easy to see that one could circle the globe in sixty days—three-quarters of the time taken by Phileas Fogg and Passepartout, according to the entertaining M. Jules Verne. When "Around the World in Eighty Days" appeared, the achievement described seemed almost as miraculous as that in the same author's "From the Earth to the Moon."

Two months of incessant traveling spent in circling the globe may be interesting and even exciting, once in a lifetime. For a steady yearly diet, however, it is also pleasant to know that, with the exception of the interior of such far-away countries as Brazil, India, and Australia, one may view all of the most sightworthy parts of the whole world in a series, say, of thirty vacations, each covering not over two months. For example, in seeing our own country, a first trip of sixty days would embrace all of the States east of the Mississippi, and also Canada; a second, the other Central States, the Yellowstone and Colorado Parks; a third, California, British Columbia, and Alaska. A fourth would comprise Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Labrador, and Greenland; a fifth, Mexico and Central America; and a sixth, the West Indies, including the Caribbean Coast of South America. A seventh and eighth would be occupied in cruises along the east coast of that continent, visiting Pernambuco, Maceio, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, and Buenos Ayres, and along the west coast, touching at Guayaquil, Callao, Iquique, Cobija, Huasco, and Valparaiso. There would be some days left for the interior. A ninth trip might be devoted to Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England; a tenth, to France, Spain, and Portugal; an eleventh, to the Low Countries and Germany; a twelfth, to Switzerland and the Tyrol; a thirteenth, to Austria, Hungary, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and Montenegro; a fourteenth, to Italy; a fifteenth, to Greece and Turkey; a sixteenth, to Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and the Crimea; a seventeenth, to Denmark and Norway, including the North Cape; and an eighteenth to Sweden, Finland, Russia, and Poland. A nineteenth journey would embrace Gibraltar, Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Sicily, and Malta; a twentieth, Egypt and Nubia; a twenty-first, Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor; a twenty-second, Guinea and the Congo country; a twenty-third, the Madeira, Canary, Ascension, and St. Helena Islands, Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, Bechuanaland, the South African Republic, and Natal; a twenty-fourth, Persia; a twenty-fifth, ten days in India; a twenty-sixth, the same in Ceylon; a twenty-seventh, the Sandwich, Samoan, and Fiji Islands, and New Zealand; a twenty-eighth, Sydney and Melbourne, in Australia; a twenty-ninth, Shanghai and the cities of Japan; and a thirtieth, Hong-Kong, Canton, Manila in the Philippine Islands, Batavia in Java, Penang and Singapore in the Straits Settlements. What a thirty years' prospect for the only two-months-vacationed "globe-trotter"! Yet is it not an attractive one?

As an indication of specimen tours, all starting from New York, and beginning with one in our own country, the California and Alaskan trip might be instanced, for which the present season is an admirable one. A week would be occupied in comfortably getting to San Diego and in visiting Coronado Beach, Los Angeles, and Pasadena. The second would embrace visits to Santa Barbara, Monterey, Santa Cruz, San José (Mount Hamilton and Lick Observatory), Palo Alto (Leland Stanford University), and San Francisco. The third and fourth would include Mariposa, the marvelous Yosemite Valley, Upper California, Oregon, the Columbia River, and Portland. The fifth, sixth, and seventh would embrace Tacoma, Seattle, the Alaskan journey, a visit in Vancouver and Victoria, and the eighth would return the traveler home, by the Canadian Pacific road, through the grand scenery of British Columbia.

Perhaps the vacation is taken in the very early spring, to avoid the most unpleasant and unhealthful time of the year in our Northern States. Then a picturesque trip, to those who do not mind cruising in small steamers, would be that one, accomplished in eight weeks, beginning with Bermuda and Nassau, thence to Cuba, visiting there Havana, Matanzas, Cienfuegos, and Santiago; thence across to Port au Prince, in Haiti, and down to Kingston, in Jamaica. From here a course is taken to Aspinwall for a run across the Isthmus of Panama and back. Carthagena, in the United States of Colombia, would be next seen; then comes the Dutch Island of Curaçao; and then, in Venezuela, Maracaibo, Puerto Cabello (for Valencia), La Guayra (for Caracas), and Cumana. Lastly we have that delightful string of islands, the Windward and the Leeward, namely, British Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada, Barbadoes, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Dominica, Antigua, and St. Kitts, along with the French Martinique and Guadeloupe. Thence directly back to New York.

Or, is the two months' vacation enjoyed in winter? How natural, then, to choose Egypt, especially since now one may go from New York directly to Alexandria in eleven days. Cairo and the Pyramids need three days, and the Nile trip up to the First Cataract and back as many weeks. This includes stops of half a day each at Sakkâra, Beni-Hassan, Roda, Assiût, Beliana (for Abydus), Kene (for Dendera), Esne, Edfu, Kom-Ombos; two days at Assuân (for Elephantine, Philæ, and shooting the cataract), and four at Luxor (for Thebes and Karnak). This leaves ten days for the Nubian Nile, for Korosko, Derr, and, above all, for the rock-hewn temples of Abu-Simbel. Appealing equally to body and mind, there is no more delightful nor beneficial winter tour than this.

Or, suppose Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor be contemplated, for which April and May would be the best months. The direct passage to Alexandria and thence to Jaffa, with a short railway ride to Jerusalem, occupies twelve to thirteen days. Three more would be spent in the Holy City, including the Bethlehem and other excursions. Another three would be taken up with the journey down to Jericho, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and back again—"down," indeed, from twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean to thirteen hundred feet below. Then one mounts his horse, and, with a congenial company, travels in true caravan style for sixteen days or more through Judea, Samaria, Galilee, the "north countree," the Damascus desert, and the Lebanon forests. Halts are made, if not the camp pitched, at Shiloh, Nablûs (for Sychar and Shechem), Samaria, Jenîn, Nazareth, Mount Tabor, and Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, over which one sails to Tell Hum (for Capernaum). Then in saddle again for Kedesh (Waters of Merom), Banias at the foot of Mount Hermon, and across the desert to the delicious green *Ghuta* of Damascus. A visit to the oldest city in the world is indeed unforgetable. One day's ride brings the traveler past the source of the River Abana to Ba'albek. After a day spent in viewing these stupendous ruins, it is pleasant to have a short time for the hills of Lebanon before getting to Beirût. Now, changing saddle for sail, a night's trip brings to the tourist the sight of Larnaka in Cyprus, and, after a day there, in another night we reach Rhodes. The succeeding days spent in cruising among the Ægean Islands, with visits at Smyrna and at Ephesus, must ever remain among the rarest experiences. Lastly comes the voyage to Constantinople, and then the Orient Express whisks the traveler across to Paris. Havre is close by, and in six or seven days New York is greeted.

Taken at any time of the year, the South African trip is bound to become as attractive as it is now unusual. Six days brings us from New York to Southampton, and thence eighteen more to Capetown, including stops at Funchal (Madeira), Teneriffe and Las Palmas (Canary Islands), Ascension, and St. Helena. After a visit at Capetown come two days by rail (Pullman cars, too) through the diamond region of Kimberley, and along the borders of the Orange Free State to Vryburg, the capital of Bechuanaland, and another one to Johannesburg, the chief town in the South African Republic (the Transvaal), and the principal center of the gold fields. From here it is about three days by way of Charleston to Durban, the largest seaport of Natal, whence one sails to East London, and then proceeds by rail to Queenstown to view the Stromberg Mountains. Incredible as it seems, this entire round trip from New York to New York may be made within two months.

Of all these time-limited excursions, however, perhaps the one to Japan has for most persons more of charm, both in novelty and practicability, than any other. The five days' journey to Vancouver, followed by the one of thirteen days to Yokohama, are uncomplicated and restful affairs, save that on the voyage out one goes to bed, say, Sunday night and wakens Tuesday morning, while, returning, he must needs arise to live over again the preceding day. Once in Japan, of course Tokio, Nikko, Mount Fujijama, Nagoya, Kioto, Osaka, Kobe-Hiogo, and Nagasaki are viewed. April or October are the best months for the actual visit, as the seasons of the cherry-blossoms and the chrysanthemums are gala weeks. From Nagasaki one either returns to Yokohama or sails across to Shanghai and catches there the Vancouver boat coming from Hong-Kong, thus enjoying a taste of Far Cathay.

Now, all this planning for a series of two months' vacations is very well for people who never have, and never will have, any longer ones. Those who can make them longer, however, and thus pay a country the compliment of a proper sojourn, will be, indeed, more than proportionately repaid. To such persons, too, there become accessible the more distant and interior regions of India, China, Australia, Africa, and South America. As to seeing the uttermost parts of the earth, it hardly needs to be said that one might be quite willing to spend an indefinite series of two months' sojourns in, say, Switzerland, or even in our own beautiful Berkshire, rather than have the chain broken once, even though by the startling novelty of a journey to Greenland or to Guinea.

The Spectator

Stand far enough away, and the old oak has a smooth bark. So, it occurs to the Spectator, it is with a certain old tavern about to be demolished. The rude features of the colonial inn, that all men plainly saw in an earlier century, are now softened by the intervening light of one hundred and thirty-four years, and to all eyes the old house is beautiful in this the day of its passing away. A group of men with tools of destruction stood before the building as the Spectator passed by, and he knew what their presence meant. He changed his plans for the day; and can boast of being the last man who sat upon the hickory slab that did duty as a seat on the porch. Oak, hickory, and yellow pine—these three woods only had been used in the construction of this house, and every one was hard as iron and smooth as ivory.

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Much is sometimes gained by talking learnedly to an unlettered crowd. The Spectator impressed not only the workmen but the landlord also, and it became a foregone conclusion that the fruits of any discovery should be his. So the Spectator lingered all that day, happy, hopeful, and hungry. The removal of the old porch revealed nothing but a Nova Cesarea penny, coined in New Jersey in 1787. This was given up without reluctance, being but a penny; but what if somewhere a pot of gold should be found! The Spectator became uneasy, and talked learnedly (?) of numismatics. Nothing more was found, the penny was forgotten, and the day closed with it alone to reward the Spectator's patience. At 7 A.M. the day following, the main building was attacked, commencing at the roof. No treasure had ever been tucked between the shingles, and when the huge oak rafters were bared to the sun, the flood of light that swept over the long-darkened attic revealed nothing startling. Of course there were the discarded spinning-wheel and broken chairs, and the remains of a claw-footed table; but no old books, nor a bull-hide trunk studded with brass tacks. The Spectator was bitterly disappointed. Long-current stories of the early days of the Horse-head Inn were, then, nothing but stories, told to amuse children, but by them repeated to a third generation as sober truth. Is such the beginning of much that we now call history?

⁂

But one other chance of discovery remained. In the second story was a "ha'nted" chamber, as the Spectator's neighbors knew it. It was the end room, and had the chimney for a half of one of its walls, and a little corner cupboard or closet, a quaint feature strangely enough omitted from modern dwellings. The room being haunted, it was no longer used. Its history seemed somehow always to reach the guests before they reached the house; the stage-driver, presumably, being responsible for this. When this room was reached by the men who were armed with pick and ax (and they looked as if they had demanded stout weapons to keep off the ghosts), there was little difference to be noticed between it and the other rooms. The little closet had been nailed up, and the doors hidden by wall-paper. The Spectator was allowed to lead now, and with what expectant hands he pried open the little door! Within were two empty shelves. Shaking them, half in rage, the lower one moved from its place, and a dark, narrow hole was dimly visible. Thrusting his arm full length in this, he drew out a bit of parchment. Yellow, brittle, and nibbled about its edges, it was at least a relic, if a sorry one, and then there were ink-marks to be deciphered. This was no difficult task. "*This Indent*" in bold script was plainly to be seen, but all else had faded to mere dots and broken lines. The parchment had been an old deed, but for what lands?

⁂

The work of demolition proceeded, and again a pause as the chimney was laid bare. Another piece of parchment had lodge, acted as trap-door or valve, and beneath it were the bones of many bats. Here was, then, the origin of the story that the room was haunted. Imprisoned bats had been the ghost that was heard; and when we hear strange noises in the night, fancy is all too ready to paint the portrait of the uncanny creature making them. What better material for a ghost than flickering moonlight and a fluttering bat? "But why had an old deed been hidden?" was asked by one bystander; and why the sudden disappearance of a stranger, who was sought by others for many weeks and then given up for dead? "There had been strange doin's, for father remembered them," said one old man, and the Spectator's bat theory was not accepted by the crowd.

⁂

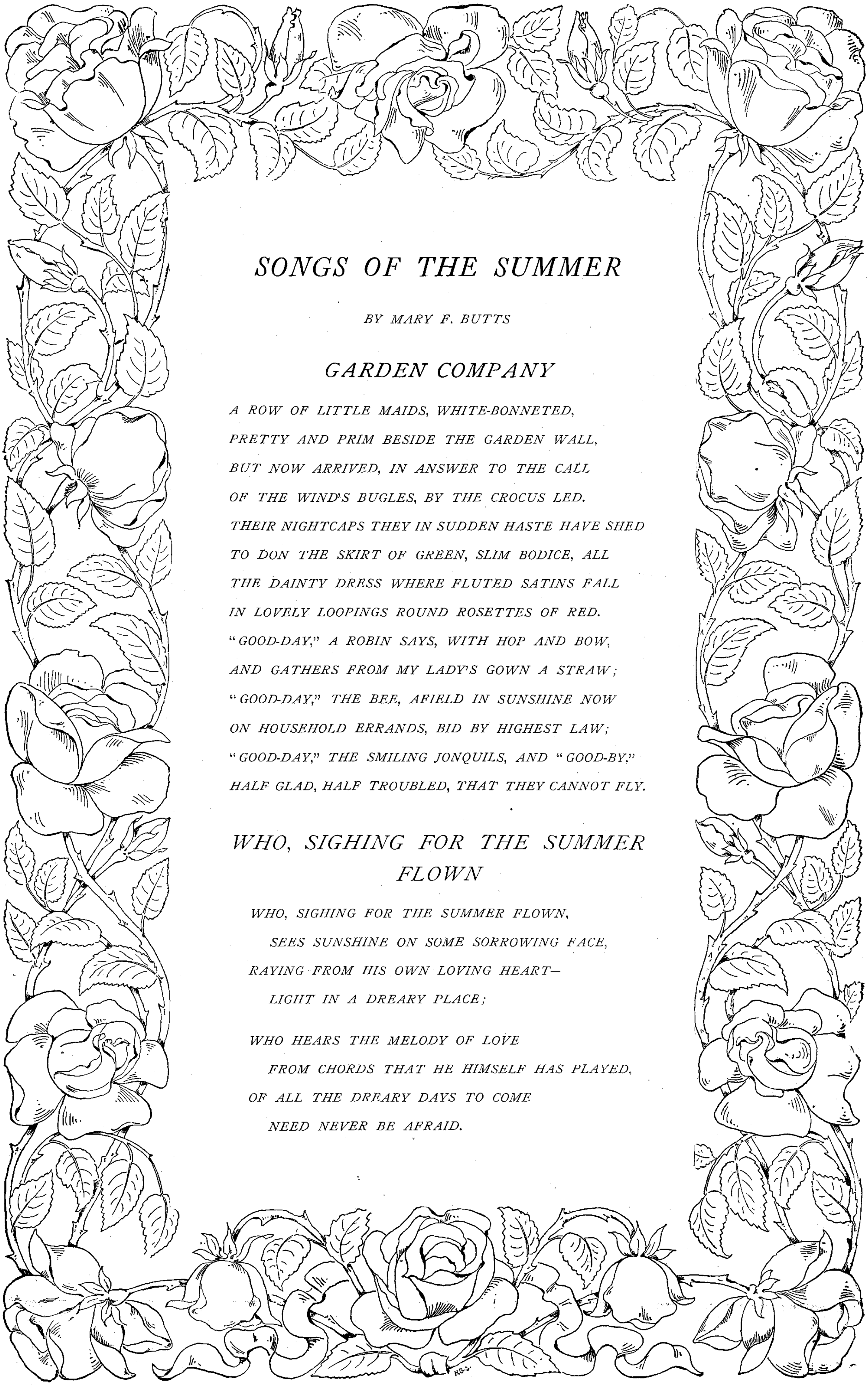
The old Horse-head Inn was a commonplace affair, after all, and the Spectator went about his business; but rumor of discovery soon overtook him. When the cellar was reached—he is repeating hearsay—a passage was found from one of its walls to a forgotten well. It was but a few feet long, and so small that a person could with difficulty crawl through it. Curiosity led to its thorough examination, and the old and shallow well, that no one remembered, was found to be its termination. The well was dry, but a human skeleton was found in it! The Spectator was a day too late, but saw a trace of the passageway, and the bottom of the well. Where was the skeleton? No one seemed to know or to be willing to tell, but the truth came out at last, and the buried bones were exhumed "on the sly" by the Spectator. For three days the old folks had been delighted that the Spectator had been snubbed for "showin' his larnin' a little too freely." "These book fellers don't know it all," chuckled old Silas Crabtree. "Father always argued it must 'a' been a murder, seein' as so many came to look after the missin' man; and now *he* wants to lay it all to the bats. I ain't lived to be seventy-four for nothin'." "Silas," said the Spectator, when next they met, "do you think it likely that the missing man you tell us about went on four legs, and had teeth half as long as your thumb; and was his head shaped like this?" And the Spectator showed him the skull of a dog. Silas is angry now, and will hardly nod when he meets the Spectator.

⁂

Is this brushing away of the pleasant mystery and myth that lingers about old places profitable? Why not let the new building, with its new surroundings of gaudy exotic shrubs and patent windmill, remain as the hideous monument of what never existed—the tavern wherein a murder was committed? The Horse-head Inn had been, and was a place of note in the days of stages and private coaches. Here had many a man of prominence in his day stopped for a meal or to lodge. Here had gathered the neighbors when the Revolution was in progress, and the politics of the beginning of the century had been discussed in the old bar-room and on the porch. Why not let the truth be seasoned with tales of murder and mystery? It could do no harm. The Spectator had robbed the neighborhood of a charm in solving a mystery. He is sorry now; and when he last passed by, the monotone of the tall pines, the cawing of crows, and the "*quols*" of the night-heron had in a measure lost their charm, for these solemn sounds fit better with the ghosts of our fancy than with the facts of over-zealous truth.

⁂

To the average person, the problems with which he is not concerned seem very easy of solution. This is why the merchant and lawyer know better than the editor how to conduct a newspaper; why the farmer would instruct the banker, and the banker the farmer, and so on. But amateur advice is usually worth about as much as it costs, which, to be exact, is nothing. This reflection was caused by the remark of a city gentleman in the country. He thought the farmers were little better than fools to believe in signs—signs that forecasted the weather. But who can say that these signs are foolish? Certainly all of them have been known to fail, but surely, also, some of them indicate accurately much oftener than not. A busy man in town must make an effort to tell what the weather was two weeks before, and as to that of a season or two seasons past, he has usually forgotten entirely. But the farmer knows. The weather has affected his operations, has helped or spoiled his crops, and he remembers accurately all about it, just as the broker does the causes which sent his stocks tumbling or soaring. The farmer lives close to nature, and observes the manifestations all day long, and after the stars have come into the heavens. What wonder that he should know more?



SONGS OF THE SUMMER

BY MARY F. BUTTS

GARDEN COMPANY

A ROW OF LITTLE MAIDS, WHITE-BONNETED,
PRETTY AND PRIM BESIDE THE GARDEN WALL,
BUT NOW ARRIVED, IN ANSWER TO THE CALL
OF THE WIND'S BUGLES, BY THE CROCUS LED.
THEIR NIGHTCAPS THEY IN SUDDEN HASTE HAVE SHED
TO DON THE SKIRT OF GREEN, SLIM BODICE, ALL
THE DAINTY DRESS WHERE FLUTED SATINS FALL
IN LOVELY LOOPINGS ROUND ROSETTES OF RED.
"GOOD-DAY," A ROBIN SAYS, WITH HOP AND BOW,
AND GATHERS FROM MY LADY'S GOWN A STRAW;
"GOOD-DAY," THE BEE, AFIELD IN SUNSHINE NOW
ON HOUSEHOLD ERRANDS, BID BY HIGHEST LAW;
"GOOD-DAY," THE SMILING JONQUILS, AND "GOOD-BY,"
HALF GLAD, HALF TROUBLED, THAT THEY CANNOT FLY.

WHO, SIGHING FOR THE SUMMER FLOWN

WHO, SIGHING FOR THE SUMMER FLOWN,
  SEES SUNSHINE ON SOME SORROWING FACE,
RAYING FROM HIS OWN LOVING HEART—
  LIGHT IN A DREARY PLACE;

WHO HEARS THE MELODY OF LOVE
  FROM CHORDS THAT HE HIMSELF HAS PLAYED,
OF ALL THE DREARY DAYS TO COME
  NEED NEVER BE AFRAID.

The Home

The Gospel of Rest

The gospel of rest is a new gospel here, comparatively, but it should, clearly interpreted, regenerate its believers. The interpretation must be personal, and it must be practical. The same interpretation will not do for every man or for every purse. The man who is tied to business in a great city, and cannot leave it, must find the opportunities for rest and change at home. No mother can lay down her care and relieve herself of her burden, even if she wishes, but she can simplify her life; she can reduce the worries by reducing all artificial demands that have grown in volume and rigidity. She can leave a margin of leisure by shutting out the outside world. We make most of our burdens and develop most of our cares and anxieties.

"Life's field will yield as we make it—
A harvest of thorns or of flowers."

We must learn how to save ourselves and yet give ourselves. Rest is as necessary to man as work; the two are the essentials of his symmetrical development. The man who does not know how to rest has not learned the art of living. The man who does not know how to work has no zest in life; to him it is a grind, an unheroic effort to earn food and shelter, neither of which is valued or enjoyed. There is an art of living. It involves getting into proportion, bringing the divisions of time and money into harmony. Rest has its important place in this development of life.

How can we measure ourselves unless we stop doing for a little time? A wise man said: "Never so busy as when idle." The leisure to dream makes every man a poet. When he finds that the tree against the sky, the song of a brook, the throb of the ocean, the perfume of a flower, cannot make his pulse beat quicker, or lift his soul out of the rut of every-day life, let him realize then that part of him is dead, and weep for his loss. Rest is the soul's time for growth. Its gospel is this:

"Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

All that is beautiful was made for man, but he loses his sight too often, and ears that never listen grow dull to nature's sounds. To keep sensitive to nature is man's test of the degrees of his life. Each sense deadened marks the loss of life, and the world is that much poorer.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Augustus Speaks at the County Fair

By Mrs. S. J. Underwood

If it had been any one but Augustus, I would have said that he was foolishly flattered over the invitation to give the annual address at the county fair. Augustus is not a public speaker, though he has often read papers before scientific associations. He complains so bitterly of being driven to death with work that I was surprised that he gave a favorable answer to the committee; but he said it was a great compliment to a specialist to be selected by his townsmen for such an occasion. It seems singular that he was chosen; of course I consider him a great man, but no one would suspect him of a leaning toward either agriculture or horticulture. Our lawn and garden present the worst appearance of any in town. There is a romantic ravine, known as Fernwood, about four miles from us; the hart's-tongue fern grows there, and as it is rare, Augustus sends quantities to other botanists; and just as surely as he does get at work in the yard, Professor Rogers comes to invite him to go to Fernwood. He never needs urging—it is a regular picnic for him; and so the dandelions grow half large enough for door-mats. If they were only in demand in some quarter of the globe, Augustus might show some enthusiasm in getting them out of the way.

I could not help saying to him that it would be well to advise the farmers to improve their door-yards, but he quite ignored my remark.

I inquired several times how he was getting on with his address, and invariably learned that there was time enough; he always wrote better when there was something to spur him on; and so the Saturday before fair week came around, Augustus informed me at breakfast that he was going into his study to plunge head and ears into his address, and that on no account must he be interrupted; so I was surprised to have him come into the kitchen about ten and tell me that he wanted luncheon put up—he was going out to Fernwood with Professor Rogers. "To Fernwood!" I repeated. "Why, Augustus Dempster, it is your duty to *stay at home and write on that address. I should think* you would be wild over it!"

"You do not understand, Maria," he answered, rather loftily, "what a day in the open air means to a man who works constantly with his brain. I can do twice the execution after it." I could not help thinking that he might have taken his open-air exercise at home, for the yard was a greater eyesore than usual. For I really feared Augustus would become a laughing-stock, and I went out and worked myself for two hours. I hoped he would notice it. I knew he would scold if he did, but I wanted to touch his pride. As I might have known, he was serenely unconscious of any difference; he does not study vegetation upon his own premises.

The next week there were unusual demands upon Augustus, and such as could not be set aside. He grew moody and irritable. I thought it wisest to say nothing, though I was consumed by anxiety.

Thursday was the day of the address. Wednesday night I was very tired. I had been making jelly, and had just finished sealing the glasses, when, at half-past nine, he came down to the kitchen and inquired if there was hot water. "I have a raging headache," he said, "and that pesky address isn't half done. I was a fool to take it."

The fire was out, but I hastened to relight it, and carried the boiling water to the study. Augustus's treatment of headache is peculiar. He puts his feet into hot water and a hot-water compress on his head, and at such times he is not exactly a subject for a painter. I changed the steaming towels every few minutes, and went down after water five times. I burned his feet more than once, and his ejaculations were not complimentary. I suppose if, before I was married, I had believed it possible that Augustus would ever speak to me like that, I should have lain down and died. I had other business now.

In the intervals of my hydropathic treatment I looked up several classical stories to which he wished to allude, and found some poetical quotations. He worked faithfully, but was so snappish that I never could have endured it, had it not been for the thought of the task which must be accomplished.

At midnight he was red as a lobster; the great veins on his forehead swelled almost to bursting; his hands trembled. "Augustus," said I, "this won't do. You must stop and sleep, or you will never finish. You rest till four, and I will copy what you have written." He fumed a while, but I finally got him off, in his nightcap of towels.

I copied carefully until it was time to wake him. He came in looking sleepy, but declared his headache better, and began looking over the manuscript on which I had been busy. "How illegibly you have written this!" he said. "I shall blunder fearfully in reading it." "Why," returned I, bristling with wounded vanity, "you used to say that my handwriting was plain as type." "If I ever said that," he answered, "you certainly have grown slack now."

I lay down for an hour or two, with a sore heart. I ought to have known that Augustus was hardly responsible for what he said, but I could only think of the retort of

Sandy, the robber, to his wife, in Bayard Taylor's "Story of Kennett:" "You ought to be thankful that you've got a man to serve: who else would have had you?" "Men don't lose their brutal instincts when they are educated," I said to myself. "Love's young dream was sweet," I sighed, "and I wish I had died before I ever awakened from it."

When I called Augustus to breakfast, he was feeling comparatively cheerful, for he had finished the address. I sat down to copy before I washed my dishes, while he went into the attic to rehearse to the rafters—school-boy fashion.

A carriage was to be sent for him at half-past ten. I was determined to hear the address, and was hurrying away for dear life at my toilet; I stood before the mirror with my hair in my hand, when Augustus knocked. "Maria," asked he, "will you put in my sleeve-buttons? I can't do it, and I fear the carriage will come before I am ready." "Oh, nonsense!" I cried, "it won't be here for half an hour." "Well," he said, "I am about used up; I don't know how I shall ever get through this thing." "Dear me!" I thought, "if the man can't dress himself, what will happen!" I dropped my hair, washed my hands, adjusted the buttons, tied his necktie, and ran down to make a strong cup of coffee. He had just swallowed it when the carriage rolled up.

I reached the fair-ground just as the exercises were commencing. The seats were all filled, but a gentleman brought a chair, either from courtesy or in consideration of the relation I sustain to Augustus.

When the speaker of the day was announced, my heart beat so that I feared it would attract notice. I expected he would falter or faint, or do some other dreadful thing. I did not dare look at him; but his voice was so serene and steady that after a time I stole a glance. There he stood, calm and majestic as the eternal hills, and not even my penmanship could make him trip on a single syllable. I thought of the frantic, florid individual upon whom I had danced attendance the previous night, and was glad his audience did not know he had any other aspect than the one he now presented.

Well, the address was counted a great success, and Augustus grew so genial in the atmosphere of appreciation that he beamed on me, when he came home, almost like a lover. But a woman who has been married ten years knows that displays of affection should be turned to practical use—a little domestic hay made while the sun shines; so when he said, "Maria, you behaved like an angel last night, and I treated you like a brute," I replied, "Oh, don't mention it; I was so glad to help you. But, Augustus, can't you manage to put the yard in trim this fall—it mortifies me so?" His countenance fell, but he was ashamed to refuse. "Yes," he replied, "I'll do it next Saturday;" and he did, not even yielding to the blandishments of Professor Rogers, his evil genius. It isn't every man with the intellect of Augustus who will get down and dig dandelions, and I lauded him that night as I would a man who had spent a day in the stocks for conscience' sake.

All the women of my acquaintance seem to have become sensible of my great privilege in being linked to so good and gifted a creature as Augustus. "Oh, Mrs. Dempster," they say, "I think Mr. Dempster's address was just beautiful; that passage about men having consideration for their wives, and not selfishly putting their own burdens on their weak shoulders, was what husbands needed to hear." It is evident that they all consider Augustus a model of domestic virtue; and I always knew he was—compared to other men.

But, though the town regards him as a public benefactor, and our lawn has not looked so well in years, I trust it will be long before he is again invited to make the annual address at the county fair.

* * *

The most modest little pond can reflect a picture of the sun, if it is absolutely at rest in itself.—*Carlyle.*

A Leader in the Right Direction

Recently there has been organized in Brooklyn, N. Y., a Tree-Planting and Fountain Society. The officers of this society are prominent men. Wisdom as well as ability has been shown in the organization and management of the Society. The city has been divided into districts, with resident members and officers. The idea is to develop the neighborhood spirit in beautifying the city.

Men only are admitted to membership, but they have succeeded in arousing the interest of women, and effective work is being done. Mr. Fernow, the chief of the Division of Forestry in the United States Department of Agriculture, has sent a list of the best trees for growth in the city streets. These trees are valuable for their endurance and recuperative powers, cleanliness, beauty, form, shape, leaf-period, and rapidity of growth. The large trees Mr. Fernow recommends for wide avenues; the smaller trees for narrow streets:

Large-sized Trees.—Red oak, scarlet oak, yellow oak, American elm, sugar maple, black maple, tulip-tree, European linden, small-leaved linden, sweet-gum, white oak, burr oak, Oriental plane-tree, Kentucky coffee-tree, American plane-tree, sycamore maple, American linden.

Medium-sized Trees.—Red maple, shingle oak, willow oak, slippery elm, Norway maple, box elder, European elm, Scotch elm, hackberry, silver-leaved maple, tree of heaven, horse-chestnut, Japanese sophora, hardy catalpa, ginkgo or maiden-hair tree, honey locust, cottonwood, Balm of Gilead, black locust.

Small-sized Trees.—English maple, round-top locust, red horse-chestnut, laurel-leaved willow, bay willow, green ash, European mountain ash, American mountain ash, yellow-wood.

The Brooklyn Tree-Planting and Fountain Society issues a small bulletin for the use of those who wish to set out trees. This list advises maples, birches, sycamores, elms, oaks, poplars, horse-chestnuts, lindens, ash, sweet-gum, willows, Balm of Gilead, tulip, and catalpas. For the corners of streets the Society advises the planting of eight large trees, two on each corner. In narrow streets the Society advises that the trees be not planted directly opposite each other, but alternate. Guards are advised to protect the trees as soon as planted. When practicable, residents of one street or block are advised to have their trees trimmed at the same time by a practical man. This Society also aims to arouse an interest in window-box gardening, and in the planting of vines to cover the outside of the houses. Co-operation in beautifying the city is the principle that guides this Society, and it has taken the wisest method, and one that might well be followed by like organizations in other cities. Neighborhood co-operation under branch organizations cannot fail to arouse enthusiasm.

It seems quite natural that this organization should recommend that vacant lots should, as far as possible, be made decorative instead of being permitted to be unsightly. The residents of Brooklyn have had for years to endure right beside one of the municipal buildings vacant lots that have been used as depositories for broken tinware, tomato-cans, and indestructible refuse of the neighboring houses. Only this spring these lots were cleared and sodded, and a beautiful green lawn is now presented that was formerly a disfigured arid waste. Every visitor through the upper portion of New York must have been impressed with the negligence of property-owners. Blocks of vacant lots in the midst of beautiful residences that might well add to the beauty of the section are a constant reminder of man's indifference to the happiness of his neighbor, when, indeed, such lots have not been a menace to health because of stagnant water. The municipal laws seek to protect improved private property, but these laws are not enforced either by the authorities, the neighbors, or the owners. Much of the city that might be made beautiful is hideous and also demoralizing, for it is very certain that the moral character of the citizens is affected by disorder and unsightliness. The world will yet fully realize the moral effect of beauty. The only way to secure attention in these matters is by organized effort in each ward or election district, on the plan of the Tree-Planting and Fountain Society of Brooklyn. A general society aiming to beautify a whole city cannot effect its reforms as quickly as a branch of the society working in special sections. In Boston the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship has devised a course of lectures that deals in the broadest way with this question of beautifying cities. Lectures were given by Professor Edward S. Morse on "The Lessons of the White City," the object of which was to prove that public supervision over the erection of dwellings and business houses would secure more harmonious results; by C. Howard Walker upon "Boards of Beauty;" and by Edmund Hudson on "Municipal Art," which is in the field that the Municipal Art Society of New York —a society that has not had the public support and interest that its object demands—endeavors to develop. Another lecture was "Art Museums and the People," in which a plea was made for the maintenance of art museums as liberally as public libraries. "Art in the Public Schools" is another subject. Where could a loan collection be made more effective than in the public schools? A dozen good pictures circulating through the schools for a year, a short talk on art given once a week with the pictures as an object-lesson, would develop the taste of the pupils so that at their maturity they would not be dealing with the elements of beauty from the standpoint of entire ignorance. Architectural drawings, pictures in stained glass, models of statues, all should be found, at one time or another, objects to illustrate talks of art in the public school. The poorer the locality the greater the need. The love of beauty must be aroused and developed in our children. The Brooklyn Tree-Planting and Fountain Society, through its neighborhood work, can help to accomplish this desirable end in that city. The method is a most practical one.

The Vacation Fund

There is a hesitancy, naturally, about telling in detail some of the heart-histories of the beneficiaries of the Friendship Fund. Often there is such a vagueness about the unknown receivers that the givers naturally lose interest, and only the telling of the personal life of some one who has felt the touch of her unseen friends' hands will revive interest and make one feel that the arrow shot in the air and the song sung have each found a true resting-place.

Living in a tenement-house on the East Side of New York is a family whose only wealth is family love. There is a devotion, an unselfishness, a friendship, in this family that would enrich the homes of many millionaires. Twelve years ago the father died, leaving a widow and three daughters. Two months after his death a baby boy came, frail, shy, clinging, without very much vitality of either mind or body. All the limitation that comes to such a one born in poverty has been part of his life-history, but love has invested him with every attribute, and in his home he is a hero. The father of this family had been ill with consumption for nine years before he died. His going meant one less to support; he had ceased many years before to contribute anything toward the support of the little family. Time went on. The daughters were educated at the public school until they reached the age when the law would permit of their becoming wage-earners. Cheerfully, gladly they took up the burden, two of them recognized invalids.' Time could not be taken to teach them a trade. They must become productive as soon as possible; so they have been tossed like shuttlecocks from one kind of employment to another, with, on an average, a period of idleness of about one-quarter of each year. Two years ago the youngest one began to grow thin and to cough, but she kept at work. This fall she began having hemorrhages. Her eyes increased in brightness; her manner was just as cheerful as though illness were an unknown possibility. She worked all day as long as she could, and then she began working half a day each day. The money contributed to the Friendship Fund provided necessary medicines and tonics. Everything that was suggested she cheerfully accepted. The mother's face grew paler and sharper in this fight with poverty and sorrow, for she well recognized the symptoms in the youngest daughter. The Friendship Fund did more than care for this exhausted girl through the winter. From it will be paid her board for two months in a mountain town in New Jersey, in a little home whose doors opened hospitably to this little invalid when no other door stood open. Some young girls in this town heard of the case and provided some necessaries. Here she has gratefully settled down for two months, accepting the evidences of friendship as naturally as the flower opens to the sunshine. With unquestioning faith in the love that has prompted all that has been done for her, she has smilingly accepted, and literally asked no questions. When the friend who was to take her out of town met her with her mother at the ferry, she dreaded the parting between the two, who had never been separated. When five people live for thirteen years in two rooms, entirely dependent on each other for food, for shelter, for companionship, for friendship, the parting, even for a short time, means more than where one uses an ocean steamer as a ferry or thinks of a trip across the continent as a short journey. It was going out into the great unknown world for this seventeen-year-old girl to take this journey. She had never crossed the ferries from New York to either shore, and the tight clenching of the hand, the frightened gasp as she saw the stretch of water between the dock and the ferryboat, told what a wrench she was enduring. Her mother stood close beside her with smiling eyes and trembling lips, each trying hard to conceal from the other what she was enduring. When they parted at the train, one realized fully the wonderful power of endurance there is in love.

When this girl, seventeen years old in years and seven years old in experience, stepped from the train at her destination, she greeted with ease and cordiality the stranger who had opened her doors to her. She seemed at once to feel that she was at home. The Friendship Fund has made it possible to buy a family ticket for the use of the mother and sisters, that they can go to the sick one at least once a week. It did not seem right, when the final parting is evidently so near, that they should be kept apart altogether for these few months.

Without the Friendship Fund these last months in a young girl's life would have had to be passed in an overcrowded tenement in very crowded rooms, where bad smells and stifling air had cost the girl physical agony for some weeks. She now has at least a large, comfortable room, fresh air, and good food. Is not the giver, as well as the receiver, made richer by what this fund has accomplished? It is only by putting money where it can be reached that God's poor in great cities can be helped. Had this girl and her sisters all through their lives been able to spend a short time each summer in the country, where even for the short period of two weeks they would know what sunshine, fresh air, and good food are, they would not to-day be the physical wrecks they are. They have lived for seventeen years in rooms where not one ray of direct sunshine has ever rested. The house in front of them is two stories above the roof of the house in which they live, and from their bedroom window one can touch the rear wall of the house standing in the rear of the lot facing on the other street.

Previously acknowledged	$1,493 72
A Wage-earning Woman	5 00
E. P. S., Glenburn, Pa	4 00
Mahopac	5 00
C. P. R., Vernon, Conn	2 00
From a Friend	1 00
S. B. H., North Adams	1 00
E. A. N., New York City	25 00
J. and M., Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y	10 00
K. A. C. and C. J. E	5 00
Total	$1,550 72

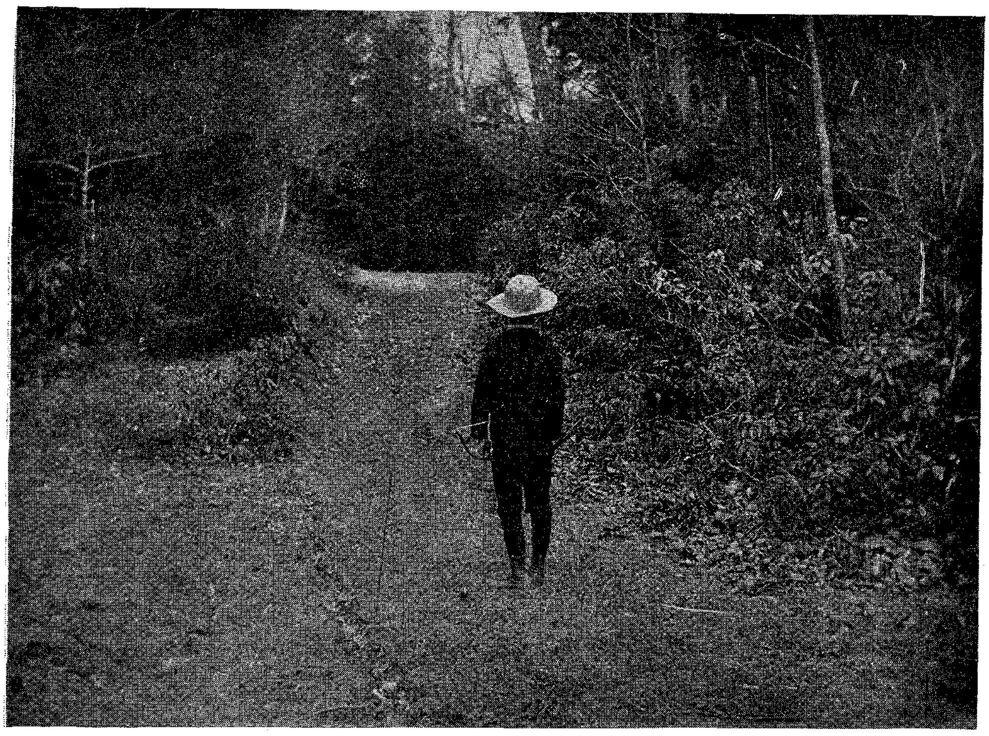
* * *

The Civil Service Commission at Washington this past month admitted women to the examination to fill the position of assistant in the department of vegetable pathology in the Department of Agriculture. The salary is $720 per year.

A Boy's Hunting

By Clifton Johnson

One morning in early spring, a little boy ran out from the home yard and climbed a fence and picked his way across the fields toward the forest-land on an eastern mountain-side. Soon he was following up a rough roadway in the woods. He carried a fine, new bow in one hand, and in the other hand two arrows, which were also fine and new. The boy's name was Frankie Brown.


In the Woods

It was a still, warm day. The leaves were not yet out, and the sunlight came freely through the gray tree-twigs and glistened on the brown leaves which carpeted the ground. The air was full of sleepy quiet. There was no wind moving; yet, if you listened, you could hear little noises—ticking sounds and light rustlings, as if buds were bursting, as if all the green undergrowth of the woods were pushing upward among the withered, last year's leaves.

Frankie Brown was out to-day on a hunting expedition. But he did not shoot at the little brown birds hopping about among the twigs of a thicket he passed. He did not shoot at the bluebird he saw flitting through the green arms of hemlock. He did not shoot at Woodpecker, who was earnestly hammering away at a tall stump with his sharp beak. He did not shoot at Chipmunk, who chattered at him from a bowlder by the way as he approached, and then, of a sudden, popped out of sight, and an instant later was seen scudding up a stout oak, where he again set up a loud chattering.

No, the boy did not shoot at these, though he often stopped to watch them. His mother had told him that they were his friends, and that as long as they did no harm they had the right to live, and to make a home in the woods, or anywhere else they chose to stay.

What Frankie was hunting was bears; and this is the way he did it. Watch him as he walks along. He is whistling. Of a sudden he breaks off, bends forward, and begins to move stealthily up the path.

"Oh, oh, what a great big fellow!" he says softly to himself. "I'll get this one, I'm sure. My, how black he is!"

Frankie did not seem at all frightened. In fact, the creature he was moving on so stealthily looked very much like an old stump. However, that does not matter.

Frankie dropped on one knee and fitted an arrow to his bow. "Bo-o-o-o!" he said, in his gruffest growl. "There, he sees me! Quick now, right between the eyes!"

The arrow flew. "Hurrah! hit fair and square," the boy shouted.

He ran forward and pulled out his arrow. "He *is* a big fellow!" said Frankie. "Fat, too," he added, punching the stump with his arrow. "He'll weigh a million pounds, or pretty near it, I guess. He's larger'n that big one I shot last summer in the Sarah Nevados. Guess when I sell his hide I can buy that top and a few marbles I've been wanting. Well, I must get to skinning him. Where's my bowie-knife?"

He dove into his pocket and brought up a small, one-bladed knife. He opened it, and proceeded vigorously to attack the stump. The bark hung loosely, and the knife was more of a bother than a help; so he put it up and finished the stripping in short order.

Then he started in search of new adventures. Stumps were thick; and he was very successful. He shot a number of bears, and several lions and tigers.

Shooting a Bear

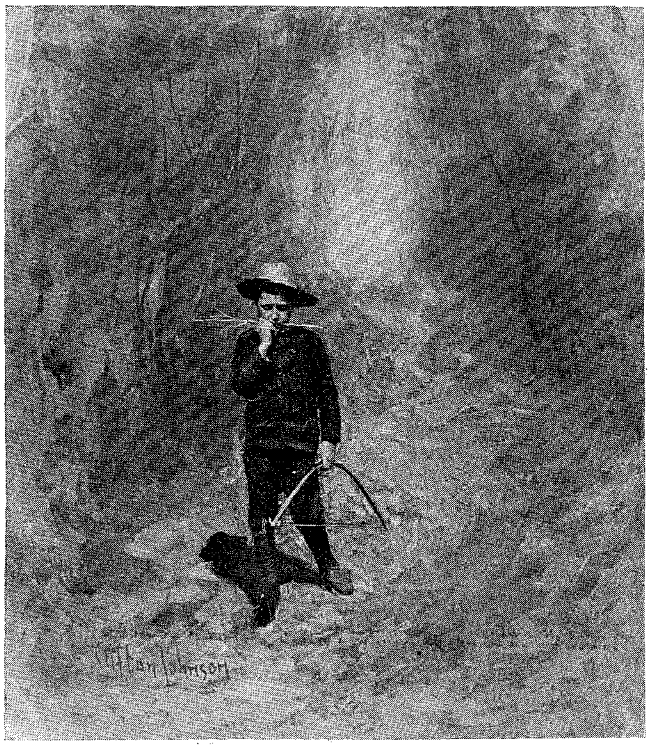
"Well, now, this is hot work," you might have heard him say, after a time. He stopped, pushed back his hat, and drew his sleeve across his forehead.

"But what's a fellow to do? Bears all around, and lions like enough up 'most any tree ready to drop down on a man if he isn't on the lookout. I declare, I feel hungry."

He hunted up a birch twig to chew on, and looked up at the sun.

"Must be 'most noon. Dinner's ready at twelve, and like as not it's that now. I guess I'll put for home."

With that he slung his bow across his shoulder, entirely careless of the dangerous woods he was in, and went skipping down the rough road that led homeward. He was thinking of the dinner that awaited him, and he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left. But luck seemed to be attendant on our unwary hunter. No bear pounced on him, he was not gobbled up by any of the prowling tigers, and no lion leaped down on him from the tree-tops. Thus it came about that our hero ended this adventurous morning in safety.



Eating Birch

The News at the Hook

By John V. Sears

In Two Parts—II.

The skiff was sixteen feet over all, and shaped like a new moon with the tip of one horn sliced off vertically and a paring cut off from the bottom. Having no paint, Ned gave her three coats of bright varnish found partly dried up among the condemned chandlery. This finish in natural wood was unheard of at that time, but the boy builder found it to his liking, and it has since been very popular. When the skiff was dry and ready to launch, the household, including Mrs. Gannett, assembled to assist in the ceremony, and great was their surprise to see Ned quietly pick up the dainty craft, turn it bottom up on his head, and walk off without staggering. It was, in fact, a good deal of a load for one boy, but nobody knew it except himself. Finding a place on the shore of the Horseshoe clear of ice, Ned set the skiff afloat, at the same time naming her "Alice," after his little sister at home. She rested on the water like a soap-bubble, with a bearing hardly wider than two hands, and, curving about and lightly courtesying, seemed as if hanging on the air.

The Alice showed all the uplifting and buoyant qualities her designer looked for, and, with a light pair of sculls, he found he could send her skimming over the roughest water without taking in a drop. He was an expert oarsman, and the sure master of his little craft in any weather on the bay, but to launch through the surf and get out on the ocean proved to be more of an undertaking than he had expected. To set the boat sliding out from the beach on the back of a down-dragging wave, spring aboard at the right instant and get under way, head off, before the next sea could hurl the whole outfit crashing on the sand again—that was a trick requiring especial skill, and although he had often seen it done, he needed only one trial to show that he did not know how to do it. He persisted in learning, however, and, after scaring his uncle by perilous upsets and narrow escapes, he finally caught the knack of feeling through his hands on the rails when the opportune single second came to leap over the stern and grasp the oars. Then it was discovered how beautifully the Alice could behave when rightly managed. Many a time she had jumped from under him like a young colt, or reared up and thrown him sprawling, to be rolled over and over in the undertow, and many a time she would have bolted and careered off to sea, but for the lanyard made fast to his wrist. Now she proved obedient and docile as a trained courser, and carried him galloping over the breakers, topping their foaming crests and dashing across their surging onsets as if racing with the flying spray. It was royal sport, but, apart from the fun he had, Ned made the boat very useful, running to the Highlands on errands and bringing the exiles at the Hook nearer the rest of the world than ever before.

The winter passed rapidly with the busy boy, and spring was at hand when he received a sad letter from home announcing that the two young men boarding with his mother were going away, leaving the family again without money to live on. Ned was distressed and worried beyond measure, and what to do he could not imagine. He saw that he must earn enough to keep the wolf from the door, somehow or other, but how?—that was the question. He consulted his uncle, and acted on the advice received to try and get work as a shipwright, but, after spending two days in New York without success, he returned, discouraged. Then his uncle wrote to half a dozen different friends asking for employment, and it was while waiting answers to these applications that a most timely turn came toward better fortune.

It was on Tuesday of the second week in March that Ben came hurrying in to the dinner-table with the announcement that Staten Island was signaling to know if Station Three could put a message aboard the ship "Fidelia," outward bound. "She is passing the Dumb Beacon this minute," added Ben, "and you can catch her, Ned, if you spring to 't. It may save chasing her with a tug."

"All right," said Ned, "if you'll get out the boat, I'll run up and take the message."

The semaphore threw its long arms about as if distracted under the boy's swift handling, and then the message came back with corresponding celerity. "101—7" he received, which he knew meant "To Captain Furber, of the Black Ball packet Fidelia, from New York to Liverpool." Then followed a string of code numbers which he did not try to translate, as the Captain could do that for himself. It was five minutes before he reached the beach, and then he found a high sea on and the Fidelia standing up toward Long Island under plain sail.

"Why, Ben," he said, "I never can reach that ship in the world. She's running away twice as fast as I can follow."

"You hain't goin' to follow," answered the old salt. "See the Lawrence lyin' off here?"

"That pilot-boat hove to, three or four miles off shore?"

"Yes, that's the Lawrence, and she's waiting to take the pilot off the Fidelia. The ship'll come about in a few minutes and make a stretch down here for her offing. You pull straight out, and you may be in time to hail the pilot's yawl. If you do, jist let them put the message aboard, and don't you venture too nigh the ship till I learn you how. The draught alongside 'd bear you agin the hull and scrunch this little cockleshell into splinters."

Half an hour's brisk pull brought Ned within sight of the yawl just putting off from the pilot-boat, and, as he rowed two feet to their one, he easily overhauled them, hailing as he approached: "Yawl ahoy!"

"Aye, aye, youngster! Where did you get that skiff?"

"Built it."

"Well, you built a beauty! Where do you hail from?"

"Big Light, Sandy Hook."

"Come off through the surf?"

"Yes. Came off to ask if you can please put a message aboard the Fidelia. I'm afraid to go alongside in this frail craft."

"All right, son; we'll take it for you. Any answer?"

"'Pon my word, I forgot to ask. The message came down by semaphore, and I just ran with it."

"Better wait and see if there is any answer. You pull over aboard the Lawrence, and we'll raise an oar, for'ard, if there is anything to go back."

Ned followed this advice, and from the deck of the pilot-boat watched the Fidelia coming down, close-hauled on the starboard tack. She was within quarter of a mile when the yawl swung in under her lee out of sight; but in a few minutes the boat dropped clear again, and Ned saw the oar raised in the bow as agreed upon. He was about to cast off the Alice when the boat-keeper stopped him, remarking that the boys would not be back for another half-hour. as they would put the pilot from the Fidelia aboard the Fame before their return. The keeper pointed as he spoke to a clipper-barque racing up the beach with everything set that would draw; adding, "That's the Fame. She's been to Havana for sugar, and is home without a cargo: something wrong about that."

There was nothing to do but to wait, and when the yawl returned from the Fame, Ned received from Captain Furber the numbers, "101—1—5," which he knew meant "Message all right."

The boys in the yawl hailed him to stay aboard the Lawrence. "You stand by," they shouted, "and we'll run in shore with you just for the fun of seeing you wallop end over end trying to get across the breakers."

The 'prentices were full of excitement as they tumbled over the side, exclaiming: "War, war! We're going to war with Spain! The Spaniards have fired on the flag! Now we've got to fight 'em, and take Cuba away from 'em!"

As they ran in toward the Big Light, Ned learned that the Fame had been driven out of Havana without a cargo, and that the American steamer Black Warrior had been fired on and captured. The boys had a copy of "El Diario," the Havana paper, with a guarded account of the affair, which they gave to Ned on the presumption that his uncle, being an editor, would be able to make it out. The editor, fortunately, was able to make it out, and much disturbed he was by the news. Spain was very hostile to this country about that period, because of the Lopez filibustering expeditions, and because President Filmore had refused to join with France and England in guaranteeing the Spanish possession of the island. The Spanish officials in Havana had for two or three years been treating our ships and our sailors very harshly, and the instincts of the newspaper man told him that this crowning outrage must be sharply resented. "Ned," he called, after puzzling out the account in "El Diario," "run to the semaphore and signal Staten Island, while I write a dispatch. This news means war, and should go to New York at once."

In the course of the next ten minutes the Maritime Exchange at Whitehall posted the following bulletin: "By Barque Fame, from Havana, March 2. Steamer Black Warrior fired on from Morro Castle, and seized by armed boats, February 28. The American flag hauled down. Officers made prisoners."

The news flew through the streets like wildfire, and everybody construed it as an announcement that war was upon us. It was nearly three o'clock, but the stock market was thrown into a panic, and closed with prices falling at a ruinous rate. The afternoon papers did not print the news, deeming it too important to put forth on statements that could not be traced further than Sandy Hook. Toward evening, however, the Fame reached her berth, and fully confirmed the Sandy Hook dispatch. The "Herald" and the "Tribune" next morning gave the news under warlike head-lines, and the apprehension that this country was actually on the verge of a fight with Spain spread through the entire community. After breakfast that day Ben Gannett received a request by semaphore to send a boat from the Hook to the Highlands to meet a visitor by the steamboat Orus, from New York; and when that ancient steamer came puffing and wheezing through Shrewsbury Inlet, Ben was on hand with the batteau, the Alice being too skittish a craft for a stranger to venture in. On arrival at the Big Light the visitor proved to be a representative of the New York "Evening Post" and of the "Express," his errand being to ascertain how and by whom the Black Warrior news had been secured. When Ned's uncle explained how the boy and the boat had brought the news ashore, the gentleman seemed disappointed. "Ah," said he, "that toy canoe, was it? I was in hopes it was by some means that might be used regularly, any day and in any weather."

"He goes out any day he wants to," said Ned's uncle; "and it has to be nasty weather to keep him ashore."

"Do you mean to say he would go out now, for instance, with such a sea as this breaking on the beach?"

Ben and Ned both smiled superior as the latter replied: "I can take you out this minute, if that is what you want, provided you will take off your boots and agree to sit still."

"No, no! thank you!" said the newspaper man, also smiling. "That is not what I want at all. The fact is, Spain has practically declared war against this country, and we want to get the news brought by vessels coming into this port before three o'clock, in the same way the Black Warrior dispatch was sent up yesterday."

"I'll get it for you," said Ned, promptly.

"And I will see that it is sent up in good shape," said his uncle.

"That is perfectly satisfactory," said the visitor. "We will pay $10 a week for the service as an experiment, and as much more as it is worth if it proves successful."

Ten dollars a week seemed a fortune to Ned, being an ample provision for the household at home. By agreement, the money was to be sent every Saturday to the mother in Keyport, his uncle being more than willing to do his part of the work for nothing.

There was no war, as the Black Warrior affair was settled by diplomacy, but Ned picked up a number of important dispatches, and presently found himself established in a desirable position with an increasing salary. And this was the beginning of the Sandy Hook News Service, which subsequently became one of the most important adjuncts of the Associated Press.

Candy-Eating

Dear Outlook:

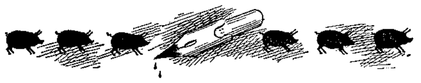
"I declare," said my doctor one day, as he came in for a moment, "I begin to think the candy-shops do almost as much harm as the rum-shops." And he added. by way of confirmation, that almost all his visits had been to children, all upset, languid, miserable, with heavy eyes and coated tongues. There are two evils: the eating more or less at all hours, whereas the stomach, like the laboring man, needs rest as well as work; and the mischiefs of overcrowding, leading to indigestion—that is, not good digestion—from overtaxing the powers. There are both philosophy and religion in rest as well as in work. Sweets do not nourish so much as burn; they help us to keep warm. Used in excess they turn acid. We remember the orders of fermentation in our old books, and when they go on in regular order in the stomach the end is rather disastrous. When you come to the end, send for the doctor! He, if he is wise, will tell you that prevention is better than cure. Also the Good Book says, in the language of wisdom, "It is not good to eat much honey," and the same applies to any other sweet. A secondary evil is in the destruction of the teeth; a sharp acid acts upon the teeth, destroys the enamel which is the outer shell of protection, and then they go. We are told of certain savage tribes that they have wonderfully fine teeth, and incidentally it is stated that they always rinse the mouth with clear water after eating. Do you want a graduated list of the things prepared in a convocation of evil spirits for the weakening or destruction of the human race? Opium, alcohol, tobacco, candy, chewing-gum, and quack medicines—beginning with original sin and total depravity. ORTHODOX.

For the Little People

The Poet and the Farmer

By Edgar W. Abbot

(*A story of several short tails.*)



A Poet and Farmer were talking one day
 Of the various ways to gain gold.
"I can make with my pen," said the Poet, "a rhyme
 Worth twenty-five cents when it's sold!"
"That's a great deal of cash," the Farmer remarked,
 "And you must be the smartest of men;
But yet if my pigs grow and thrive as they should,
 I can make more than that by *my* pen."

A House I Saw Built

There was not a hammer, or a saw, or a nail used in building this house. It was built on the shore of a beautiful lake, in a thick grove of pine-trees. Two little girls built it.

The walls of the house were of tiny stones—just one row. The ants and caterpillars went in and out at any point, but the little girls who built it, and who spent almost every hour of the day in or about it, were careful to go in and out at the doors; visitors soon learned this was the polite and proper thing to do if the feelings of the little owners were not to be hurt.

You would have enjoyed this house. It would not have surprised me if the fairies had used the house at night. The couches and beds were just large enough for the fairies if they would tuck their silver wings away. The walls of the house were made of pebbles and small stones that these little girls had picked up in their walks and carried into the woods to make their house. They were polished and beautiful; they had been picked up because they were more beautiful than other stones or pebbles these little girls had seen. The carpets were green moss. The furniture was all made of twigs covered with moss. The tables were stones covered with leaves that were woven together with grass. No walls inclosed the house, for the pebbles were laid in rows and made the outside and inside walls. The low-hanging branches of the pines made the ceiling, and the birds were the most interested of spectators. The doors were two larger stones with a stick laid across, which the little owners carefully lifted each time they went in or out, though it would have been easier to have stepped over it. What happy days were passed in that house! The rooms were changed almost every day. It was that that made it confusing. We called every day, but we were never sure where the front door was, and frequently were embarrassed because we hurt the feelings of our little hostesses by entering at the wrong door. The paper dolls enjoyed the house quite as much as the little mistresses. We heard the little mistresses say so.

There was danger threatening the little house under the pines all the time. People who lived in the hotel near by would walk right through the little house. Couches and chairs of beautiful moss would be completely destroyed; lovely rugs of coral moss, which had been brought from other parts of the woods, would disappear. Some people did not discover that this was a house. Crackers or cake or apples or nuts—no matter how carefully hidden, the squirrels would find them and carry them off. It became a real trouble to the little housekeepers. But the serious trouble came when we furnished the house with lovely acorn dishes, and the naughty squirrels ran off with them just as fast as we furnished the little closet. We had to have a box of doll-house dishes at last for the house in the pines, but acorn dishes would have been so much prettier.

I am sure you would enjoy just such a house. The building can go on each day, and the woods and fields will give you all the material you need for furniture. Every pretty stone you find will do for a part of the walls. Stumps and blocks of wood will give seats for the big folks when they come. The whole summer will be happier if you have one of these out-of-door houses, which the smallest child can make.

Dandelions

By Elsie Locke

Dandelions gone to seed
 All along the way,
"Flower bubbles! Flower bubbles!"
 Cries our little May.

Then she picks the dainty thing,
 Breaks the bubble fair,
Just to see it float away
 On the sunny air.

Then she picks another,
 To tell the "time o' day,"
And to see if Mother
 Wants her little May.

O dandelions gone to seed,
 Where is all your gold?
In the bright June sunshine
 You are growing old.

O dandelions gone to seed,
 You dearest little things,
From the time you doff your cap of green
 Until you use your wings!

One Soldier

We think of soldiers as fighting; we think of them as men who are interested only in guns and powder, cannon and balls. A Southern newspaper tells the story of a soldier going into battle who heard the cry of a little kitten. He stopped a moment, found that the kitten was over the fence, just where the shot and shell were falling thickest, but he sprang over the fence, got the kitten, and put it in his pocket, saving it from death. The kitten became the pet of the battery, and took its afternoon naps, in times of peace, on top of the cannon. The bravest are the most tender-hearted. It is the bully who is cruel, and the bully is usually a coward. He hurts flies and little kittens, and steps on ant-hills, and pulls off butterflies' wings. He thinks it fun to whip the horse, and trips up small boys. He never interferes with anything big enough to hit back.

The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring.

My Captive

By Charles R. Burke

Big loves and little loves, new loves and old,
How many loves can a loving heart hold?
Don't let us count them! No one can tell.
Fast as new loves come, hearts grow as well.
Some loves escape us, but others endure;
This one is lightly held, that one secure.
Darling, no changes your bonds can part,—
Prisoner for life in your grandfather's heart!

A Wise Elephant

An elephant in the Paris Zoo gave every evidence of being very uncomfortable; he lay on the ground and kept rubbing his jaw. At last his keeper said that the elephant had the toothache, and he called a dentist, who decided he would fill the tooth. It was very difficult at first, for the poor elephant could not be made to understand what was to be done; but at last he did understand, and the moment the dentist entered the elephant-house this elephant would open his jaw and keep perfectly quiet while the dentist was at work.

Very Good Times

"The best time *I* can recollect,"
 Said the boy from across the street,
"Was when we played the Spartan nine,
 The day that our side beat."

"*My* best fun was a year ago,"
 Said the boy who never will fight,
"When father and I went fishing once,
 And slept outdoors all night."

"Well," said the boy from the corner house,
 "The jolliest time for *me*
Was the summer they took me on a yacht,
 And we lived six weeks at sea."

"And the greatest fun *I* ever had,"
 Said the boy who lived next door,
"Was sailing down the river once,
 And camping out on shore."

"The very best time *I* ever had,"
 Said the boy with the reddish hair,
"Was in Chicago last July—
 The time I went to the Fair."

"It seems to me," said the lazy boy
 (And his cap he thoughtfully thumps),
"That the very best time in all my life
 Was the week I had the mumps."

—*E. L. Sylvester, in June St. Nicholas.*

Another Name

The "Youth's Companion" tells of a little boy who was interested in raising money for a family named Fogg. This small boy had a little sister, who listened to the story of the poor family. She became so interested that she got her bank and brought it to her brother, saying: "Oh, Tom, here's all my pennies for the little clouds."

The Best Plan

If I had a goat that wouldn't go,
 Do you think I'd wallop him? Oh, no, no!
I'd take that balky goat, yes, I should,
 And I'd swap him right off for one that would.

—*Harper's Young People.*

A Musical Criticism

De doctor called my little nose
 A "organ" diss forenoon;
But I can't say when it I blows
 It plays a pretty tune.

—*Harper's Young People.*

May

I am the weaver busy at my loom,
Weaving the world's rich tapestries of bloom—
A radiant rug for every meadow floor,
A damask curtain for each garden door.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

Books and Authors

Yachting[1]

There has long been a real need for some authoritative work on yachting, such as is that of which the portly first volume has lately been issued—"Yachts and Yachtsmen of America," by Dr. Henry A. Mott. The huge tome, however, ought to be accompanied by a special table or desk. If not, it would be of advantage to buy the volume bound in two parts; and we learn that it can be had in this more convenient form. The paper and type are good, and so are the photo-etchings, the half-tone vignettes and portraits. To some persons the first chapter will be the most interesting of all. It shows the evolution of a boat, from a log pointed at the ends (such as even now is in use on the Australian coasts), through the gradations of Ulysses's raft, or of the dug-out canoes of ancient Swiss lake-dwellings, of Yucatan, Alaska, and New Zealand; or of Indian bark canoes; or of the Aleutian Islanders' skin boats, to those very modern ones constructed of boards, planks, paper, or corrugated iron. As to ships, descriptions are given of the Homeric and Viking vessels, the Attic triremes, and the Columbus squadron, before we come to the consideration of modern efforts. In a comparative study of boatbuilding suitable for such a comprehensive work, however, we should have been glad of information as to the Egyptian terra-cotta craft, the Roman wicker boats, the Arabian baguala, the Welsh coracles, the South Sea proas, and the Cingalese pirogues.

No less interesting than the initial chapter is that on the history of yachting, starting of course with the Argo. It seems that our word *yacht* is but the Dutch *jagt*, which was formerly spelled *jacht*, from *jachten*, to speed, to hunt. From 1801, when the first American yacht, the Jefferson, was constructed at Salem, Mass., to the present time, there is a well-detailed treatment of the growth and development of this popular sport in our country. Even to a "professional" the description of the various pleasure-boats is instructive; it begins with the simplest form in the sharpie, and passes thence to others more or less complex, in which are instanced cat and mosquito boats, double cats, periaugers, cat-yawls, jib-and-mainsail boats, sloops and cutters, fin-keels, luggers, catamarans, buckeyes, ketches, schooners, yawls, and house-boats. The author very properly insists that the rig alone should be the basis of classification. Succeeding chapters minutely describe the speed-records of sailing yachts, giving the date, place, course, nautical miles sailed, and also the direction of the wind, thus enabling any one familiar with the place to imagine the race himself. It has all the charm of the historical present to read again of those memorable contests—the first in 1851, between General Butler's America and the British Aurora; then, after a lapse of nineteen years, between the Magic and the Cambria; then, in 1881, between the Mischief and the Atalanta; after which come those feats of prowess from General Paine's Puritan, Mayflower, and Volunteer, in successively and successfully defending America's cup against Sir Richard Sutton's Genesta, Lieutenant Henn's Galatea, and the Emperor William's Meteor, formerly the Thistle. Of course last autumn's contest between the Iselin syndicate's Vigilant (now owned by Mr. Gould) and Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie is described, though the story is still fresh in every one's mind of how our boat won three straight races.

In "Types of Yachts" technicians will delight in comparisons between the Burgess, Herreshoff, and Watson models, and also in the discussion of the centerboard system. The rig, cost, and decoration of yachts occupy three more chapters, and then follows one on trophies, with illustrative reproductions of the superb cups, which appear to have come mostly from the Whiting and Tiffany establishments. The latter and greater part of the book is taken up by forty-five chapters on the history of as many American Yacht Clubs. These detailed accounts are prefixed by an alphabetical list setting forth the more prominent yacht clubs in existence to-day, both in the United States and Canada, with the name and address of their respective secretaries. The list includes, of course, the names of yachts enrolled, the owner's name, the home port, tonnage, and measurements. Illustrations are given of the best-known yachts and club-houses, together with portraits of the commodore of each club and the more prominent members. The immense volumes will form a standard book of reference, not only for these clubs, but also for every lover of a splendid sport.

* * *

Three recent books on our table group themselves about one topic of supreme importance—the social life of Christendom. These three books are: *Civilization during the Middle Ages, especially in Relation to Modern Civilization*, by George Burton Adams, Professor of History in Yale University (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); *Secularism: Its Progress and Its Morals*, by John M. Bonham (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York); and *The Age and the Church: Being a Study of the Age and of the Adaptation of the Church to Its Needs*, by John H. W. Stuckenberg, D.D. (The Student Publishing Company, Hartford). It is clear that no understanding of the present social, moral, and industrial condition of the world can be had without a careful study of the Middle Ages. In some ways Professor Adams's book will be a help to the student of the evolution of social life, but there is one lack to be deplored: Professor Adams has not saturated his mind with the popular life of the time of which he writes. We admit that to attain to this point of saturation it is necessary for the historian to make himself acquainted with a large mass of out-of-the-way literature, popular ballads, documents of the municipalities, legends, folk-lore, art, and theology; nevertheless, the writer who aims to make a fresh and rich contribution to the history of any epoch must be prepared to do all this work. The writer estimates fairly the importance of the Church in organizing humanity, and he understands the immense sweep backward of the pendulum from the institutionalism of the Middle Ages to the extreme individualism of our own day; but that is not all. It was not only the ideal of the imperial Church, and a fear of disintegration by feudalism, that drove men to accept a strong centralizing institution and to agree to merge therein their individualities, but there were industrial and economic, there were also moral and mental, conditions of mediæval humanity out of which these political forms arose, and lasted as long as the conditions out of which they emerged continued to exist. Printing, gunpowder, steam, machinery, electricity, in altering the social conditions of the peoples of Christendom, have shifted their entire mental standing-point. The old separation between the natural and the supernatural is no longer so sharply and broadly drawn. Pessimism is no longer taken for piety, and other-worldliness for unworldliness. Men begin to believe that the kingdom of God will verily come with power; their eyes are blinded with a sudden access of light, and they have not yet had time to adjust their new hopes and fears to religion. Hence secularism. Secularism wants all the Gospel without Jesus the Christ. In this its error is that it dispenses with the only sufficient motive; but so long as Christian churches persist in presenting, not the historic, but the theologic Jesus, so long, we think, will it be hard to convert secularism to the Church. We do not believe, with Mr. Bonham, that man will ever arrive at that stage of evolution when he shall dispense with reverence and consolation. Mr. Bonham, who is an extreme secularist, spends so much of his strength in pointing out the weaknesses of Christians that we cannot find out whence he derives his ethics of secularism and his moral sanction. Dr. Stuckenberg is painfully sensitive to the wants of the times, and to the slowness of the churches in awakening to their proper duties and function. The conditions of social and intellectual character that emerged from the Middle Ages are apparently beginning just now to find their clearest expression. Secularism has its truth, which the churches would do well to heed. The function of the Church is primarily what in the unholy divorce of the past has been ignored—to redeem secular things. That wretched bondage to the letter which excludes from our view the fact that the object of Jesus was to save the world, has too long retarded the progress of salvation. It may be true that, if ecclesiastical institutionalism will not fulfill its function, the salvation of the world is of vaster import than the preservation of the Church. Dr. Stuckenberg's book is so full of matter, put in terse, strong sentences, as of one that comes burdened with a message, that we shall not select anything for citation. He is all alive to the great needs of our time, and filled with a spirit of prophecy. Like all inspired writings, this book is inspiring. The chapters on the characteristics of the age are to be commended to every preacher. There follow chapters on "The Church," "Protestantism and Catholicism," "The Church and Culture," "The Church and Socialism," on "The Outlook," and "A Study of the Age." Unless history can help us to solve the problem of our own time, it is mere pedantry. Unless socialism and secularism can tell us how to heal the hurt of humanity, their message is empty rant. Unless the Christian Church has some medicine for the growing sickness of mankind, socially and morally, then its days are numbered. No divine authority will preserve an institution that has ceased to perform its function and has outlived its day. Therefore we welcome Dr. Stuckenberg's book, for it has more religion and sense to the page than nine-tenths of the religious books of the day.

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[1] *The Yachts and Yachtsmen of America.* Henry A. Mott, Ph.D., LL.D., Editor. International Yacht Publishing Company, New York. Vol. I. $15.

In *The Dilletante Library* we have Mr. Walter Jerrold's comment on Dr. Holmes as man, doctor, poet, novelist, and teacher. Seldom has a more charming picture been given of the most charming of men, even though the landlady whom he has immortalized averred that "he warn't no great of a gentleman to look at, being of a very moderate dimension—five foot five, he said, but five foot four more likely, and I've heerd him say he didn't weigh much over a hundred and twenty pounds." One of the most interesting narrations in the book is that of the birth of the "Atlantic Monthly." In the very first number there appeared an article entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table;" indeed, in accepting the editorship, Lowell had stipulated that Dr. Holmes should be one of his principal contributors. As Mr. Jerrold says, "To those of us who have grown to know and to love him from our earliest reading days, it is indeed difficult to realize that the writer of these books was nearly half a century old when he began them." Then follows a description of Dr. Holmes's Beacon Street house, and an account of how his geniality there and in print has often brought upon him the penalty of an overwhelming number of applications for advice from would-be authors. Occasionally, however, patience has been rewarded. On one occasion a young Californian writer sent a sample of his poetry and inquired whether it would be worth while to continue writing verse. The Doctor assented and thought no more of it, until some time later a gentleman called and asked if he remembered the circumstance. "I do, indeed," replied Dr. Holmes. "Well," said the visitor, "I am the man." It was Bret Harte. In considering Dr. Holmes as a poet, Mr. Jerrold claims that, in general, his work is the most peculiarly national yet produced, though in particular phases he is surpassed by Lowell and Longfellow, Whittier and Whitman. In a certain humor the author of "The One-Hoss Shay" is always unsurpassed, while only Lowell seemed to have a greater faculty for seizing upon happy similes and allusions. But as there were limitations to excellence in the lesser field of biography, so here on the heights there are draw backs to fame. Dr. Holmes has written no long poem, and there is too much of the local in many of his short ones. From his merit as a novelist, discussions and desultory conversations detract, even though each of his three romances is markedly "a novel with a purpose." In his comment, Mr. Jerrold puts a pertinent question in asking how far a novelist curtails his fame by dealing with problems of the moment. Furthermore, he thinks that in pointing a moral the good Doctor has spoiled his tales, and they therefore become, at best, character-studies with but rarely a trace of real dramatic creation. It is only in the "Breakfast-Table Series" that we find what is finest and most original in Oliver Wendell Holmes.

One of the pleasures of the season for lovers of English literature is a reprint, in two volumes, of the *Letters of Edward Fitzgerald*. These letters originally appeared in connection with Fitzgerald's writings, in three volumes; they are now separated from the writings, and are enlarged by the addition of about forty letters to the original collection. These additional letters are many of them of very great interest, and are all thoroughly characteristic of one of the most interesting men of the time. For not only was Fitzgerald the companion of a group of distinguished Englishmen, but he was also one of the most striking and original members of that group. Very few modern men have had a more attractive and fascinating personality. Whatever Fitzgerald did was done with an individual touch. His opinions were all held at first hand. There was nothing second-rate or second-hand in the man. Of such a man his letters are likely to form his best memorial; for they are sure to be frank, outspoken, sincere, and characteristic. All these qualities are found in Fitzgerald's letters. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

The Evidence of Salvation; or, The Direct Witness of the Spirit, by the Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D.D., is a work devoted to stating that when any one is saved—that is, when God has pardoned him, and accepted him, and adopted him as a son forever—then the soul receives the comforting assurance of the same, from the Holy Ghost, by means of intuition, or an inner feeling that it is certainly so. This is a great subject, yet, from its very nature, few would care to controvert it. It is consoling to those who have had such a sensation, but dangerous to those who are not sure. We leave it to our readers to peruse Dr. Stackpole's asseverations. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—On May 27 Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was seventy-five years old.

—A volume of purely literary essays by the late Phillips Brooks is announced for autumn publication.

—It is reported that Mr. Barrie, the author of "The Little Minister" and "A Window in Thrums," is seriously ill from lung trouble in London.

—Mr. Henry Fuller, the author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" and "The Cliff-Dwellers," who has sailed for Europe, has just finished another novel concerning Chicago.

—Like Mr. Austin Dobson, who, as Henry A. Dobson, receives pay as a clerk of the Board of Trade, the late Edmund Yates, the editor of the London "World," had a business as well as a pen name. For a long time he was chief of the Lost Letters Department at the London Post-Office, and was known in the service as E. Hodgson Yates.

—It seems that there is really a labor journal in England called "The Clarion," whose editor says that its success has been lessened by the description in "Marcella" of a labor organ bearing the same title but of a different character. Mrs. Ward replies that she of course supposed the name to be one of her own coining, but courteously offers to change it when her book passes into a cheap edition.

—Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "The Golden House," a story of social life in New York, with illustrations by Mr. Smedley, will in August succeed the delightful "Trilby" in "Harper's." It is said that Mr. Du Maurier took to novel-writing to save his eyes from the strain of too much drawing. The multiplicity of his clever sketches in both "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby," however, would indicate that, instead, he had doubled those eye-labors.

—The following lines have just come into print from an original poem written by Mr. Gladstone some years since and addressed to a dead infant:

O whither hast thou fled,
From the warm, joyous world removed?
Might one of old have questioned
Of his dear and dead,
Panting and straining for relief
Unto a passionate and hopeless grief.
Whither, O thou in vain beloved,
Whither hast thou borne
The smiles and kisses that were gathered up
In thee, for her that bare thee, now forlorn,
As sweets in the wild roses' cup
Before the morn?

—The "Critic" gives this interesting item concerning Miss Beatrice Harraden:

> When "Ships," as she calls it, was written, she took it to Mr. Blackwood, who had published some of her stories in his magazine, but he thought that it was too pessimistic, yet added that, if it was in three volumes instead of one small one, he would publish it! Miss Harraden was then advised to try a young house, and offered the manuscript to Lawrence & Bullen, who accepted it at once. "I have called it 'Ships that Pass in the Night,'" wrote Miss Harraden to her publishers, "but that is only the name of one of the chapters. I have no name for the book as yet." "You could not have a better name for the book," wrote back Mr. Lawrence, or Mr. Bullen, and so it was named. The name certainly is a happy one. The lines suggesting it—
>
> Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
> Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
> So, on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
> Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence,
>
> occur in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in "The Theologian's Story."

—Who would not like to have been present at the recent dinner of the Booksellers' Provident Society at the Holborn Restaurant in London? Three hundred diners were there, representing every stage in book-making, from the paper-manufacturer to the author himself. Among the latter notabilities were Professor Goldwin Smith, Sir Francis Jeune, and Messrs. Benjamin Kidd, Stanley Weyman, Harold Frederick, Clement Shorter, Norman Gale, and Percy White. The passing taste for *décadence* in fiction and verse was well hit off by Mr. Weyman, who said in his speech: "I wonder what would happen to booksellers if authors were suddenly swept from the field? Well, I suppose the trade would continue to do a reputable and moderately remunerative business with the classics; they would run a decent line in Virgil and Horace, with, perhaps, a little extra profit on Catullus!"

The Religious World

The Congress of Liberal Religious Societies

We have already called attention to the Congress of Liberal Religious Societies. That Congress was held in Chicago, May 22–25, and the programme as indicated in these columns was practically carried out. Plans for a permanent organization were suggested. We do not know how we can give a better idea of what is proposed by this Congress than by quoting a few sentences from the address of the Chairman, the Rev. A. N. Alcott. Mr. Alcott said: "The time has come when experience seems to have taught us that in order to unite in the moral and religious work of the world, names, rituals, theologies, and theories should be left wholly to individuals and to localities. The days of authoritative and dogmatic religion are numbered; the days of freedom have come. . . . The great need of all moral and religious work to-day is a footing in demonstrable truth, and an administration that is perfectly free, that it may be altogether adapted to the conditions and wants of our time. . . . The present movement is not an assault on any denomination, or any species of religion, or other societies; it stands rather on the ground of the common substance and spirit of all the various liberal denominations, churches, and ethical societies." In order that these objects may be promoted, the speaker advocated annual meetings for the discussion of the various subjects that pertain to the common work. "An annual American Congress of liberal religious and ethical societies would afford this great opportunity, and could not but result in much good." The object of the Congress is stated in the following extract from the plan of organization:

> 2. *Objects.* To unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward an undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of other nonsectarian churches, and kindred societies, on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world, under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

This Congress may be liberal, and it may be very narrow; all will depend on the way in which it is administered. At present it seems to consist almost altogether of those who represent the radical element among the Unitarians, and to include many who do not even care to call themselves Christians. Its promoters would very likely protest against being called "a union of ethical societies," and yet that is what it seems to us this Congress practically is. Doubtless there is a large field in which this organization can do useful service, but we are not able as yet to see how it promises any greater freedom or any truer consecration to the interests of humanity than are offered by many existing churches.

Hampton Institute

The twenty-sixth Annual Report of the Principal of the Hampton Institute is a bulky document, and one hard to epitomize. The most prominent feature in connection with it is the fact that the name of General Armstrong no longer appears as its President. But the work which he magnificently began is being carried forward under the leadership of those whom he selected. On Thanksgiving Day a portrait of the General, presented to the school by ex-teachers, was unveiled at a public service in the Memorial Chapel. It has been determined to celebrate his birthday as Founder's Day, and in many ways his honored name will henceforth be associated with the management of the school. The Institute is peculiarly fortunate in having as Chaplain the Rev. H. B. Turner, a man whose consecration and ability have already won for him an honored position. The Institute has the cordial support of the authorities of the State, and is to receive an annual appropriation of $10,329.36, representing a third share of the interest on the State's Agricultural College land-scrip fund; also the same proportion of the State's share in the fund created by the Morrell Act, which is $6,333.34. The total number of students is as follows: Normal School, 294; Night School, 276; Indian School, 89, making a total of 658 boarders. The Whittier Training School (not boarders) has 370, making a total under the care of the Institute of 1,029. One of the characteristics of the Hampton Institute is the emphasis which it puts upon industrial training. That is believed to be the most important branch of its instruction. As the youth are trained in habits of industry and frugality, they grow in self-respect and manliness, which is the great need both of the colored people of the South and of the Indians. Hampton is the most prominent of that splendid line of institutions, established and largely supported by the Christian public, extending throughout the South. Those who have had a part in its work in the past will rejoice in the privilege of continuing their support. It is well known to our readers that the Rev. H. B. Frissell, D.D., who was Vice-President under General Armstrong, has been deservedly promoted to the presidency of the institution.

Christian Philosophy

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy holds its summer session at Chautauqua, July 5–12. A peculiarly interesting and timely programme has been provided. The general subject is "The Reunion of Christendom," which is treated under the three special divisions: "The Incarnation," "The Church," and "The Reunion of Christendom." The speakers and their topics are as follows:

I.—THE INCARNATION

(*a*) Philsophically Considered. The Rev. Lewis Lampman, D.D., Newark, N. J.

(*b*) Biblically Considered. Professor G. T. Purves, D.D., Princeton Theological Seminary.

(*c*) Historically Considered. President C. D. Hartranft, D.D., Hartford Theological Seminary.

II.—THE CHURCH

(*a*) The Doctrine of the Church. The Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D., First Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

(*b*) The Church and the Problems of Science and Philosophy. The Rev. H. M. MacCracken, D.D., Chancellor of University of New York.

(*c*) The Church and the Problems of Modern Society. Professor Graham Taylor, D.D., Chicago Theological Seminary.

III.—THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM

(*a*) As it Appears to an Episcopalian. Dean George Hodges, D.D., Episcopal Theological Seminary, Cambridge.

(*b*) As it Appears to a Presbyterian. President H. M. Booth, D.D., Auburn Theological Seminary.

(*c*) As it Appears to a Congregationalist. President W. G. Ballantine, D.D., Oberlin College.

(*d*) As it Appears to a Disciple of Christ. The Rev. B. B. Tyler, D.D. New York.

The sermon on July 8 will be preached by the Rev. M. D. Hoge, D.D., of the Second Presbyterian Church of Richmond, Va., and the annual address of the President will be delivered on July 10; subject, "The Return to Christ." Chautauqua is by far the best location which the Institute has ever had, and no former list of speakers has promised more for the success of the meetings.

The Evening Service

The Rev. William Rader, assistant pastor of the First Congregational Church in Oakland, Cal., has been gathering information concerning the evening service in some of the most prominent Congregational churches in the country. He sent out a few questions, and received answers, among others, from Drs. R. S. Storrs, Lyman Abbott, James Brand, E. P. Goodwin, and H. A. Stimson. The answers to almost all the questions indicate that the evening service has a much smaller attendance than the morning. Dr. Storrs says that his congregation is about three-fifths of the morning, and thinks that is quite as large a proportion as ought to be expected in a church situated like his own. Dr. Goodwin says his evening audience is very variable, numbering usually from three to six hundred. Plymouth Church reports about eight hundred in the evening. Dr. Brand's church being situated in Oberlin, where there are a large number of students who are required to attend service regularly, the audience does not vary much in the evening from that in the morning. Dr. Stimson says that he regards the evening service as the focal point of the entire work of the church, and that he has long aimed to have it understood as a meeting of especial importance. Most of the answers to the question, "Do you find it necessary to resort to special attractions?" were in the negative, some writers expressing themselves very strongly as to the propriety of anything except the simple preaching of the Gospel. Dr. Stimson, however, said that while he had never used what would be called special attractions, he saw no objection to them if they were kept subordinate to the main purpose. Mr. Rader himself reports that in the church in Oakland the subjects have a much larger scope in the evening, and that then attention is often given to the consideration of social questions in their ethical relations. To the question of "after-meetings" most replied that they had them occasionally, but not regularly. To the question as to what use is made of the young men, the reply from most was that they are asked to take part as ushers, and in extending invitations to the evening services. In these large churches we see no mention of the Sunday Evening Club which has been so successful in many churches. All these churches report a much smaller attendance on Sunday evening, and yet all are situated where there are great masses of people. May it not be that the smaller evening service is due in part to hesitation to adopt other means than the "simple preaching of the Gospel"? We do not believe that that should ever be subordinated to anything, but fishers of men should remember that there are many ways of attracting the attention and securing the assent of those whom they are sent to reach. Many churches are always full in the evening, and our experience of the London churches is that the attendance is usually quite as large in the evening as in the morning, if not larger. We believe this would be true of most city churches if the difference in the character of those who must be reached in the evening were more generally recognized, and the methods adapted to the floating classes who, if at all, must be reached in very different ways than by what is usually called the "simple preaching of the Gospel." Mr. Rader has done a good service by calling attention to important facts—may we not say to an unfortunate condition? Now will some one show how the churches may be kept as full at the second service as at the first?

Westminster Chapel

Westminster Chapel in London, which is distinguished as being the largest Congregational church in the world, has been some seven years without a pastor. It has just called to its pastorate the Rev. W. Evans Hurndall, M.A. Mr. Hurndall is something less than fifty years of age, a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, and has had a phenomenal success in the East of London. He came to the city as a business man, and was so successful in his Christian work that he decided to enter the ministry. Refusing the suggestion of those who would have him begin at once, he made careful preparation at Cambridge, and then returned for his great work. About two years ago his health failed, and he went abroad for rest. Last summer Westminster Chapel invited the Rev. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair, to supply its pulpit for two months, and at the end of that time gave him a unanimous and enthusiastic call. Mr. Bradford thought best to decline the call, and the pulpit has been vacant until now. Mr. Hurndall's previous success in the metropolis is promise of a new and brighter day for Westminster. When Samuel Martin was its pastor, it was as prominent in London life as even Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Westminster Chapel easily seats three thousand people, and has an ideal location for a great city church. On one side of it stretch the palaces of Belgravia, and on the other lie the slums of Westminster. It is very near to the "Members' Mansions," and will probably be attended by a larger number of Members of Parliament than any other church in London, with the exception of Westminster Abbey. The congregations have sadly diminished because there has been no pastor, but last summer the chapel was thronged, and there is every reason to believe that under the ministry of Mr. Hurndall the prosperity of the days of Samuel Martin will return. This church is often called the Congregational Cathedral of London, and no other so well merits the distinction. It is located on James Street, near Buckingham Gate, about midway between Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament.

Vivekananda and the Missionaries

We are informed that Swami Vivekananda, of whose intolerant denunciation of foreign missions mention has been made in these columns two or three times, is about to come to New York to repeat his addresses here. We desire, therefore, once more to call attention to the correspondence between him and the Rev. Robert A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, India. Mr. Hume is one of the most liberal and yet loyal missionaries of the American Board. He was born in India, and knows that country probably as well as any man not belonging to the Indian race. The correspondence between these two men, as it appeared in the "Detroit Free Press," has been republished in a small pamphlet, and may be secured at the rooms of the American Board in Boston, and also from the Rev. C. C. Creegan, D.D., Bible House, New York. "Vivekananda's own standing in India may be inferred from the following quotation from 'Unity and the Minister,' which is the official organ of the Brahmo-Somaj in Calcutta, of which Mr. Mozoomdar is the leading member." We quote as follows: "'The Indian Mirror' has published several long leaders in praise of the Neo-Hindu Babu Norendra Nath Dutt, *alias* Vivekananda, in some of its late issues. We have no objection to the publication of such panegyrics on the Sanyasi [monk], but since the time he came to us to act on the stage of the Nava-vindavan Theater, or sang hymns in one of the Brahmo-Somajes of this city, we knew him so well that no amount of newspaper writing could throw any new light on our estimate of his character. We are glad that our old friend lately created a good impression in America by his speeches, but we are aware that Neo-Hinduism, of which our friend is a representative, is not orthodox Hinduism. The last thing the latter would do is to cross the *kalapaui* [the ocean], partake of the *mlechha* food [viz., food of outcasts—that is, of Christians and foreigners], and smoke endless cigars and the like. Any follower of modern Hinduism cannot command that respect from us which we entertain for a genuine orthodox Hindu. Our contemporary may try to do his best to promote the reputation of Vivekananda, but we cannot have patience with him when he publishes glaring nonsense."

The Kumi-ai Churches of Japan

The annual meeting of the Kumi-ai churches of Japan, which was held at Kōbe during the first week of April, was a gathering of unusual spiritual power, and one which has resulted, so far as can be seen, in great blessing to the churches, which have recently been somewhat disturbed. The Kumi-ai churches are those which are the outgrowth of the missions of the American Board. The membership is, we believe, larger than that of any other body of churches which have sprung from denominational missions in Japan. At this meeting seventy churches were reported. The gathering was anticipated with a good deal of anxiety. There has been much to disturb and distract Christian work in that country during the past year or two. The causes are difficult to enumerate; they were partly political, partly the result of the teaching of those who hold unevangelical views, and probably very largely the result of the republication in Japan of the works of those who make light of supernatural Christianity. Under somewhat trying circumstances the missionaries have conducted themselves with the greatest discretion, realizing that the Japanese must come in their own way to the positions which they will finally occupy in Christian thought and ecclesiastical organization. The sermon before this meeting was preached by Mr. Yamanaka on the text "I have loved you," and seems to have been the keynote to all the meeting. The missionaries were not members of the body, but all references to them are said to have been kindly and appreciative. The result of the meeting has been most satisfactory. One missionary writes: "The devotional exercises, the sermon, the Lord's Supper, the prayers that earnestly sought God's presence and blessing, the exhortations that recognized difficulties as well as Christ's power to conquer them—all were on an unusually high plane. No one could hear those prayers without knowing that they were not the thought of the hour, but were the rich results of long spiritual preparation for the meeting." Another missionary says that during the sessions it became "evident that the general trend is strongly and safely within evangelical lines, although the bounds of fellowship will be very wide." This is not peculiar to those churches; the same tendencies are equally evident in the Presbyterian churches and those of other denominations. Perhaps the most significant act of the meeting was the invitation, unanimously voted, to ask Mr. Moody to come to Japan for an evangelistic campaign.

Sunday-School Lesson

Who Hath Woe?[1]

By Lyman Abbott

"Mixed wine" is old wine that has become strong by being mingled with the lees. "Red wines" are said to be most esteemed in the East. "When it giveth its color" is, rather, when it sparkles or bubbles. The lesson is here, therefore, against convivial drinking, drinking not to quench thirst, not as a beverage, but as a social enjoyment.

Distilled liquors were unknown to the ancients; the art of distillation, though not absolutely unknown, was comparatively little used until a much later period; and much of the evil of modern drunkenness has come from the free use of the product of the still. But this passage affords quite conclusive evidence that the use of wines is not a sovereign cure for drunkenness; and also that the evil is not unknown in warm climates, though it may be greater in the colder regions.

There are three possible uses of alcoholic liquor:

1. It may be used as a medicine. I believe that there are certain abnormal conditions of the body in which no medicine is so effective. Speaking generally, alcoholic liquors are useful, if at all, to men past middle life; they are not only dangerous as a temptation, they are ordinarily injurious, even if used in moderation, in men under middle life and in full possession of their physical powers.

2. They may be used as a beverage. They may take the place of cold water. Probably it is true that there are localities where pure water cannot be readily secured, and where the common wine of the country is safer as a mere quencher of thirst. Yet this condition does not exist so often as men imagine. A friend of mine once asked a gentleman who had lived much in Paris, "What is the matter with the water there, that Americans cannot drink it?" "Nothing," he replied, "except that the wine is so good and so cheap." That was many years ago. It is not so good now. Substantially universal testimony agrees that the common wines of the Continent of Europe are far from good. Ordinarily, water quenches thirst better than wine or beer. And water can always be made safe by boiling it.

3. The most common use of alcoholic liquor is that indicated in this passage from the Proverbs. It is used, not truly as a beverage, but as a stimulant, and as an aid to social companionship. It is drunk, not to quench thirst, but to promote conviviality—for half-sensuous, half-æsthetic enjoyment. Substantially all saloon drinking is of this kind—that is, it is either for stimulation or for conviviality.

Whatever may be said for the other forms of drinking—whatever of the necessity of alcohol as a medicine, or even of its value as a beverage—for which latter use in my judgment the arguments are more specious than sound—no serious argument can be presented for its use as a social stimulant and a means of conviviality. Whether it is punch at a reception or champagne at a dinner-party, alcoholic liquors taken to loosen the tongue, promote the flow of conversation, create conviviality, are always and entirely bad. For their effect physiologically is, not to stimulate the higher nature, but to paralyze the powers of self-control. The man talks more freely, not because he has more to say, but because he has less control, less of that judgment which leads to reticence. And as he drinks more his conversation becomes more foolish, until it ends in absolute imbecility. It may be laid down as an axiom that alcohol does not stimulate either the intellect or the affections; it lessens control by the reason and the judgment.

It is against this convivial drinking that the writer of our paragraph directs his condemnation. Sooner or later it brings woe, sorrow, contentions, babbling, useless wounds, redness of eyes; sooner or later it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Whatever you may think of the use of wine as a medicine, whatever you may think concerning its harmlessness, or even its value as an accompaniment of your meals, beware of convivial drinking in all its forms. It is always dangerous, and never justified.

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[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for June 17, 1894.—Prov. xxiii., 29-35.

A rounded spoonful of
Cleveland's
Baking Powder
does better work than a heaping spoonful of others.

You know what you are eating when you use
Cleveland's
Baking Powder
Its true composition is given on every label.
"Pure" and "Sure."

Correspondence

The Coal Strike—The Operators' Side

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You call attention to the article of Professor Edward W. Bemis in your issue of May 12, asking your readers to "read the article through," which I should have done in any case. For what Professor Bemis says about the violation of contracts, if it be true, and I do not doubt it, there is neither excuse, palliation, nor defense; but there is, nevertheless, something to be said on the other side.

In every question there are always two sides, and it seems to me that in this instance, as in many others, the side of the operators fails to get any hearing at all.

In the first place, the ability to pay any wages at all—except at a loss—must come from the operator's ability to get at least as much for his product as he pays for it. Now, I purpose to speak only of operations of which I have personal knowledge, viz., coal-mining in West Virginia and western Pennsylvania, and in those only of the shipments made by river. A short time before the strike the quality of Pittsburg coal most largely shipped brought in the Cincinnati market $1.12½ per ton in barges. Let us take the lowest scale of wages proposed by the miners as the basis of the cost of this coal—that is, 60 cents per ton. I cannot say with certainty what the cost of loading this coal into barges in the Pittsburg district is. On the Kanawha River in West Virginia it amounts at some mines, where hauling outside is necessary, to as much as the mining; but as very little of this is done at Pittsburg, the cost will be considerably less. Let us put it at one-half, or 30 cents per ton; cost of towing (500 miles), 25 cents per ton; royalty, 12½ cents per ton; total, $1.27½. Now I am satisfied that in the actual working these figures would be more rather than less; besides, I have added nothing for the cost of selling, nor for wear and tear, which in the coal business is very great.

The figures given above are for what is known as lump coal—that passing over a one and a half inch screen. There are two grades made, known as nut and slack, for which neither the miner nor the landlord gets anything.

These, and the profits from the *somewhat* maligned stores, are what the operator will have to recoup himself with for the loss on lump; and, without going into details, I will simply say that they will not do it.

A word about the mining stores so much talked about. It is difficult to rightly characterize them. There are stores and stores, as is the case about many other things in this world. The writer once heard a man boast that he had made fifty per cent. profit out of his store, and at once expressed his opinion of the matter in as fitting language as he could command. It depends largely upon the kind of man an operator is; if he is greedy and rapacious, the men suffer; if decent, I do not think they do. Most mines are so located that the men would not have access—I speak now of West Virginia—where there is much, if any, competition, and it is not yet proved that the average merchant is less rapacious—given the chance—than the average coal operator. In order to get at the real truth of the matter each case would have to be tried on its merits, and I am inclined to think that, on the whole, the showing would not be a very good one for the stores.

But we come now to what is the most important part of this controversy. It is asserted in many quarters, and believed in, I have no doubt, by the miners, that if a uniform scale of wages could be agreed upon, and the agreement carried out, this would determine the price of coal and so obviate the whole difficulty. To my thinking, no greater fallacy exists. It has no standing whatever, unless there is coupled with it the absolute power to restrict the output of coal. If more coal goes to market than there is demand for, the price falls as inevitably as water runs down hill, and it is this matter of supply and demand that determines the price of coal, and not the price paid for mining it. The sooner this is recognized, the better for all parties concerned. To restrict the output in the soft-coal business, scattered as it is over a large extent of country, with a large number of operators, and as many more at liberty to become such, would simply be an impossibility.

But suppose it could be done, you would simply be establishing a monopoly, or, if you please, a trust, and would make laborers in other occupations, who are in as great stress as the miners, pay more for their coal than they otherwise would.

JUSTICE.

Another Kind of "Humor"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

While I was reading the readable paper of Mr. Adams on American humor, I was expectantly waiting to see if he would also mention the uproar of laughter which an oath causes, from feminine or masculine lips, on the stage of a first-class or second-class theater in any of our large cities. Is not this on a par with the grinning caused in back-country districts by an individual putting out a leg over which the unheeding may stumble and fall, or wearing a horse-collar for fun, and the like barbarities? If an actor or actress will only say "damn" occasionally through a play, the dullest and stupidest melodrama or farce is seemingly saved from failure.

What is it that makes an oath in the theater so deliciously irresistible to the very best classes of American audiences? In England, France, and Germany before the best audiences a "cuss-word" must have point or special appositeness, or be ripped out by provocation, to be regarded by itself as something gleefully to roar over in laughter. Not so in New York theaters, even before the selectest gatherings. If a young and pretty actress will only swear occasionally, the deacons, wardens, and church trustees in the house are ready, you would think, to take out the horses and themselves draw her home in giddy triumph. The more serious part of the audience is always the more bewitched by this "humor."

F. D.

The Poor and Doctors' Bills

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The question is, Is it true? Some people state facts, and some state their own impressions. Whether a fact or a fancy sketch, a man tells a story, and it is about a poor man at the Park—a poor man, *but* he can afford his cheap tobacco, a rank poison, if a slow one, and which it is said but two animals in the world will touch. That's instinct. The man is reflecting. That *is* well; some people do not reflect. Perhaps about a sick child—"one of the blessings of the poor being that, in case of sickness in the family, the doctor's bill must be thought of first of all."

This man must have lived in an exceptional world! Another of the blessings of the poor is that they are hardly ever expected to pay their bills.

"Pay a doctor!" said one of them. "I never expect to pay a doctor. Why, you can get doctors enough any day without paying them."

Evidently this man of the dreamer's fancy was exceptional.

There are no men who *give* more of their time and strength freely than our doctors—in the hospitals, in the dispensaries, in the cliniques, days and weeks and months of work, and often unacknowledged; while, in the Reports, the men who give money appear in full force.

We used to write in our "copy-books," "Time is money." That's what they have to give, and that is given freely.

A woman will dress herself poorly, leave her carriage

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Vitalizes and
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And gives it power to carry health to every part of the body. The appetite is restored and the stomach toned and strengthened; the kidneys and liver are roused and invigorated; the brain is refreshed and the whole system built up and rejuvenated by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine.

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in the next street, and walk to the dispensary and get advice gratis, while a poor and feeble woman with her child must wait her turn.

A man will dispute a bill and cut it down. He was not at home to see daily or twice a day the doctor's visits to the sick and feeble child or mother. He has investments; the doctor has his time and brains.

Now and then men, especially in the country, will tell their stories. Here is one:

Just as I came home [relates my veracious friend] for a rest and a comfortable supper, came an urgent message: a child was dying, and it was miles away, a dark and stormy night. I set out, and there was one man always on the alert. He had never had energy to nail down the flooring of his stoop or piazza, so I heard him rattling over the boards. "Doctor, who's sick now?" "I'll tell you when I come back," and I rushed on. It was growing late. I finally came to the house and all was dark; the gate was closed; I had to tie my horse and go up to the house. I rapped and pounded and whistled. No sound. Finally an upper window was raised. "What's the matter? Who's there?"

"It is I, the doctor. You sent for me in a great hurry—the baby sick." "Oh, Doctor, 'tain't no matter; I only give him a little too much *paregoricky*. He's all right." *I* was not all right, and it seemed to me one of Sydney Smith's cases for "a form of sound words that a good man could use when excited."

I turned away, and then came the climax:

"I say, Doctor, you won't charge nothin' for this visit, will you?"

On the weary way home I could not forget my promise to the inquisitive neighbor, so I stopped my poor horse and went to the "stoop." I rattled and pounded, and a head came out at the upper window. "What's the matter?" "Oh, I promised to stop and tell you about Ginx's baby down at the pond." "Oh, 'tain't no matter, Doctor; some other time will do. 'Tain't no matter." But I had promised, and the man came down, rather lightly clad. He stood in the crack of the door, and I made the most of the details.

"Oh, come in, come in!"

"No, I can't leave my horse, and I *promised* to let you know."

Having given details enough to satisfy his curiosity and my innocent malice, I made my way home, a sadder and a wiser man, but with a tinge of satisfaction withal.

This was one touch of experience, as told by a man who made the best of things. And, we repeat, if this man of bad tobacco reflected upon his sick child and the inevitable "doctor's bill," he was an exceptional man. There be such, no doubt, but there are very few in this vale of tears.

Look over the hospital reports. This and that man or woman gave money; it is well. And some gave largely, which was well. The Lord had given to them freely, and they were wise. Those who ministered to the sick, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, gave themselves.

D. M. D.

A Convert to Bimetallism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In common with most people in this neighborhood (Boston), I have been a rigid monometallist, and it has surprised me to see The Outlook taking the bimetallist course it has adopted; but I grow inclined to think that there is more in the silver question than we somewhat narrow Easterners are aware.

I should not be surprised to see the Tory party in England and the Republican party here make bimetallism a leading issue in the next election. The landed gentry there and the farmers here are in the same boat. They both suffer from the steady fall in prices which has been going on so long, and which is apparently best explained by the appreciation of gold. Twenty-five years ago wheat was about $1.25 a bushel; now it is fifty-three cents. If I were a farmer, and had borrowed $1,000 on mortgage when wheat was $1 a bushel—in other words, when I could have paid the debt with a thousand bushels of wheat—I should be "mad clear through" to discover that now I should have to raise two thousand bushels to pay the debt. My land, too, has lost in productive power—I suppose I am out on the prairies—in that time. I should feel as if I had made a bargain with a Shylock, and that he had beaten me badly. If a man calling himself a Populist or any other "ist" came along and told me that he saw the situation from my point of view, and that he would do his best to improve my side of the bargain if I sent him to Congress, I should vote for him as early and often as possible.

It seems to me that something like this feeling—when the problem is reduced to its lowest terms—lies at the base of this Populist movement, and, instead of jeering at it, we should try to understand it, and, if possible, remove the causes which gave it birth.

I am told that the world's money consists of three thousand millions of gold and four thousand millions of silver. Silver grows continually cheaper, or gold continually dearer. Is it surprising that the people who hold gold—*e. g.*, England—should not object? Is it surprising that the people who hold silver—*e. g.*, India—should protest? If I were an English officer stationed in India, and I found that every year I had less money to send home to pay for my children's education at Eton or Oxford, should I not feel vexed? My pay would be the same, and yet I would have less money. Should I not suspect that Lombard Street was somehow cheating me?

The fall in the price of silver carries with it the fall of all prices. Where is this fall to stop? Fifty-cent wheat seemed incredible ten years ago. May we not have forty-cent wheat in a year or two, or ten-cent wheat eventually? and that means the making of a peasant out of the American farmer. What does "lack of confidence" mean but "I won't buy now, because things will be cheaper by and by"?

The measure of the commerce of the world is the gold and silver coin. The wealth is, of course, far greater, but the portion of the wealth that is exchanged—*e.g.*, the commerce—is measured by the coin in circulation. Now, the commerce increases with great strides, but the coinage only slowly. The cessation of silver coinage—the demonetization of silver in the various countries—naturally diminishes the supply of coin. Consequently, that which is left must measure more commerce, or, in other words, appreciate in value; hence a fall in prices and "hard times."

The remedy seems to be expansion, and, as gold is not abundant, the next best thing must be used. All the nations ought to begin to mint silver. A demand for silver would be created, and the price would rise, and with that price would go wheat and everything else, except sermons and parish calls.

* *

"Forging a Chain"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

What a chain the younger men of the majority of the Presbyterian General Assembly have helped to forge for themselves! The old men who are theologically ossified may be excused. But the younger men, many of them, cannot retain their present views another fifteen years. And think of the position such men will occupy when obliged to dissent, in preaching, from the "natural and intended sense" of any statement of Scripture! When will these men realize that the twisting and torturing of Scripture is intellectually and morally dishonest? Take the first chapter of Genesis. *Six æons* means six long or short periods of time, but *six evenings* and *six mornings* ("There was evening and there was morning, a first day," etc.) means six, or possibly three, days of the week. By no possible honest construction can it be made to mean otherwise. Either the writer erred, or modern science is false. Doubtless some take the latter alternative, for men who are capable of saying the stupid and silly things that were said in the last two Assemblies must be capable of believing even now that the universe was made in a week, if not that the sun moves around the earth. But some of the Commissioners hold more modern views. If they only knew what a large and noble liberty they would find in the path of simple honesty!

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!"

The tremendous spiritual force of the Bible is wasted by the mad endeavor to maintain inerrancy. It was Paul who said, "For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

W. P. W.

"Errancy" and the Prayer-Book

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Might there not be some words on the "inerrancy" of the Book of Common Prayer? We never hear the Burial Service without a silent protest. Surely the men who arranged our "scarcely uninspired" Liturgy needed a little more inspiration and a little less literalism. The passage in Job is familiar (see Revised Version, xix., 25)—"But I know that my redeemer [or vindicator] liveth, and that he shall stand up at the last upon the earth: and after my skin shall have been thus destroyed, yet from my flesh shall I see God." (From the old version an old man said, in his literalness, "Oh, I've seen those *skin worms*, many a time!") Later, chapter xl., the Lord answered Job and met his complaint; and Job then says, in xlii., 5, "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, *but now mine eye seeth thee.* Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Surely it is "wresting Scripture" to draw from these declarations, this history, proof-texts for the resurrection of the body, the flesh and blood and bones.

There are other things—declarations of our Lord—which are taken too literally; as, for instance, in Matt. xxv. We should remember—"All these things spake Jesus unto them in parables, and *without a parable spake he not unto them.*"

TRUTH.

Magazines, and What to Do with Them

To the Editors of The Outlook:

This is an age of papers and magazines, and a time of great wastefulness. You have read them and done with them. What next? Perhaps you lend them, with the Scripture rule "hoping for nothing again" of them, or send them to some hospital or society. So far, well, but even that involves some trouble and care. Some of us who have time and patience get the names of those who are reading-hungry and mail our waste reading to them every week or month. It is a good thing, but calls for the grace of continuance. Also at times there is one article which is to you of special value, and you proceed to lay aside and keep that special number, and it gets dog-eared and dusty, and you forget; and when, some time, you chance to want that special article for some specific purpose, perhaps you find it, perhaps not. Even if you have made a memorandum in your book of reference you are not sure of the title.

Now we have a remedy. We take out the specific articles, and, when there is a sufficient number, have them bound in a volume of miscellany. If needful, we make an index on a blank leaf—and then you have it. We find a number of such volumes invaluable, and, being very exclusive in the choice, they do not multiply too fast.

There has just come an instance where the writer needed certain facts, and the memory went so far that, the volumes being classified with a manuscript index, it was not needful to go far to find the very facts needed.

In these days of "writing many books" and reading many more, some such system is a help even to a

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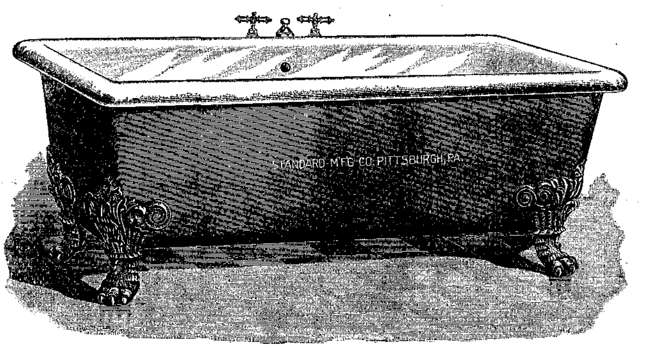
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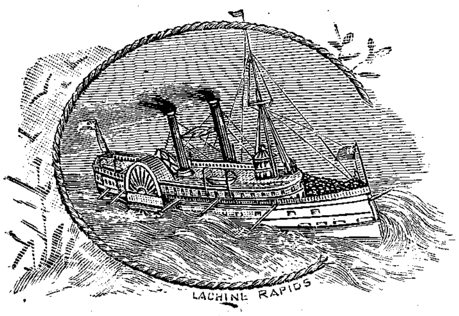

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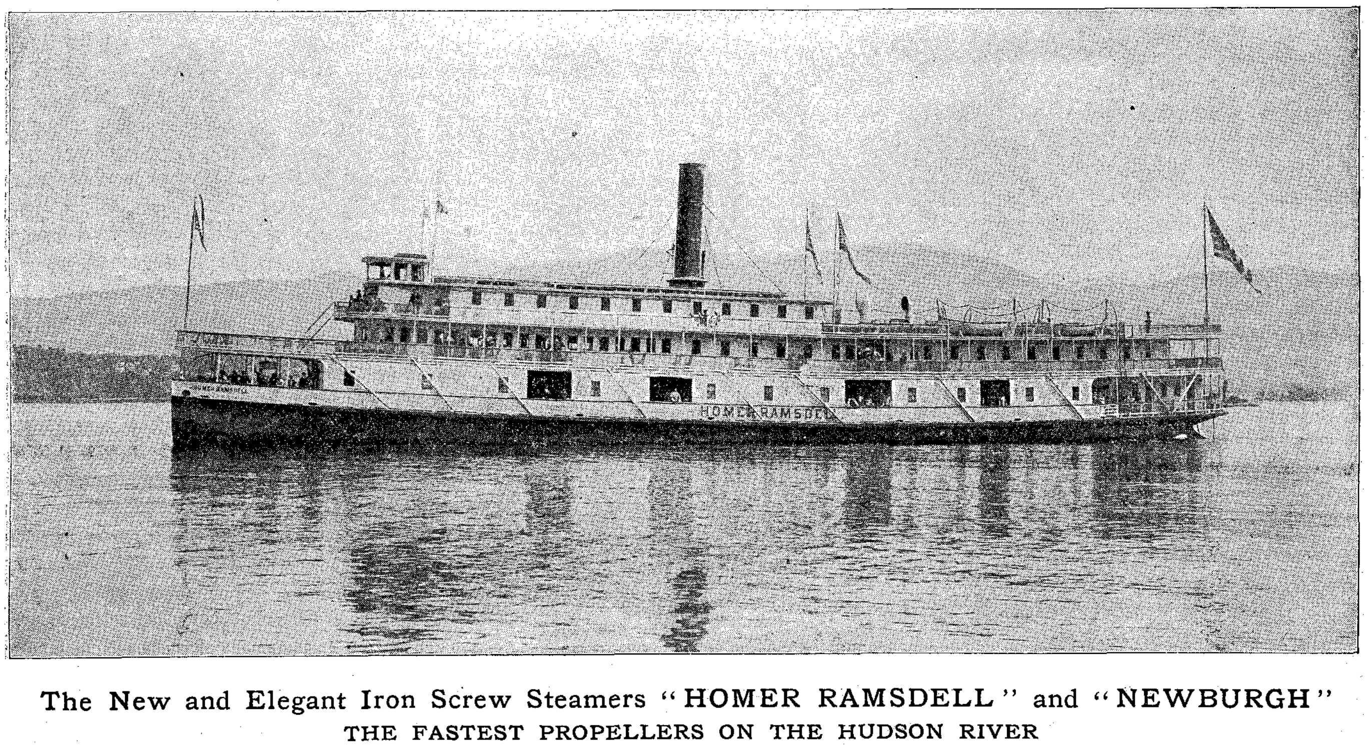

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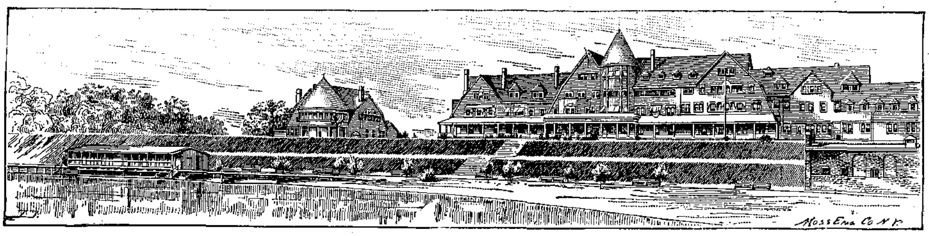

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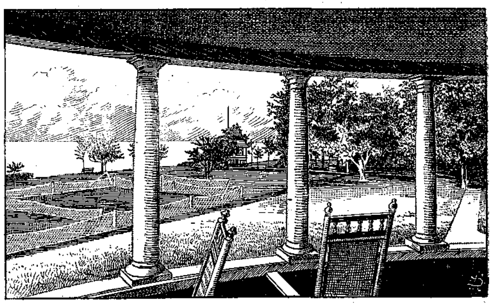

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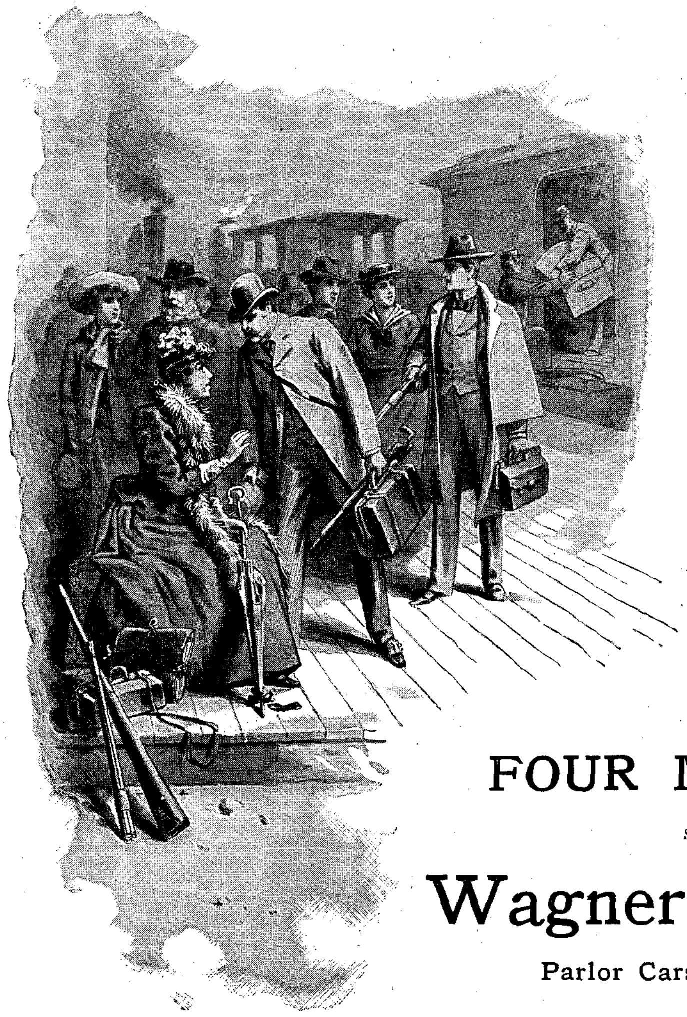

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Call for Information

All readers of The Outlook who live near enough to call are especially invited to visit the Recreation Department and obtain its help in planning a summer trip anywhere. We are able in many cases to show photographs of the houses you may wish to know of, and a personal interview always enables us to give better information. You possibly have in mind just the kind of a place you would like to visit. If you will call (or write if you can't come), we shall be very glad to help you find it. We can help you plan a tour, tell you of connections, of ways to go by water or rail, and the hotels you will find *en route*. Almost any information you want in relation to summer travel can be given you. All subscribers are entitled to use the Recreation Department freely.

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Those who spend their vacation at any of the Hotels or Resorts advertised in The Outlook will find the paper on file in the reading-rooms of the hotels whose announcements appear in the paper. If not found, please ask for it.

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will find home comforts, at moderate prices, at the pension of Miss Pitman, 1 York Place, Portman Square, W.; centrally located. Reference, by permission, to Dr. J. P. Sutherland, 295 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

ROTHAY HOTEL

GRASMERE, ENGLAND

You are here in the heart of lovely walks and drives. Take as much of them as your time will allow. You will not find a better center than Grasmere, nor anywhere a more comfortable "home" than the **Rothay Hotel.**
—Lyman Abbott.

Send to the Recreation Dept. for further information.

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BERLIN.—Good Private Boarding-Home. Conveniently located. Excellent table. Moder. terms (4-6 Mk. room and full board p. day, 90-150 Mk. p. month). Special facilities for learning German. Best European & American references.
Frl. FANNY BECK, Berlin S.W., Hallesche-Str. 20.

CASSEL, GERMANY

12—Grosse Friedrichstrasse—12

Best and most convenient part. English, French, and German spoken. $8 a week for room and board. Further information from
Rev. CHAS. LEISZ, 108 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SUMMER COTTAGES

COTTAGE LOTS

LITTLEJOHN'S AND COUSIN'S ISLANDS

CASCO BAY

SEVEN MILES FROM PORTLAND, MAINE; beautiful surroundings; easy of access; fishing, boating; restful. You can own a seashore resort for very little money, without the disagreeable features of many public resorts; 30 minutes from Portland. For further particulars write to

NOWELL & BATCHELDER,
441 Exchange Building, Boston.

A COTTAGE OF 7 ROOMS, well furnished; five minutes' walk from depot and surf bathing; good country and seashore view; to let for July and August. For terms and particulars address
Mrs. H. DEARBORN, York Beach, Me., Box 46.

Siasconset, Nantucket To rent, completely furnished cottage on the bluff; 10 rooms; sanitation perfect and good water. Address P. O. Box **98**, Auburndale, Mass.

TO LET—For the summer months, in Summit, N. J., a commodious house with abundance of piazza room. Terms moderate. Address
H. W. M., No. **6,400**, this office.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Canada

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

HOTEL ACADIA

Grand Tracadie Beach. Second season opens June 15. Address as above for circulars and terms.
H. L. HALL, Proprietor.

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LOS ANGELES: The Hollenbeck

Illustrated book describing Southern California sent on request by A. C. BILICKE & CO.

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COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.: The Antlers

Illustrated book, describing Colorado Springs, sent on request by E. BARNETT, Proprietor.

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CREST VIEW SANITARIUM GREENWICH, CT.

Absolutely healthful; very accessible; superior accommodations; home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER RESORT,
ALWAYS COOL AND NO MOSQUITOES

INDIAN HARBOR HOTEL,

GREENWICH, CONN.
OPENS SATURDAY, JUNE 23.
B. H. YARD, PROPRIETOR.

Situated on Long Island Sound, 28 miles from New York; 46 minutes from Grand Central Depot. Send for descriptive pamphlet—Mr. Yard at Murray Hill Hotel, Thursday evenings and Friday mornings until noon.

Moseley s New Haven House

one of the most famous and comfortable hotels in New England, has been enlarged and modernized in all arrangements; passenger elevator; opposite Yale University; handy to the business district. New Haven has unusual attractions in its parks and drives to the shore. Rooms and board by the week during the months of July and August at reduced rates. SETH H. MOSELEY.

Pequot House and Cottages

NEW LONDON, CONN.

Open June 5th

A delightful combination of seashore and country life at the Pequot. Furnished cottages to rent for the season. Send for terms and circulars. BLANCHARD & HAGER.

GRAND CENTRAL NEWTOWN CONN.

Family hotel. Rooms single or en suite. NOW OPEN. Popular rates Send for circular.
M. J. HOULIHAN.

HOTEL RIPPOWAM and Cottages

Stamford on the Sound

50 minutes from New York. Hotel has all city conveniences. Extensive grounds and fine old shade; celebrated spring water; vegetables grown on place. Orchestra.
F. T. MacGEVERAN, Manager,
Late of the Seminole Hotel, Winter Park, Fla.

Maine

BLUE HILL INN

BLUE HILL, Me.

Third season. Noted for its healthy location. On the picturesque Blue Hill Bay. Mountainous and mild sea air. Prices reasonable. H. L. BANKS, Manager.

HOTEL PARK FIELD

Kittery Point, Maine

Finest position at the harbor. Unsurpassed bathing, boating, and fishing. Good shade. Hotel homelike and first-class in all appointments. Write for rates. J. E. Frisbee

KITTERY POINT, MAINE

PEPPERRELL HOUSE

Four miles from Portsmouth, N. H. A pleasant, healthy, and quiet summer resort. Seashore and country combined. Safe boating. Good fishing. For descriptive circular, terms, etc., address E. F. SAFFORD, Prop.

The Ne-mat-ta-no

NORTH LUBEC, MAINE

Hotel conducted on Christian principles. Board, $8.00 to $12.00 per week. Splendid water and mountain view from all rooms. For circulars address
HUGH CAMPBELL, 45 Union St., Boston.

Do you care for the good old weather-stained farm-house, with its big chimney and open fire for the cool evenings, the great orchards where the apple-blossoms fill the air with fragrance, and the new-mown hay sends its sweet odor to lull you to repose?

ROY
Mt. Washington from Saco

Absolute Comfort

is what we guarantee.

The Recreation Department of The Outlook has all our books of tours, but if you cannot call on them, write to us of your plans and we will send you all the information at our command.

Maine Central Railroad

PORTLAND, MAINE

PAYSON TUCKER, V.P. and Gen'l Manager.
F. E. BOOTHBY, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Perchance you may prefer the pleasures of the great hotels at the White Mountains, Bar Harbor, or St. Andrews, where the buckboards, with their crowds of happy boys and girls in their gay costumes, bowl along the smooth roads and make the woods wake with their merry laughter—where tennis, boating, bathing, and dancing make the hours seem but fleeting moments; or perhaps the pleasures of canoeing and fishing at Rangeley and Moosehead, which make life seem one long unending holiday.

Maine

The Rockledge

POPHAM BEACH, ME.

Situated at the mouth of the Kennebec River. Fishing, Boating, Bathing. All modern conveniences; excellent cuisine. Location unequaled on the coast of Maine. Spring water, good drainage, pure air. For illustrated circular, etc., address H. W. PRIEST, Prop., Franconia, N. H., until June 10th.

Late Proprietor Forest Hills, Franconia, and Proprietor The Altamonte, Florida.

PORTLAND, MAINE

PREBLE HOUSE

$3.00 per day. J. C. WHITE.

Hotel Sorrento

SORRENTO, MAINE

OPEN JUNE 15

Delightfully situated on Frenchman's Bay, opposite and six miles from Bar Harbor. Hotel new, has electric lights and first-class appointments; tennis-courts, fine livery, good fishing, and a safe harbor for yachts. This resort is exempt from hay-fever. Special terms for the entire season. Address until June 10,
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SUMMIT HOUSE

Rutherford's Island, South Bristol, Me.

Open from June 15th to Sept. 30. Beautiful for situation. Send for circulars. N. W. GAMAGE, Prop.

SULLIVAN HARBOR, MAINE MANOR INN

Opposite Bar Harbor.
For circular address W. O. EMERY, Sullivan, Me.

York Beach, Maine DONNELL HOUSE

Opens July 1st. Long Sands, a firm, hard beach nearly two miles in length, lies in front of the house. Country and seashore combined. Sea fishing, boating, and bathing. Farm connected. Splendid drives and walks. Spring water. Send for booklet. B. G. DONNELL, Manager.

"OCEAN HOUSE," York Beach, Maine, *largest and leading* Hotel, directly opposite the *bathing surf;* opens June 25th. Send for circulars, which describe the many *attractive features. Terms to suit the times.*

All the Summer Resorts

We want to help every reader of The Outlook plan his summer vacation. Can we do anything for you? Every subscriber is entitled to the free use of the Recreation Department, and we are glad to have you use it. Address the

RECREATION DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK,
13 Astor Place, New York.

Maine

YORK BEACH, Hotel Rockaway

Grandest views on Maine Coast. Surf-bathing. Beautiful drives and walks. H. A. MITCHELL.

Hotel Albracca

YORK HARBOR, MAINE

Opens June 7

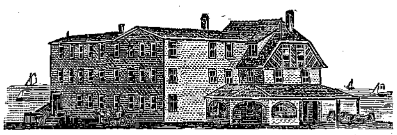
Write for circular. W. L. BAKER, Prop.

York Harbor, Maine

MARSHALL HOUSE

Opens June 25. E. S. MARSHALL, Proprietor.

Massachusetts



SNOW COTTAGE, Cape Cod, Mass.

Beautifully situated a few feet from the ocean. Pine and salt air. Moderate rates.

Good Roads

Abound in the vicinity of The Prescott, on Swampscott Beach. A morning drive along the ocean front is exhilarating. *The Prescott faces the sea.* A comfortable summer resting-place.
Mrs. F. H. GOULD, Lynn, Mass.

Massachusetts

HILL VIEW, Conway, Mass. A pleasant country home. Pure air and water. Beautiful views and charming drives. Among the foot-hills of Green Mts., west of Conn. River. Address E. L. CHILDS.

POINT ALLERTON HOTEL

HULL, MASS. Near entrance Boston Harbor
$10 per week. Send for circular.

The Nanepashemet

Marblehead, Mass.

Finest ocean scenery on the Massachusetts coast. For terms address AMMI BROWN.

MARBLEHEAD

ROCKMERE POINT. Cove Cottages will accommodate a few summer **boarders;** large, airy rooms; fine views; prominent headland; grounds and beach for bathing, boating, and fishing **private for our guests.** Address J. R. GILES, Marblehead, Mass.

PARK HOUSE

CENTRE HILL, NANTASKET

A strictly first-class family hotel. Open June 16th. Superb unobstructed ocean and inland views. For circulars and full particulars address (until June 16) PIKE & BROWN, Proprietors, 22 Claremont Park, Boston, Mass.

(For other advertisements in this department see following pages.)

THE CONCORD & MONTREAL R. R.

The MERRIMACK VALLEY ROUTE

TO THE

WHITE and FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS and LAKES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE CONCORD & MONTREAL RAILROAD forms the grand highway into and through the mountain and lake sections of New Hampshire. The Merrimack Valley Route has become famous, not alone because of scenic qualities and the varied natural attractions of its lines, but equally on account of the excellence of its situation, the directness of its ministrations, and the perfection of its service. In every portion of country that is settled and developed by human enterprise, the most direct and serviceable foundations for thoroughfares are indicated by "the lay of the land," approaches, etc.; and when afterward scientific skill employed in engineering perfects these establishments, the results are usually all that could be desired.

This has always been the case with the CONCORD & MONTREAL system—its foundations are of the best facilities in the best directions. For travel from the South and West especially, no lines could be more desirable. Beginning at Nashua, in the southern part of New Hampshire, near the Massachusetts boundary, the main line of this system runs almost directly northward to the lake and mountain sections, throwing off branches and spurs on either hand for the whole distance, as the situations call for the same. From Nashua, the main line follows the course of the Merrimack, through Manchester, Concord, Tilton, and intermediate towns; thence along the margin of most beautiful water sheets to Lake Winnipesaukee, the west shore of which it follows for its entire length, keeping straight on to Plymouth. From Plymouth, the main line runs through Baker's River Valley, while a branch line passes up the Pemigewasset Valley, into the very heart of the Franconia country, with great mountains scattered about like boulders upon a broad seashore. At Woodsville, the Ammonoosuc River joins the Connecticut, and the CONCORD & MONTREAL Line follows the Ammonoosuc from its mouth at Woodsville to its rise at the base of *Mt. Washington*, passing directly through Littleton, the upper Franconia sections, and Bethlehem, the stretch of country that has for its central attractions Lafayette, the Twin Mountains, and the whole Franconia Range; and by a branch line to the heart of Franconia Notch. From Fabyans it sends a line to the base of Mt. Washington to a direct connection with the Mt. Washington Railway. From Wing Road, near Bethlehem Junction, its lines pass again northward to Whitefield, Jefferson, Berlin, Lancaster, and the principal points in the Upper Coös region. On the south side of the mountains, the lake shore branch follows the entire south shore of Lake Winnipesaukee; the Tilton and Belmont Branch runs into the foot-hills of the Belknap Range; the Suncook Valley Branch follows the river of that name; the Concord and Portsmouth Branch connects directly with the ocean coast at Portsmouth; and the Manchester and North Weare Branch follows the course of the Piscataquog River. This system also controls the steamboats plying upon Lake Winnipesaukee to Centre Harbor, Long Island, and Wolfboro.

Send ten cents in postage to Geo. W. Storer, A.G.P.A., Concord & Montreal R.R., 207 Washington Street, Boston, and receive in return a copy of "Vistas" on the C. & M., a series of sketches, beautifully illustrated, of the White and Franconia Mountain scenes and centers, and of the beautiful Merrimack Valley route thereto. Also the list of Hotels and Excursions.

BOSTON PASSENGER AGENCY, 207 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON

New Hampshire

THE COLUMBUS, Bethlehem, N. H.—Open June 10th to Oct. 10th. New and first-class. Pure milk and cream and plenty of fresh vegetables and berries. For particulars and terms apply to G. ALLEN NOYES

ECHO HILL HOUSE

WHITE MOUNTAINS, Bethlehem, N. H.

An Ideal Summer Home. CALLAHAN & LEAVENS.

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

HOWARD HOUSE

Central location; pleasant; good table; moderate prices. F. E. DERBYSHIRE.

BETHLEHEM {WHITE MTS.} N. H.

The Sinclair

OPENS JUNE 15

Rates per day, $3.50. Special for families by week.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N.H.

MAPLEWOOD

East End of the famous town of Bethlehem. Grand center of all the White Mountain attractions. The great resort of health and pleasure. Maplewood Hotel opens July 6. Maplewood Cottage opens June 10. **13 FURNISHED COTTAGES.** Send for illustrated folder to AINSLIE & WEBSTER, Managers,
No. 62 Boylston Street, Boston.

Forest Hills Hotel

and Cottages

FRANCONIA, N. H.

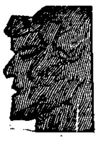
Open from May to November. Capacity, 150 guests. Rates, $3 and $4 per day.

Also caters to "**House Parties**" winter months. Especially fitted and favorably located for cold weather. JAMES W. DUDLEY, Proprietor.

MT. LAFAYETTE HOUSE, Franconia, White Mountains, N. H.—A delightful summer resort among the mountains. Open May 1. Send for circular. RICHARDSON BROS., Proprietors.

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

PROFILE HOUSE and Cottages



The largest of the leading Summer Hotels, with a patronage of the highest order, situated in the beautiful Franconia Notch, which possesses many points of attraction unequaled in New England. Open June 26th to Oct. 1st. For rooms address, until June 15th, C. H. Greenleaf & Co., Hotel Vendôme, Boston; later, Taft & Greenleaf, Profile House, N. H. Also

The Flume House

in Franconia Notch, five miles from the Profile House Most desirable for families and parties wishing for a long season in the Mountains. Open June 1st to October 20th.

New Hampshire

ASQUAM HOUSE

Holderness, N. H.

Opens in June under new management. Beautifully situated on Shepard Hill. J. C. BLAIR.

INTERVALE, N. H. BELLEVUE HOUSE

Now open. Fine views of the mountains. A pretty booklet is sent free. J. A. BARNES' SONS.

June at Intervale, N. H.

Reduced rates at **THE CLARENDON.** Address for circular R. W. WEEKS.

INTERVALE, N. H.

Intervale House

Now Open

Send for pamphlet. S. MUDGETT & SONS.

INTERVALE, N. H.

THE PEQUAWKET

Now open for summer boarders; steam heat, open fires hot and cold water on first floor; farm and livery stable connected with the house; perfect drainage, pure spring water. House open all winter. Reasonable rates. Apply to Mrs. H. A. VICKERY.

New Hampshire

JACKSON, N. H.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE AND HALL

Elevation, 1,100 feet; no fog or mist; dry and cool. The new hall has 18 sleeping-rooms, all en suite, reading-room, and a hall 32x45 for dancing, theatricals, etc. Write for circular. C. E. GALE, Proprietor.

GLENDON COTTAGE

JACKSON, N. H.

Near center. Good elevation and fine views. Reasonable rates. B. M. FERNALD.

IRON MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Jackson, N. H.

Now open. Special inducements to early visitors. Send for circular. W. A. MESERVE.

JUNE AT JACKSON

Special rates are made for June at the **JACKSON FALLS HOUSE.** Send for pamphlet.

TRICKEY BROS.,
Jackson, N. H.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.—Highland House, Jefferson Highlands, New Hampshire. Elevation, 1,650 feet. Reduction for June and September. Send for circular. J. L. POTTLE.

PLINY RANGE HOUSE

Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

Beautiful situation; high elevation; reduced rates for June and September; good rooms and board; beautiful drives. Correspondence solicited. GEO. W. CRAWFORD & SON.

THE GRAND VIEW **LITTLETON, N. H.**

Location unsurpassed. Large farm connected. Send for circulars. F. O. NOURSE, Propr.

Summer Homes
Among the Mountains of the New York Ontario & Western Ry.

Going to the Country?

Looking for some place which combines

HEALTH, PLEASURE, ECONOMY?

If so, send 6 cents for postage, or call and get free, at offices below, the illustrated book "SUMMER HOMES." It gives list of Hotels, Farm and Boarding Houses, with

Good Board at $5 per week

and upward, in the uplands of Sullivan, Ulster, and Delaware Counties, on the main line and branches of the

New York, Ontario & Western R'y

2 000 feet above the sea, a region of unsurpassed beauty and absolute healthfulness Location of houses, price of board, rates of fare, etc., all in it.

IN NEW YORK Nos. 11, 165, 171, 212, 371, 944, 1323 Broadway, 737 Sixth Ave., 134 East 125th St., 264 West 125th St., 251 Columbus Ave., 13 Astor Place, Ticket Office foot of Franklin and West 42d St.

IN BROOKLYN No. 4 Court St., 860 Fulton St., 215 Atlantic Ave., 98 Broadway, 249 Manhattan Ave., Greenpoint.

J. C. ANDERSON, General Passenger Agent, 56 Beaver Street, New York

Send address for or call and get free "IN THE COUNTRY"

an illustrated book just out; containing a list of pleasant summer homes on the New Jersey and New York R.R. The great advantage in summering on the N. J. & N. Y. R.R. to those who are obliged to be in the city daily is the **Nearness to New York of its Summer Homes.**

Plenty of good, healthful food, fresh vegetables, berries, and milk, a complete change of air, refreshing slumber, with a comfortable home, you can obtain if you summer on the **New Jersey and New York Railroad.** Address on postal or call on RECREATION DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 13 Astor Place, N. Y.; or call Ticket Offices, foot Chambers and West 23d St., N. Y., or General Offices, Jersey City.

Board $5.00 and Upward

Lake Champlain and Lake George

Steamers "Vermont," "Chateaugay," "Horicon," and "Ticonderoga" leave Caldwell and Ticonderoga on arrival of Delaware & Hudson R.R. trains for all points on Lake George and Champlain, making close connections at Plattsburg with D. & H. R.R. for Montreal and with Chateaugay R.R. for all points in the Adirondack Mountains. For further information address GEORGE RUSHLOW, General Manager, Burlington, Vt.

New Hampshire

The Wentworth

Newcastle, N. H.

Railroad Station, Portsmouth, N. H.

Thirty minutes distant, where coaches from the house meet every train.

The Fashionable Resort of the North Shore

Open for the Season June 30th

New Rockingham

Portsmouth, N. H.

FINEST HOTEL IN THE COUNTRY

Popular and convenient stopping-place for tourists en route to or from the Mountains, Canada, or resorts of Maine.

Frank Jones, Proprietor. **W. K. Hill,** Manager.

LITTLETON, N. H.—Mountain Home House. Beautifully located near all the points of interest in the White Mountains. Abundant shade, pure water, perfect drainage. Mrs. E. D. SAWYER.

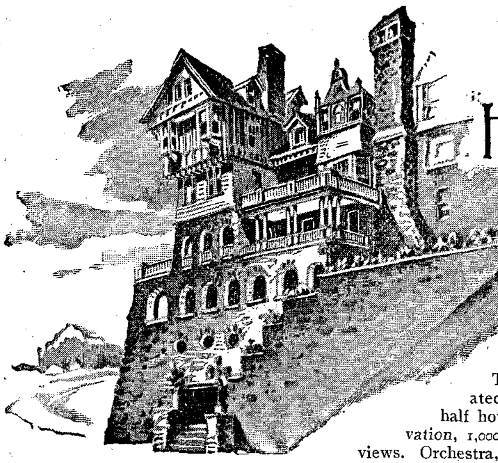
Oak Hill House

LITTLETON, N. H.

One of the most extended and magnificent views in the White Mountains. Perfect drainage; electric lights; all modern improvements. Send for circular. Geo. Farr & Co.

PITMAN HALL LOWER BARTLETT, N. H.

Rates are reasonable for early guests. Address FRANK THOMPSON.



May 1st —— Nov. 6th

HALCYON HALL

Millbrook, Duchess Co. N. Y.

The hotel curiosity of the nineteenth century. Situated on the peak of Dutchess County. Two and one-half hours from New York, via N. Y. Central R. R. Elevation, 1,000 feet. Dry air. Fine roads and livery. Extended views. Orchestra, ten pieces, three times daily. Terms, Five Dollars and upwards. Apply for terms and prospectus to H. H. VALENTINE, Manager, Millbrook, N. Y.

Adirondack Wilderness

Eight hours from G. C. depot, New York, via new line to Childwold, the heart of the Great North Woods.

Childwold Park House

on Lake Massawepie. Modern improvements. Hunting and fishing good. **Queen Anne Cottages** for rental. WM. F. INGOLD, Manager. For information call between 10 and 3 or address H. F. GRISWOLD, Clerk, R'm 10, World Bldg., N. Y. Mention "Outlook."

(*For other advertisements in this department see following pages.*)

New Hampshire

THE GRAND MONT VERNON, N. H.

1,200 feet above the sea; pine groves, beautiful scenery, pure air, pure water, fine orchestra. For illustrated pamphlet address WADE & CAMPBELL, Managers.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN HOTELS

FABYAN HOUSE

Will open June 23

CRAWFORD HOUSE

Mt. Washington Summit House

Will open June 30

Correspondence invited from those desiring accommodations. Post and telegraph office in each house. Information at Recreation Dept., The Outlook, or address

BARRON & MERRILL, Proprietors.

White Mountains, N. H.

TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Most central location in the mountain region.

Opens June 20

For descriptive circular and rates address

WM. A. BARRON, Manager.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H.—Edgewood Cottage. A little out of the village; with good mountain views, large rooms, shade trees. Farm connected. For rates, etc., address GEO. F. WOLCOTT.

SUNSET PAVILION

North Conway, N. H.

Now open. Write for rates.

THE WINSLOW HOUSE, Mt. Kearsarge, Potter Place Station, N. H.—4,000 feet above the level of the sea. Will open **June 1st.** Delightful view; healthy location. Cuisine française. Circulars can be had at Outlook Office.

PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE

PLYMOUTH, N. H.

Now open for guests; delightfully located at the gateway of the Franconia and White Mountain ranges, on the line of the Concord and Montreal R. R., 3½ hours from Boston; has steam heat and every modern convenience, and is arranged expressly for those desiring to spend the summer and autumn in the White Mountains; special rates for season; very low rates for June, Sept., and Oct. Address C. M. MORSE & SON, Managers. Circulars and other information, The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, N. Y.

A quiet house; 30 guests; new, first-class; 1,700 feet elevation; unsurpassed views; cold spring water; no hay-fever. Open June 15.

MIRAMONTE

SUGAR HILL, N. H.

Circulars at our New York Office, care the Recreation Department, The Outlook, 13 Astor Place; also 20 S. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa. For rooms write

"MIRAMONTE," Sugar Hill, N. H.

New Jersey

ASBURY PARK, N. J.

THE FENIMORE

1½ BLOCKS FROM OCEAN. CAPACITY, 200. Circular at Outlook Bureau. THOS. NOBLE.

THE CHALFONTE

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

On the ocean front. Thoroughly modern and complete. Hot and cold sea-water baths, passenger elevator, etc. Send for descriptive illustrated booklet.

E. ROBERTS & SONS.

THE IRVINGTON

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—On the beach. Elevator; steam heat; filtered water; sun parlors; billiard and music rooms. CHAMBERS & HOOPES.

HOTEL WELLINGTON

Ocean End Kentucky Ave.

Atlantic City, N. J.

Bright, Cheerful, and Homelike.

Open all the year.

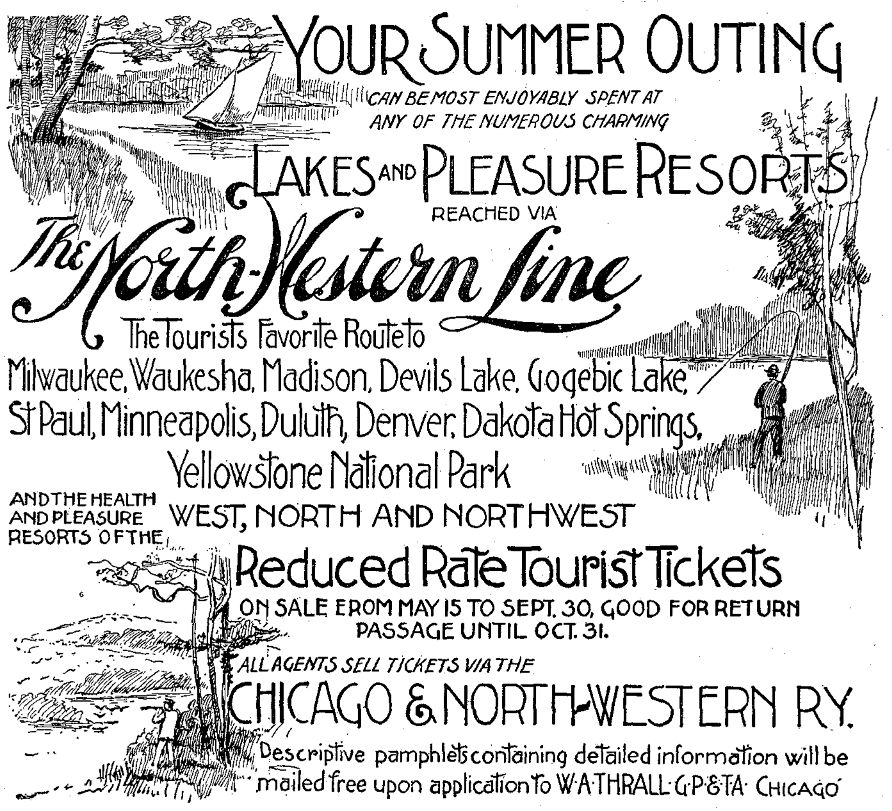
M. A. & H. S. MILNOR.

The Norwood

AVON-BY-THE-SEA

MONMOUTH CO., NEW JERSEY

Situated in the Pines, two blocks from the Ocean; capacity, one hundred guests. Address Miss A. E. ODGERS.



YOUR SUMMER OUTING

CAN BE MOST ENJOYABLY SPENT AT ANY OF THE NUMEROUS CHARMING

LAKES AND PLEASURE RESORTS

REACHED VIA

The North-Western Line

The Tourists Favorite Route to

Milwaukee, Waukesha, Madison, Devils Lake, Gogebic Lake, St Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Denver, Dakota Hot Springs, Yellowstone National Park

AND THE HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS OF THE WEST, NORTH AND NORTHWEST

Reduced Rate Tourist Tickets

ON SALE FROM MAY 15 TO SEPT. 30, GOOD FOR RETURN PASSAGE UNTIL OCT. 31.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA THE

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

Descriptive pamphlets containing detailed information will be mailed free upon application to W. A. THRALL G. P. & T. A. CHICAGO

Kennebec Steamboat Co.

Steamers "Kennebec" and "Sagadahoe"

RUNNING BETWEEN BOSTON AND

Popham Beach, Bath, Richmond, Gardiner, Hallowell, and Augusta, Me.

CONNECTING AT BATH WITH STEAMERS FOR

Boothbay, Mouse Island, Squirrel Island, and other adjacent Watering-places in Boothbay Harbor.

THE passenger service of this Line is unsurpassed. The seaside resorts are the most popular on the Maine Coast. Passengers obtain a night's rest, arrive at destination early the following morning, avoid the dust and noise attendant upon railway travel, and enjoy the scenery on the North Shore and the Kennebec River, which is second to none in this country.

Readers who desire to learn of an **ideal** summer outing can do so by sending name and full address on postal card for time-tables and folders giving full descriptions of the Summer Resorts reached by this line. Address

GEO. C. HILLS, G.F. & P.A., Lincoln's Wharf, Boston, Mass.

New Jersey

BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.

SOMERSET INN

will open about June 1st. Address GEO. W. TUTTLE, Manager, Bernardsville, N. J., or call on premises Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Carriage will meet train leaving New York 9 A.M. those days.

BORDENTOWN COLLEGE Summer guests can be accommodated, June 1 to Sept. 1. Excellent table; pleasant rooms; delightful grounds on the bluffs of the Delaware. Penn. R.R., between N. Y. and Phila. Five minutes from station. Reasonable rates. Mrs. G. S. Bowen, Bordentown, N. J.

THE DELAWANNA, near Delaware Water Gap, among the mountains of Northern New Jersey; boating, fishing; good table; terms moderate.

JAMES HUTCHINSON, Delaware, N. J.

THE NEW ENGLEWOOD

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Opens June 9th

One of the finest hotels in the State; all modern conveniences; 30 minutes from New York City; beautiful grounds; magnificent trees; delightful drives; table and service the best; five minutes from the station. For terms and particulars address FRANK C. SAFFORD.

New Jersey

STRATFORD-BY-THE-SEA

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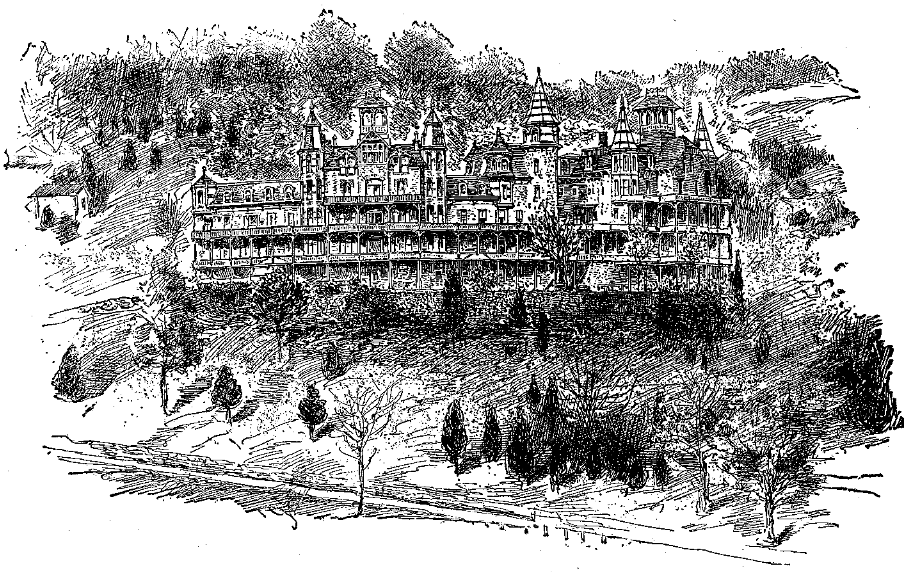

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New York

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A select family resort.
Comfort, excellence, refinement.
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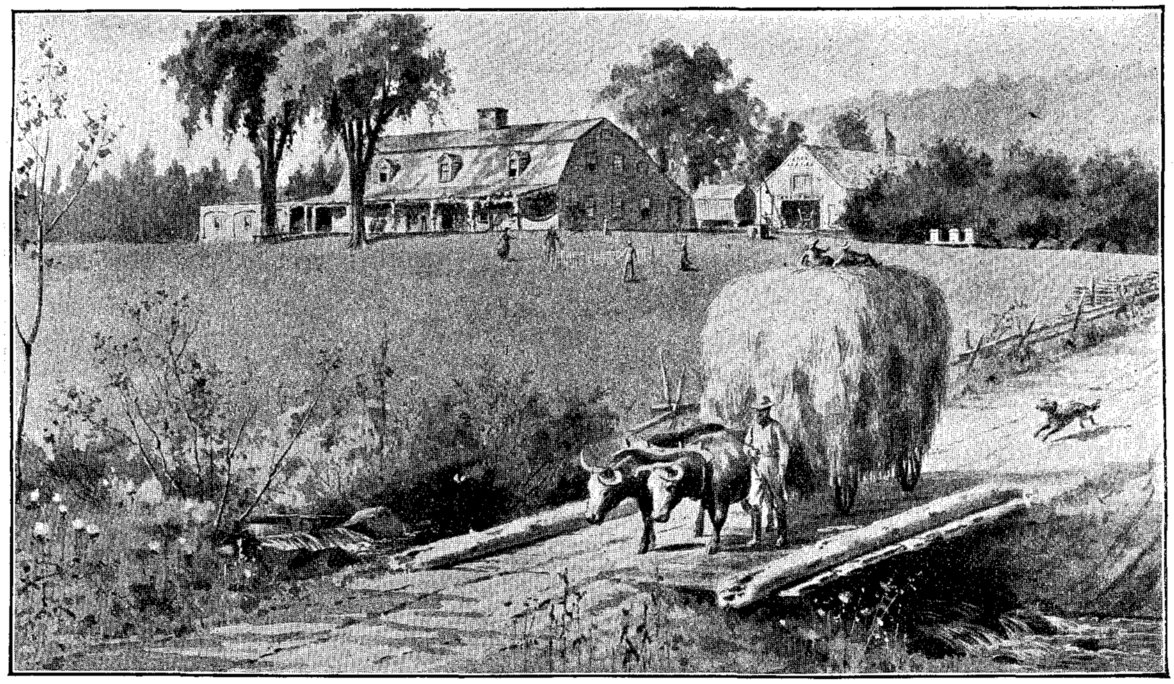

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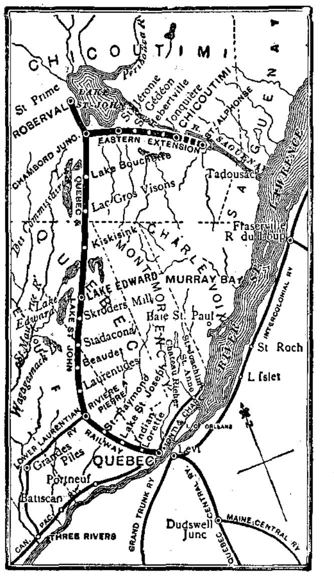

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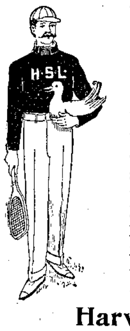

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The Business World

Gold and Silver Exports Over $5,000,000 gold was exported during last week, making the net exports to date nearly $38,000,000. That the exports for May were, for the most part, withdrawn from the Treasury is shown by its report just issued, which further states the balance now to be less than $118,000,000, of which $79,000,000 belongs to the gold reserve. Only $14,000,000 remains of the $58,000,000 obtained from the February bond sale. For the eleven months of the fiscal year the total decrease is over $83,000,000. Some silver bullion has lately been shipped to certain Mexican and South American cities, as showing a profit against bills bought there on New York and London, and which represent merchandise exports. New York dealers' prices for silver continue at 62½ to 63 cents an ounce. Posted rates for foreign exchange have been reduced half a cent both for demand and for sixty-day bills. The market for sterling has been easier than during the previous week, but, following the low rates for exchange on London at both Paris and Berlin, Continental bills are firmer.

Grain The features of last week's grain market were the reported pressure of Argentine wheat at its quoted low figures, and the complaints from Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas of dry weather occasioning necessary replanting. As to the first feature, however, our market was not affected as much as might be supposed, the exports of last week being nearly 2,500,000 bushels. Since July 1, 1893, to June 1, 1894, the exports of wheat and flour have aggregated 156,000,000 bushels, as against 176,000,000 a year ago. Of corn, on the contrary, there are 58,000,000 bushels, compared with only 33,000,000 during the same period last year. Thus we see that our largest customer, Great Britain, in spite of the greatest reserve ($180,000,000) ever known at the Bank of England, prefers still to take gold from us instead of our wheat at 56 cents. As to Great Britain's gold imports, it is only within the past few years that they have exceeded the exports.

Stocks and Bonds The past week has been almost a colorless one as regards any movement either up or down out of the market's stagnant condition of seeming indifference, only emphasized by the welcome interruption of Memorial Day. True, the Industrials advanced somewhat, and like declines were noted in certain important railway properties, but as a rule the stock market was a waiting one. It was surprising that the continued bituminous coal strike, with nearly two hundred thousand miners out of work and with troops under arms in several States, had not more of a depressing influence upon prices. It is, indeed, satisfactory to find inherent strength somewhere. Turning from stocks to bonds, we find a pleasanter condition of affairs. Particularly for the best classes of railway mortgages, prices have been well sustained. Reorganization schemes still plod their weary way along. The event of the week in this department was the substantial success scored by the New York and New England people, when their period of invitation closed with over 90 per cent. of their stock deposited with the Manhattan Trust Company in order to avail of the plan proposed.

The Money Market A disappointing decrease in loans of $1,783,300 is the first item in the last report of the banks of New York City. There has thus been no improvement in the money demand. The gain in actual cash resources was a slight one, the banks getting somewhat more through the interior movement of currency than was represented by the week's gold shipments. Deposits declined slightly over $2,000,000, and the reserve held in excess of legal requirements now stands at $77,965,100. Money on call is nominally at 1 per cent., and time money continues at 1 per cent. for thirty days, 1½ for sixty, 2 for ninety, 2½ for four months, and 3 for longer periods. Business has been light. For commercial paper some of the banks are out of the market, and the supply of good material is still very small. Prime indorsements are 2½ to 3 per cent., first class four months' single names 3 to 3½ per cent., four to six months' names 3½ to 4 per cent., and 4 to 5 per cent. for others. There is still severe scrutiny of paper and little sale for any but the best.

Electric Power from Niagara Falls The only remarkable parallel to the electric utilization of the Niagara Falls is the recent achievement in Germany of transmitting three hundred horse-power in the form of electricity from the Lauffen waterfall to Frankfort, one hundred miles away. The "three-phase" system is employed. The enormous dynamos at the great Niagara Falls tunnel, however, are on the "two-phase" plan, a new system of converting an alternating current into power, and invented by that brilliant young Servian, Nikola Tesla. Almost all electric motors at present in use are driven by a continuous or direct current, and, while there are many alternating-current dynamos, there are few alternating-current motors. Never before has there been any attempt at the production and transmission over long distances of a current so vast as that to be generated at Niagara. Engineers say, nevertheless, that not only are the proposed plans entirely practical, but that in time power from the Falls may be sent as far as a thousand miles in every direction without loss enough to equalize the price with that of steam. Over Niagara rapids and falls, a total descent of more than 300 feet, it is estimated that every minute about 18,000,000 cubic feet of water flow. This represents something like 10,000,000 horse-power. The capacity of the new horseshoe-shaped hydraulic tunnel (a mile and a quarter long) is 100,000 horse-power, half of which will be created for the use of local mills, and the other half transformed into electricity at the power-house. The tunnel has already cost about $4,000,000. At this power-house many turbines, some of 5,000 horse-power, will operate 5,000 horse-power dynamos maintaining a current at 2,000 volts. Niagara electric companies, not only in places near at hand like Buffalo, for instance, but also as far away as a hundred miles or more, propose great things, for it would seem as if electric power for all New York State were about to be furnished at the Falls. The total amount of horse-power which it is proposed eventually to generate is 450,000, while the total horse-power in the State is less than 500,000.

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Notes and Queries

1. What is the latest and best book on Natural Theology? 2. What is your opinion of Dr. George Macdonald's theology? 3. I have an idea that the lake of fire of the New Testament serves the same purpose for the universe as a cupola for an iron-foundry, and that when a piece of casting is found defective, it has been made in vain and is returned to the cupola to be made over, and that that is what becomes of those who have lived in vain in this world—God takes from them their personality in the lake of fire, and that this is eternal punishment. Have you heard of such an idea before? and what do you think of it? J. M. S.

1. President Schurman's lectures on theism, under the title "Belief in God." 2. Evangelical, humanitarian, occasionally sentimental, with a strong tinge of mysticism. 3. The idea of being "made over" by an experience of future punishment is suggested in Dr. Macdonald's "Robert Falconer," and is analogous to the Roman Catholic purgatory doctrine. Eternal punishment is simply punishment, or retribution, *in* eternity, not *through* eternity. But your idea of a loss of personality in the "lake of fire" is quite inconsistent with your idea of being "made over." A poetic, imaginative book, like John's Revelation, is not the best resort as a source of theological doctrine.

Will The Outlook inform us about the Reformed Episcopal movement—where to apply for literature concerning it, if there is any? R.

The Reformed Episcopal Church was organized in 1873, under the lead of the Rev. George David Cummings, Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Kentucky. Eight clergymen and twenty laymen initiated the new Church, withdrawing for that purpose from the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which they had ineffectually endeavored to suppress ritualistic practices and alleged Romanizing tendencies. In 1890 the body included 106 parishes and 10,000 communicants, with 8 bishops, in the United States and Canada. See Vol. I. of the American Church History Series; also the "Life of George David Cummings." For further information write to the Rev. W. T. Sabine, D.D., New York.

I want to find some work in English which will give the substance of the theology of Ritschl—I think that is the name—which has been mentioned lately in connection with the lectures given this year before the Chicago Seminary. E. S. R.

There is a recent book published by T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, and to be had from Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, by Leonhard Stahlin, called "Kant, Lotze, and Ritschl: A Critical Examination;" price, $3.

I don't believe that Paul had any idea of "Christian Evolution;" do you? E. Y. C.

The principle of evolution is recognized clearly enough in the parables given in Mark iv., 26-32. The tracing of this principle in its laws, conditions, and applications, however unknown till now, does not seem essentially foreign to the thought of one like Paul, who, under the figure of a seed, saw that the spiritual issues out of the natural, as in 1 Cor., xv.

How do you pronounce "Marjoribanks"? *

"Marshbanks."

In which of Longfellow's poems occurs the following quotation credited to him on the title-page of General Lew Wallace's "Prince of India"? I have been unable to find it in any collection of the poet's works that I have.

"Rise, too, ye Shapes and Shadows of the past,
Rise from your long-forgotten graves at last;
Let us behold your faces; let us hear
The words you uttered in those days of fear.
Revisit your familiar haunts again—
The scenes of triumph and the scenes of pain;
And leave the footprints of your bleeding feet
Once more upon the pavements of the street."

F. J. H.

Can any one tell me what "great modern romance" is meant in the following quotation from Dean Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church"? The passage is in the last lecture, and refers to Aristobulus III., brother of Mariamne:

"And when he ascended the steps of the altar for the sacrifice, it recalled so vividly the image of his grandfather, Aristobulus, so passionately loved and so bitterly lamented, that, as in the well-known scene in a great modern romance, the recognition flew from mouth to mouth." A. W.

Both Gray and Wood have published excellent Botanies for children. Gray's is "How Plants Grow." Wood's is for still younger children, and gives the spring flowers in order of their appearing, with illustrations. L. D. S.

—A Hanoverian botanist named Wehmer, it is reported, has discovered a microbe in the atmosphere, pure cultures of which will convert sugar into an acid identical with that of the lemon. This discovery is expected to revolutionize the citric acid industry and injure the lemon-growers.

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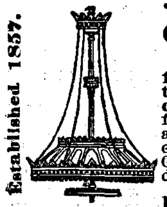

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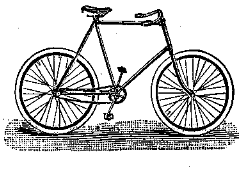

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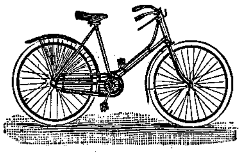

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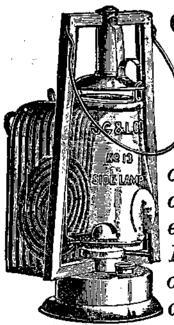

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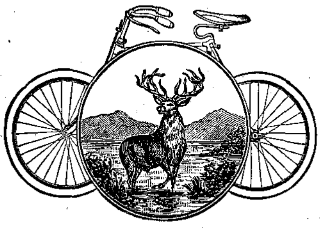

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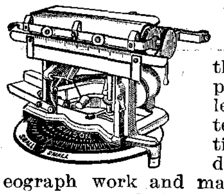

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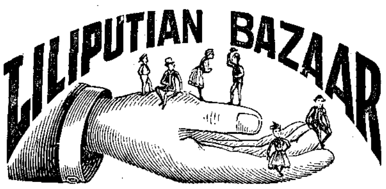

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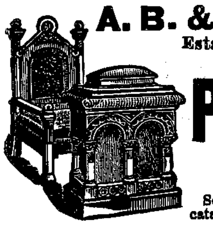

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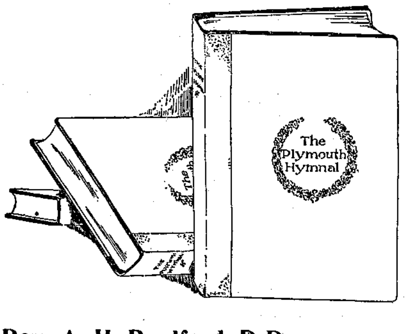

THE PLYMOUTH HYMNAL

FOR THE CHURCH

Edited by Lyman Abbott, with the co-operation of Chas. H. Morse and Herbert Vaughan Abbott

Rev. Chas. H. Richards, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Philadelphia, Pa.:

I thank you for sending a copy of the new Plymouth Hymnal, which is certainly a very fine contribution to the already rich library of books of worship. I have gone over it carefully, and have enjoyed it thoroughly, from preface to conclusion. Admirable taste has been exercised, both in what has been retained and what has been excluded. It is free from a great mass of didactic and unpoetic verse which has burdened so many books, and it has a rare wealth of new material. The music is well edited, some of the new pieces being very delightful, and the representation of the best modern composers being large. It is beautifully printed, and is in every respect a splendid book.

Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., Montclair, N. J.:

In its literary quality, as well as its musical, in its discrimination concerning what ought to be in such a book, and in its mechanical make-up, I regard the Plymouth Hymnal as the best hymn-book now before the American churches.

Rev. Samuel J. Niccolls, D.D., Second Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Mo.:

I have examined the Plymouth Hymnal, and am greatly pleased with the selection of hymns and their arrangement. A very important part of the book, in my judgment, is the help it furnishes for the reverent and orderly conduct of public worship through its "Orders of Service" and the arrangement for responsive reading of the Psalter. The Hymnal is complete in all its appointments.

Rev. F. W. Baldwin, Trinity Congregational Church, Orange, N. J.:

I have examined the new Plymouth Hymnal with great satisfaction. In my judgment it marks a distinct advance over the books most widely used in the churches at the present time. I particularly like the arrangement of the chants, and the Psalms for responsive reading, and the "Spiritual Songs" for the prayer-meeting. There is a delightful atmosphere of praise and worship about the book. It is choice in its musical adaptations, rich in the best of the newer tunes, and beautiful in its mechanical finish. I like it, and hope it will be widely used.

Mr. R. Huntington Woodman, 1425 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

I have examined it with great pleasure, and I consider it the best book for congregational singing that has yet been issued.

Mr. Wm. C. Carl, Organist and Choir Director, First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. and 12th St., N. Y.:

It is the finest collection of hymn tunes ever brought to my notice, and I heartily indorse it.

Mr. Frank L. Sealy, Newark, N. J.:

I know of no hymn-book superior to it, and doubt very much if there is any equal to it.

Mr. G. W. Chadwick, Boston, Mass., says:

It is certainly a very admirable collection, and, in fact, I think it would be difficult to mention a hymn tune worth perpetuating which is not found in the Plymouth Hymnal.

Mr. Frank L. Rankin, Organist High Street Church, Portland, Me.:

I wish to express to you the satisfaction with which we are using the Plymouth Hymnal. The new tunes are of the highest order, and I also find all of the old favorites in the book. The hymns seem to me to be equally good. In fact, I may say that I consider the book to be very nearly a perfect hymnal.

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Rev. Geo. F. Kenngott, First Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass.:

It is the best book of its kind I have ever seen; it seems to be entirely satisfactory in every particular.

Rev. Charles A. Savage, Orange Valley Congregational Church, Orange, N.J.:

It seems to me well adapted to Sunday-school work. There is good variety and a fine combination of dignity and brightness.

Rev. Henry Ketcham, West End Congregational Church, Bridgeport, Conn.

Taken as a whole, I do not hesitate to say that it is the best book for the purpose in the market.

Mr. Edwin M. Hopkins, Organist First Baptist Church, Lawrence, Kan.:

It is by all means the best compilation of music for the purpose that I have ever seen.

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About People

—The inventor of the famous Gatling gun, Mr. R. J. Gatling, is now seventy-four years old, and lives in Hartford, Conn.

—The "Frankfürter Zeitung" says that a site for the monument to Schopenhauer at Frankfort has at last been decided upon, and adds that the completion of the "Denkmal" may be expected after a few decades of "intuitive reflection."

—Major von Wissmann, the famous African explorer and pioneer of German government in the Dark Continent, has broken down in health at Naples, at the very outset of his journey around the world, during which he had expected to spend much time in this country.

—Professor Edward Graham Daves, of Baltimore, has been fortunate in getting together money enough to purchase the land on Roanoke Island, N. C., where the old fort of Sir Walter Raleigh stands. The property has been given to the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association.

—It may be a surprise to some, even of his former pupils, to learn that the great German authority on New Testament criticism, Professor Hausrath, *is also a novelist. He has* written under the pseudonym of George Taylor. His last work of fiction is a historical romance entitled "Martin Luther's Romfahrt."

—Jean Jacques Sabatier is the oldest survivor of Napoleon's "Grande Armée." Sabatier was born in 1792, and the next oldest survivors were born in 1793 and 1794. It is a great proof of vitality that, after the fearful hardships of one of the most terrible retreats in the whole history of warfare, three men could live to become centenarians.

—The other day a Buffalo paper gravely announced that Dr. Felix Adler, of New York City, would lecture on "The Claims of the Electrical Movement." The audience was none the less large and brilliant, however, because any lecture delivered by Professor Adler would naturally be on "The Claims of the Ethical Movement."

—Professor Dr. H. W. Vogel, of Berlin, the inventor of the Coloritype Process, has just received another distinguished mark of honor, having been decorated by the Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia with the Royal Order of the Crown, in further recognition of his important discoveries and inventions in the science of photography. The title-page and last page of this week's Outlook are printed by this process.

May Necrology

May 1.—George William Abell. Born 1842. Editor-in-chief of the Baltimore "Sun."

May 5.—Robert Härtel. Born 1831. Well-known German sculptor.

May 5.—John Jay. Born 1817. Grandson of the first Chief Justice of the United States. Himself a vigorous abolitionist, and from 1869 to 1875 Minister to Austria. Prominent in all political and social reforms.

May 6.—The Rt. Rev. C. Alan Smythies, D.D. Since 1883 he had been Episcopal Bishop of Zanzibar.

May 6.—Théophile Adrien Ferron. Born 1830. Served in the Crimean, Algerian, and Franco-German wars, passing through all the grades until he became a General of Division. Minister of War in the Rouvier Cabinet of 1887.

May 6.—Leopold Sacher-Masoch. Born 1835. Popular historian, champion of the Polish Jew, and enemy of German Imperialism.

May 7.—Frances Elizabeth Barrow. Born 1817. A writer of children's books. Her pseudonym was "Aunt Fanny."

May 7.—Léon Labbe. Born 1832. Eminent French surgeon. In 1892 elected Senator. In 1871 an officer of the Legion of Honor, in 1891 a Commander.

May 8.—The Rev. Irving Meredith. Born 1866. Pastor of the Hancock Congregational Church, Lexington, Mass. Son of the Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, of Brooklyn.

May 9.—Friedrich Alexander, Count von Bismarck-Bohlen. Born 1818. 1868–70 Commandant of Berlin, and during the Franco-German war Governor of Alsace.

May 9.—The Rt. Rev. Sydney Linton. First Bishop of Riverina, a diocese in Australia formed in 1884.

May 10.—Robert F. Brattan. Born 1845. Congressman from the First Maryland District.

May 10.—The Rev. Dr. John Hall. Born 1806. Formerly editor of the "Sunday-School Journal," later pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Trenton, N. J.

May 12.—John Trotter Bethune, tenth Earl of Lindsay. Born 1827. A Representative Peer for Scotland.

May 12.—General Robert P. Dechert. Born 1842. Served throughout the war. As State Senator, one of his legislative achievements was the enactment of a law enabling criminals in Pennsylvania to testify in their own behalf.

May 13.—Kurd von Schlözer. Born 1822. In 1871 Minister from Germany to the United States. In 1881 Minister to the Vatican, from which post he was recalled in 1892.

May 14.—Henry Morley. Born 1822. Distinguished English author and lecturer, and one of the most prolific literary workers of the age. See page 906.

May 14.—Baron Vay. Born 1801. President of the Hungarian House of Magnates.

May 15.—Thomas Johnson. Born 1823. For the last thirty years the famous London Correspondent of the Paris "Figaro."

May 16.—Chauncey Shaffer. Born 1819. A well-known New York City attorney.

May 16.—William Hayden Edwards. United States Consul-General at Berlin.

May 16.—The Rev. Dr. Richard Morris. Born 1833. For some time Lecturer in English at King's College, London. Author of many books on etymology and early English literature.

May 17.—The Rev. Dr. Edward Bright. Born 1808. Editor of the "Examiner." See page 929.

May 17.—The Rev. Dr. J. Oramel Peck. Born 1836. See page 929.

May 19.—Edmund Yates. Born 1831. Owner and editor of the London "World."

May 20.—George J. Romanes. Born 1848. Eminent naturalist and Professor at Oxford.

May 22.—August Kundt. Dean of the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Berlin.

May 24.—Brian Houghton Hodgson. Born 1800. Orientalist and Indian scholar.

May 27.—Sir Francis Johnson. Born 1806. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Province of Quebec.

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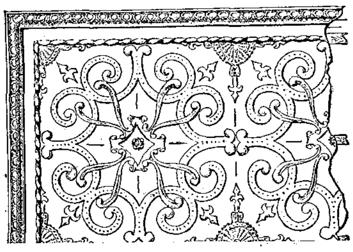

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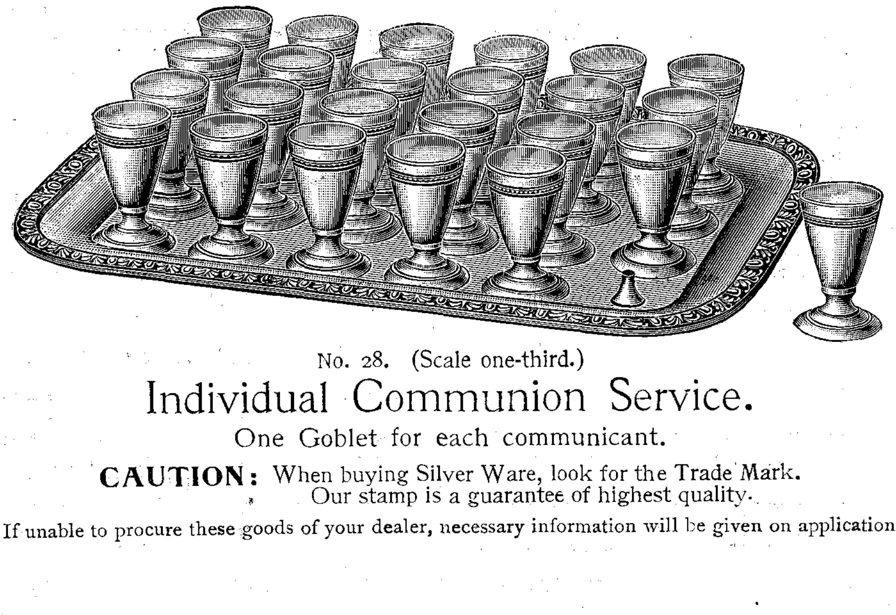

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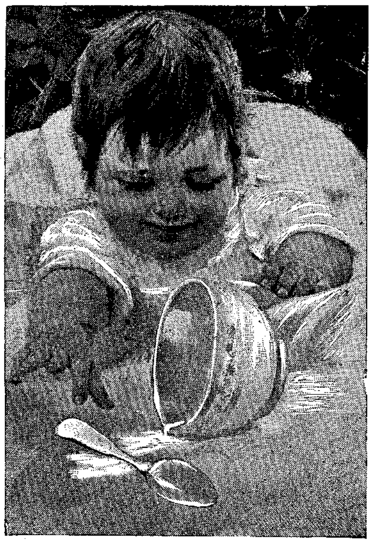

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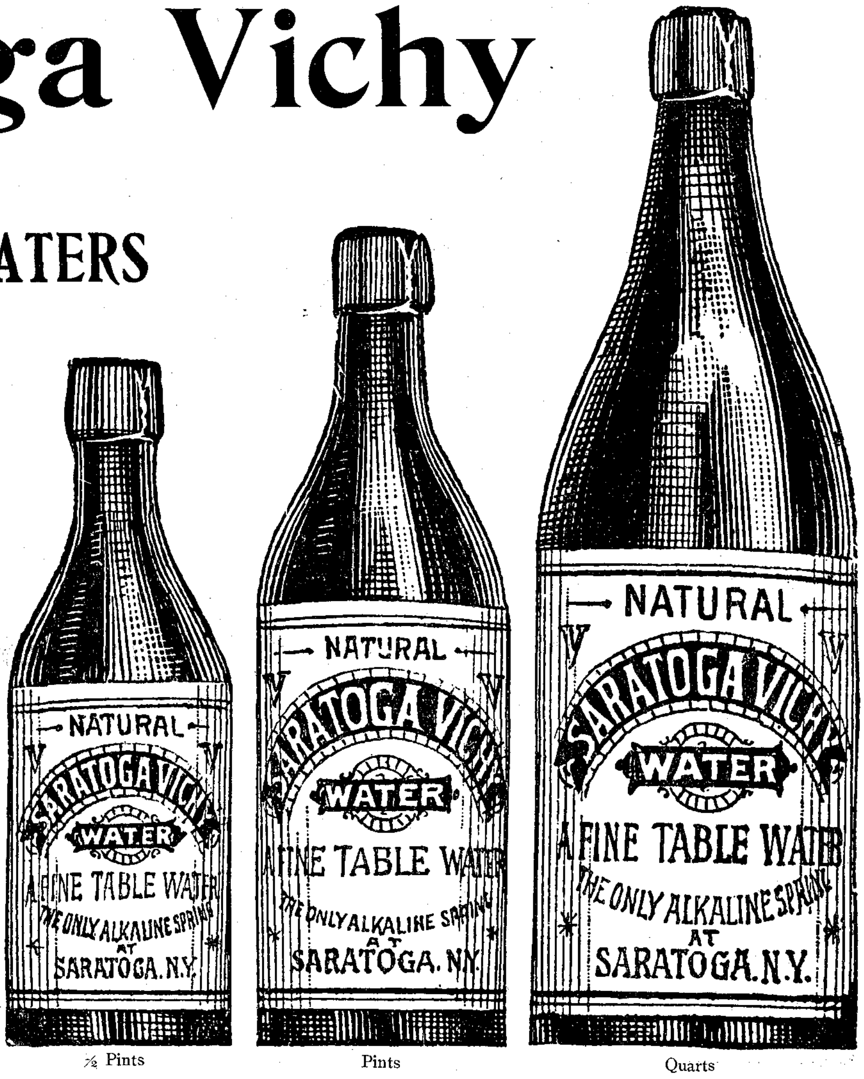

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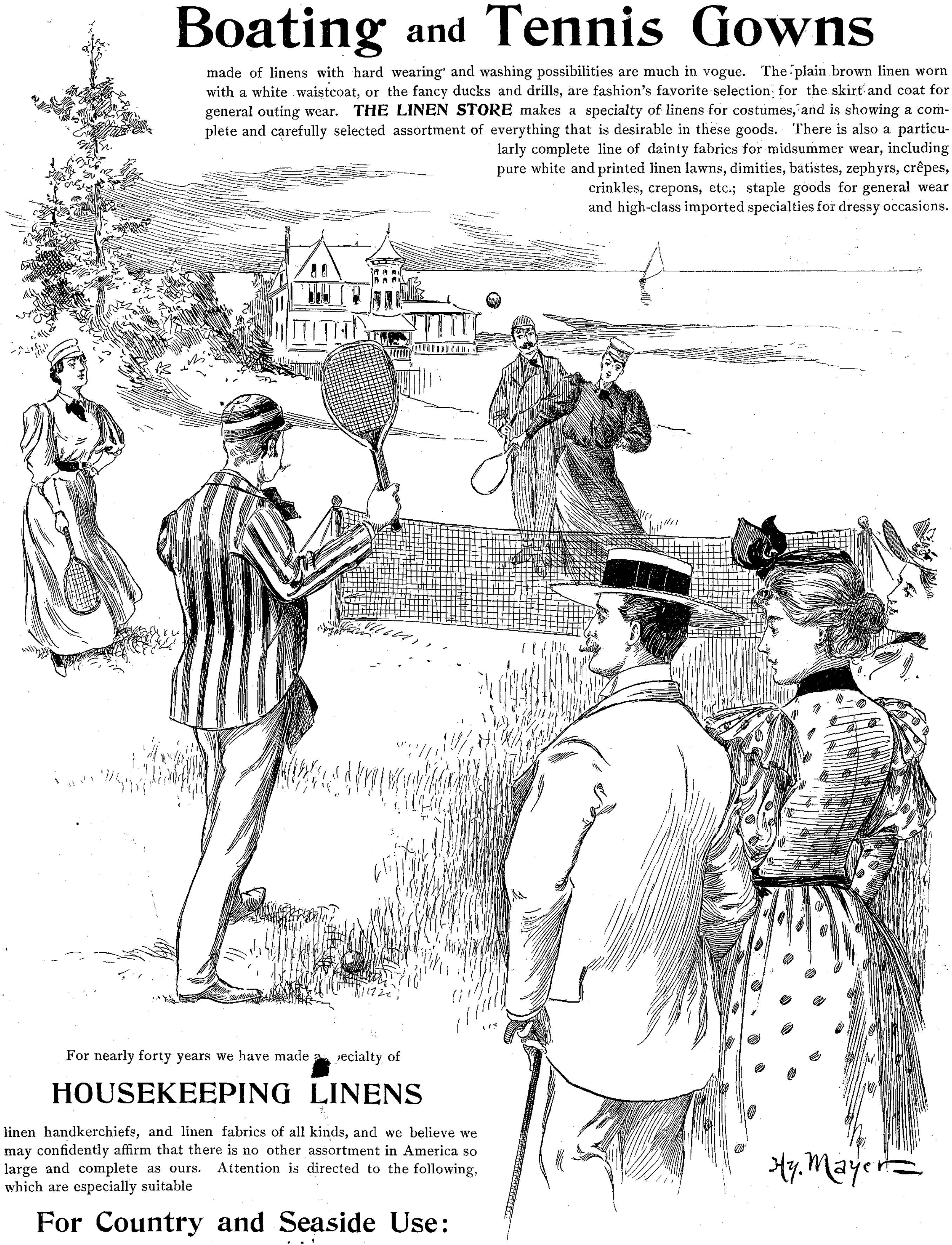

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Double-bed size	$4.00, $4.50, $5.00, and $6.00 a pair.

QUILTS, Double-bed size.

Honeycomb	$1.00, $1.25, $1.50, and $2.00 each.
Dimity	$1.50, $3.00, $4.00, and $5.00 each.
Marseilles	$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, and $4.50 each.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO

JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO.

THE LINEN STORE, 14 West 23d St., N. Y.

COLOR PRINTING

THE management of the **Coloritype Company** take pleasure in announcing that their plant has been located in the new building adjoining the Astor Library, at Nos. 32 and 34 Lafayette Place, New York City, where they have extensive facilities for executing color printing by the Coloritype Process, which was invented by Dr. Vogel, of Berlin, and made practicable for printing on relief plates or on stone by Mr. William Kurtz, of New York, the President of the newly organized **Coloritype Company.**

Correspondence is invited from railway companies, manufacturing concerns, and all who desire to use color printing in any form. The process is a revolution in color printing. It secures by photography accurate and artistic reproductions of original paintings or of natural objects, and from the negatives thus obtained relief plates or transfers to lithographic stones are made, so that all the colors of the original can be obtained on the steam press. The color printing shown in this number of THE OUTLOOK was done by this process—the title-page being reproduced directly from a water-color sketch by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, and the design on the fourth cover-page from a water-color sketch by Mr. Fred. S. Cozzens.

Mr. William Kurtz, President of the **Coloritype Company,** has just received from the Committee on Awards of the Chicago Exposition the following report concerning the exhibit of Coloritype work made at the Exposition:

Exhibit:-Artistic Photographic Reproductions from Nature.

For artistic merit and numerous applications of the art of photography.

For important improvements in letterpress printing in the three primary colors, giving to his photographs from nature a fidelity and excellence never before attained.

(Signed) George Scamoni.
Individual Judge.

Approved: K. Buenz
President Departmental Committee.

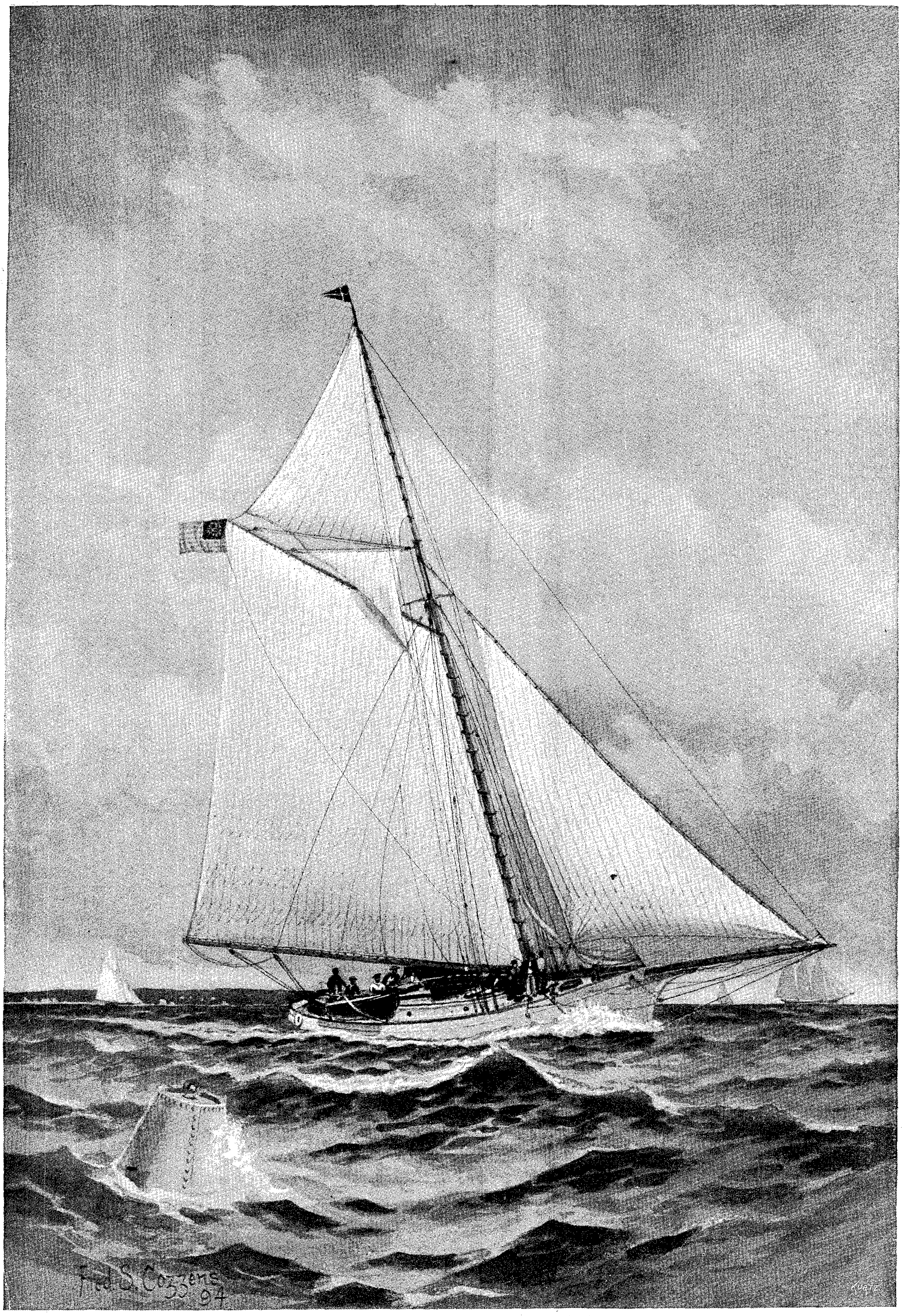
Approved: John Boyd Thacher
Chairman Executive Committee on Awards.

Copyist M.P.B. *Date* April 16,1894.

Subject to change of grammatical and typewritten inaccuracies.

For further particulars address

COLORITYPE COMPANY, 32 and 34 Lafayette Place, New York



MANY readers of The Outlook will remember our view of "The Little Bathers" in the Outing Number for '93. Above we have the pleasure of presenting another transcript of summer life at Martha's Vineyard. The sloop yacht Corsair (Mr. M. B. Fuller, New York Yacht Club) is just under way, bound west from her August cruise. A night squall has cleared the air and been followed by a stiff breeze from the northwest. Earth, sea, and sky have a look of charming freshness, as if new-made, and the Corsair springs forward instinct with life. The harbor of Vineyard Haven is a mile and three-quarters wide at its mouth, with water for vessels of deepest draught, and opens directly into Vineyard Sound, one of the great waterways of the country, through which sixty thousand vessels annually pass. Often in storm or fog one or two hundred vessels find safe anchorage in the Haven, waiting for clearing weather, but now there is little excuse for tarrying, and few craft are in sight. One four-master, ice-laden from Maine, going south, dropped anchor last night, and the captain is giving his crew a chance for a quiet breakfast while his boat swings with the tide. The ship channel is to the right of the red can buoy, but "Captain Joe" holds his course "across lots" over the sand-bar to clear West Chop Light and then bear away down the Sound. When we inquired of Mr. Cozzens why he left out a black spar buoy, inshore, he naively told us it was behind the Corsair, and we might see it in a second or two, as soon as she passed it!

We commend this sketch of yacht-life to the kindly care of our friends on the main. With the first "hot spell," bring it out, sit before it, put your hands in the delicious wave, feel the charming breeze on your cheek, catch the pulse of vigorous life on sea and boat and shore, and then? Pack your trunk, make your way to quaint Vineyard Haven, look over the restful cottage-life in summer homes scattered about East Chop. "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile," and life will seem grandly worth living for the days to come.

[SEASIDE SOUVENIR, FURNISHED BY F. A. FERRIS & COMPANY FOR THE OUTING NUMBER OF THE OUTLOOK, SEASON OF '94]